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Thomas Moore Esq.r

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1828.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

ASTOR LIBRARY

London:

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(Near Somerset House.)

1828.

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PREFACE.

THE present sheet completes the TWELFTH VOLUME OF THE MIRROR. This circumstance alone is *typical* of the substantial patronage which has attended our exertions from their commencement; and may be, we hope, anticipatory of continued success.

Our career of six years has been subdivided into twelve volumes or *sessions;* we have had no *recess*, but uniformly "*a house;*" and, as members of the republic of letters, we hope to be re-elected by our numerous constituents. To speak heroically, and as Puff says in the Critic, to "keep it up," their approbation is

> the air we breathe,
> If we have it not, we die.

Although we do not presume to account for our own success, or to trace its maintenance through all the fluctuations of six years—yet we are prone to believe that the economy of the plan, coupled with the spirit of curiosity which it is our aim to encourage,—have been the prime movers of our fortunes, as they have been the pivots upon which we have performed our half-yearly revolutions. In these we have allowed neither autumn nor winter to impair our exertions; and, however time may have worn otherwise with us, we still feel all the youth and freshness of spring-tide, warmed by the genial ray of public favour.

The spirit of curiosity to which we here allude, is thus admirably described by Sterne:—"The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as present themselves in the parish or province where we first drew our breath."

Such has been our feeling from the first; and in pursuing this principle, we have been greatly encouraged by the several contributors, whose signatures abound in every Number of THE MIRROR. To these friends we beg thus briefly to return our sincere thanks.

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The arrangement of the present Volume, generally, accords with those of its successful predecessors. Fact and fancy; sentiment, poetry, and popular science; anecdote and art; love of nature and knowledge of the world—alternate in its columns. In these several departments popular reading has been our study. With this view, we have paid especial attention to the domestic history—the customs, amusements, and peculiarities—of our own country; and to such a portion of foreign novelties as bear upon the welfare and interests of the present generation. Economy of time, which is also economy of money or cost, has been the ruling principle of our little literary exchequer; while our *ways and means* for the future are equally abundant.

The illustrative portion, also, contains many striking novelties, which, as identified with contemporary curiosity, or as performances of art, will, we are persuaded, be duly appreciated.

We abstain from further enumeration of the contents or of their respective claims to the reader's notice. In every Number it has been our endeavour to cater for his "amusement and instruction," so as to combine interest and novelty—or, in a homely phrase, to make each sheet like "*the punch of conversation.*" Thus, we have spirit, volatile and fiery in our leading articles; lemon in our pungent Notes; sugar in our "Gatherer;" and water *quant. suff.*—mixed in a form, which, like old bowls or drinking-glasses, is variegated with figures and scenes of the current fashion—as in our Engravings.

But we are getting too figurative, and our Christmas fare, unlike ourselves, is growing cold. So, indulgent reader, we promise to drink your health and return thanks for the same in your absence; though we had rather you were present to witness and share our exceeding great joy; and then to commence our Thirteenth Volume. Pardon this exuberance of the season: we reason with Falstaff:—"If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with; the rest banish."

Christmas Day, 1828.

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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a merchant in Dublin, was born May 28, 1780. He received the rudiments of an excellent education from Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin, a man of taste and talent, known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan; after which, at the age of fourteen, Mr. Moore was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. While at the University, he was greatly distinguished by his enthusiastic attachment to the liberty and independence of his country, which he more than once publicly asserted with uncommon energy and eloquence. His classical studies being completed, in 1799, he entered himself of the Temple, with a view to make the law his profession, and was called to the bar. In these moments, when he was not occupied with the dry technicalities and quibbles of legal writers, he amused himself with translating the Odes of Anacreon, which he published with copious notes, in 1800. Such was Mr. Moore's youthful appearance at this time, that being at a large dinner party, and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "*Ah, le petit bon homme, qu'il s'en va.*" Mr. Moore's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like Pope, "in wit, a man."

Assuming the appropriate name of *Little*, our author published in 1801, a volume of poems, chiefly amatory, which, though they established his *poetical* reputation, were severely censured for their warmth and licentiousness. Their success, however, was very considerable, fifteen or sixteen editions being sold within a short time. In the same year he advertised a work entitled "Philosophy of Pleasure;" but this was never published.

Towards the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where he had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuited to his temper of mind, that he fulfilled the duties of it by deputy, but the profits ultimately proved unworthy of Mr. Moore's serious attention; and we believe Mr. Moore has suffered by the villany of this substitute, to an important amount. He likewise visited the United States, and upon his return home, in 1806, he published his remarks on the American character, in a work entitled "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." The preface to this little work sufficiently established the talent of Mr. Moore, as a prose writer. His opinion of the Americans is also there pretty freely expressed, and some of the poems, like those ascribed to Little, were objectionable in a moral point of view. The work was accordingly attacked with much severity, by Mr. Jeffrey, the editor of the Edinburgh Review: the irritated poet challenged his critic, but the duel was prevented, and the pistols being found loaded with paper pellets, the whole affair ended pleasantly enough.

The fate of Addison, with his Countess Dowager, holding out no encouragement for the ambitious love of Mr. Moore, he wisely and happily allowed his good taste to regulate his choice in a wife, and some years ago married Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal attractions, and accomplished manners, in whose congenial society he passes much of his time in the retirement of an elegant cottage, in Wiltshire, devoting himself chiefly to literary pursuits.

In 1808, Mr. Moore sent to the press "Corruption and Intolerance;" two poems, with notes: addressed to an Englishman, by an Irishman; and in 1809, "The Sceptic," a philosophical satire. These works, of

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which the first is pungently satirical, are little known; but they are worthy of their author. They were succeeded in 1810, by "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin." His next production, "Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post Bag, by Thomas Brown, the younger," 1812, was eagerly perused, and fourteen editions of it were printed. Its severities on an elevated personage and the court, will perhaps never be forgotten by the parties. In sparkling wit, keen sarcasm, and humorous pleasantry, it is rivalled only by another volume, entitled "The Fudge Family in Paris," published in 1818, the hero of which is a distinguished poet, and a zealous supporter of the present administration. To this class of Mr. Moore's works belong his "Fables for the Holy Alliance," and "Rhymes on the Road," which deserve, in some respect, a higher reputation than the former volumes.

Mr. Moore appears equally to have cultivated a taste for music as well as for poesy; and the late Dr. Burney was perfectly astonished at his talent which he emphatically called "peculiarly his own." In 1813, Mr. Moore's fame was materially increased by the appearance of his exquisite songs to Sir John Stevenson's selection of Irish Melodies. Some of these songs are among the finest specimens of poetry in our language, and the morality of the whole of them is unexceptionable. They have since been collected into one volume. In 1816, he published "A Series of Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios," the music to which was composed and selected by himself and Sir John Stevenson.

In 1817, came forth his great work, on which he was known to have been long engaged, and which if it had been his only production, would have carried his name down to posterity as one of the first bards of his time. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," would not be an inapplicable motto for this oriental romance, which unites the purest and softest tenderness with the loftiest dignity, and glows in every page with all the fervour of poetry. For the copyright of this poem he is said to have received the sum of 3,000 guineas, and it must have proved a source of immense profit to the publishers.

In 1818, Mr. Moore visited his native city, Dublin, on which occasion our poet was invited to a public dinner, which was graced by a large assemblage of the most distinguished literary and political characters. The Earl of Charlemont took the chair; Mr. Moore sat on his right hand, Mr. Moore, sen. a venerable old gentleman, the father of the poet, was on the left.

On Lord Charlemont proposing "The living Poets of Great Britain," Mr. Moore said—

"Gentlemen, notwithstanding the witty song which you have just heard, and the flattering elevation which the author has assigned me, I cannot allow such a mark of respect to be paid to the illustrious names that adorn the literature of the present day, without calling your attention awhile to the singular constellation of genius, and asking you to dwell a little on the brightness of each "particular star" that forms it. Can I name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there, his energy, his burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy to wander only among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and like the chestnut-tree, that grows best in volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you a Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvests of the south, whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden, "one scarce is gathered ere another grows?" Shall I recall to you a Rogers, (to me endeared by friendship as well as genius,) who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable tablets there. A Southey, *not the laureate*, but the author of 'Don Roderick,' one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language. A Campbell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of 'Hanjsfall' is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallized by the touch of genius, and made eternal. A Wordsworth, a poet, even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great pool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse. A Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it. I could enumerate, gentlemen, still more, and from thence would pass with delight to dwell upon the living poets of our own land. The dramatic powers of a Maturin and a Shiel, the former consecrated by the applause of a Scott and a Byron, and the latter by the tears of some of the brightest eyes in the empire. The rich imagination of a Philips, who has courted more than one Muse. The versatile genius of a Morgan, who was the first that mated our sweet Irish strains with poetry worthy of their pathos and their force. But I feel I have already trespassed too long upon your patience and

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your time. I do not regret, however, that you have deigned to listen with patience to this humble tribute to the living masters of the English lyre, which I, 'the meanest of the throng,' thus feebly, but heartily, have paid them."

Towards the close of 1822, Mr. Moore published "The Loves of the Angels," a poem of exquisite tenderness and beauty. The object of the poet is, by an allegorical medium, to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments from conscience and Divine justice.

Soon after the death of Lord Byron, in 1824, Mr. Moore became involved in a dispute which involved many private feelings. The facts may be thus briefly stated:—It appears that about two years previous to his death, Lord Byron wrote his own Memoirs, which, according to Captain Medwin, were given "to Moore, or Moore's little boy, at Venice," with the observation of "Here's 2,000*l.* for you, my young friend;" and that they were not to be published till after his lordship's death. On the completion of the Memoirs, Lord Byron wrote to his lady, proposing to send them for her inspection; but she rejected the offer, desiring that they might never appear, and finishing with a threat. Lord Byron concluded his reply by saying, that "she might depend on their being published;" and his lordship further says, "It was not till after this correspondence that I made Moore the depositary of the MS." Mr. Moore subsequently disposed of the MS. to Mr. Murray, the bookseller, for the sum of 2,000 guineas; but, at the anxious wish of some of Lord Byron's relatives, the purchase-money was returned to Mr. Murray, and the MS. was burnt. The circumstances being so recent, we do not think it requisite to enlarge upon them. Mr. Moore has since entered into an agreement with his publishers for a Life of Lord Byron, and a few weeks since the first portion of the copy was sent to the printer.

Almost simultaneous with the above affair was the publication of Mr. Moore's "Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain,"—a work of political, humorous, and satirical character, turning upon the wrongs and riots of Ireland, with which, as our readers will allow, we have here little to do. It contains great historical research, and had its day; but the gratification in the perusal is of a very mixed character. Its success, however, was sufficient to induce the publication of an imitative work entitled "Captain Rock's Letters to the King," which was "certainly not written by Mr. Moore, to whom, while the publication was suspended, they were so positively ascribed."

In the following year, Mr. Moore published the "Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan," having previously edited an edition of his works. In these Memoirs, Mr. Moore has done justice to the character of Sheridan, neither concealing his follies and vices, nor magnifying his good qualities. We quote a paragraph from this work for the purpose of introducing a portion of some very beautiful lines by Mr. Moore, which first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, immediately after Sheridan's death.

"There appeared some verses at the time, which, however intemperate in their satire and careless in their style, came, evidently, warm from the heart of the writer, and contained sentiments to which, even in his cooler moments he needs not hesitate to subscribe:—

"Oh it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born;—
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died, friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunn'd, in his sickness and sorrow—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by Nobles to-morrow!"

The anonymous writer thus characterises the talents of Sheridan:—

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall—
The orator, dramatist, minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all?

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"Whose mind was an essence, compounded, with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;
Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers;

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"*

In 1827, appeared "The Epicurean," a tale of extreme grace and feeling, and conveying the sublime lessons of Epicurus, in one of the most attractive of poetico-prosaic forms. In picturesque knowledge, splendid descriptions, startling and mysterious incidents, and intellectual riches, this work is almost unparalleled in our language; and, observes an elegant critic, "the narrative sweeps along, like a mild and glassy river winding through banks of the most brilliant verdure, sometimes sparkling and bubbling to the sunshine of fancy, and at intervals solemnly gliding on with a deep under-current of philosophy."

The contributions of Mr. Moore to one of the most powerful of the London journals are too well recognised by the public to require further than a passing notice of their being recently published in an elegant little volume, entitled "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters;" and we believe them to be entitled by their raciness and humour to a niche in the library, beyond the destructible form of a newspaper.

In this brief Memoir, we have little more than glanced at Mr. Moore's several works, and the periods of their publication; although we could crowd our pages with the highest testimonials of their poetical and literary merits. Much as we admire "his wit, his festive merriment, and inimitable satires, and the ingenious imagery, and the elaborate melody and finish of every period of his prose—we are disposed to think him pre-eminently successful in delineating the plaintive and pensive woes of deep and settled melancholy: thus—

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below:
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

We have already noticed the taste of Mr. Moore for music. "Nor has he neglected those more solid attainments which should ever distinguish the well-bred gentleman, for he is an excellent general scholar, and particularly well-read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great, and his modest and unassuming manners have placed him in the highest rank of cultivated society." Although his reputation is so well established, he speaks of himself with his wonted modesty. "Whatever fame he might have acquired he attributed principally to the verses which he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. His verses, in themselves, could boast of but little merit; but like flies preserved in amber, they were esteemed in consequence of the precious material by which they were surrounded."

Sheridan, in speaking of the subject of this memoir, said "That there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore; that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun; and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat." Lord Byron, too, distinguished Moore as "a name consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents."

* Moore's Sheridan, vol. ii. p. 463.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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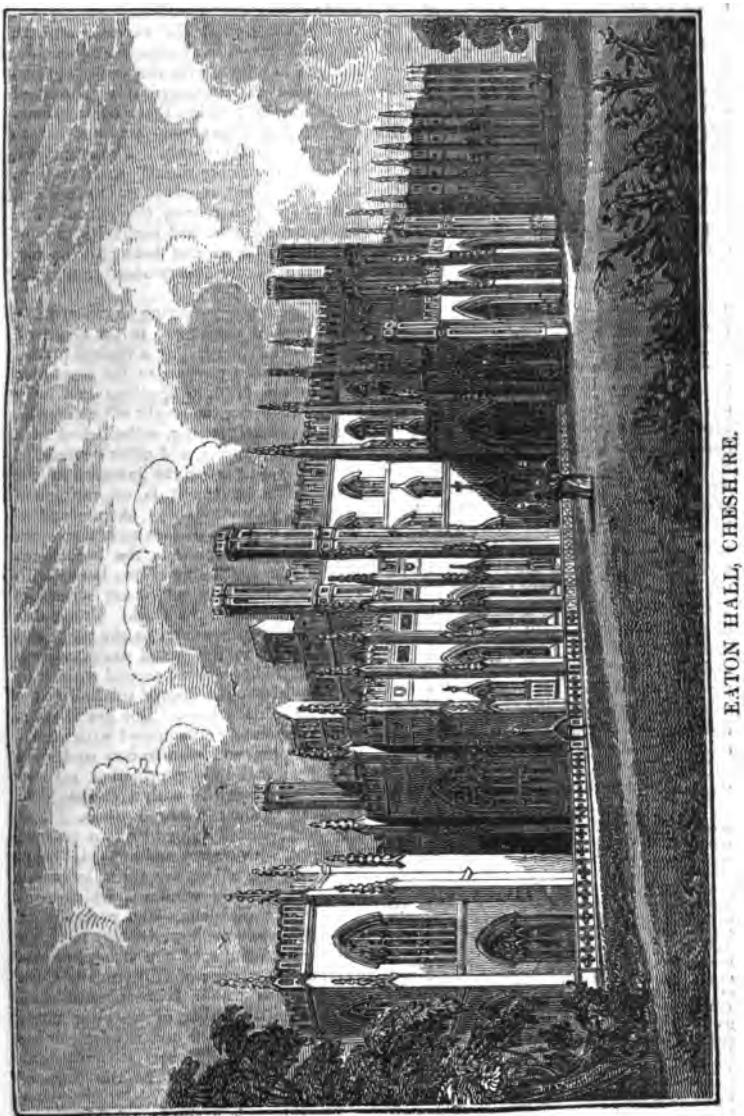

EATON HALL, CHESHIRE.

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EATON HALL, CHESHIRE,

The Seat of the Rt. Hon. Earl Grosvenor.

THIS mansion is a princely specimen of Gothic architecture; and is in every respect calculated for the residence of its noble possessor, whose taste and munificence in patronizing the Fine Arts are well known to our readers. Nevertheless, it is worthy of special remark, that not only is the name of GROSVENOR conspicuous in this patronage, but his lordship has further evinced his love of art in the construction of one of the most splendid buildings in the whole empire,—the present mansion having been completed within a few years.* Here the noble founder seems to have realized all that the ingenious Sir Henry Wotton considered requisite for a man's "house and home—the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, a kind of PRIVATE PRINCEDOM; nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world."

Eaton is situated about three miles to the south of Chester, on the verge of an extensive park, thickly studded with fine old timber. The present "Hall" occupies the site of the old mansion, which is described as a square and spacious brick building erected by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, in the reign of William III. The architect was Sir John Vanbrugh, who likewise laid out the gardens with straight walks and leaden statues, in the formal style of his age. In the reconstruction, the fine vaulted basement story of the old Hall was preserved, as were also the external foundations, and some subdivisions; but the superstructure was altered and entirely refitted, and additional apartments erected on the north and south sides, so as to make the area of the new house twice the dimensions of the old one.

The style of architecture adopted in the new Hall is that of the age of Edward III., as exhibited in that Parthenon of Gothic architecture, York Minster; although the architect, Mr. Porden, has occasionally availed himself of the low Tudor arch, and the forms of any other age that suited his purpose, so as to adapt the rich variety of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture to modern domestic convenience. Round the turrets, and in various parts of the parapets are shields, charged in relievo with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenor family, and of other ancient families that, by intermarriages, the Grosvenors are entitled to quarter with their own. The windows, which are "richly dight" with tracery, are of cast-iron, moulded on both sides, and grooved to receive the glass. The walls, battlements, and pinnacles, are of stone, of a light and beautiful colour, from the Manly quarry about ten miles distant.

The annexed engraving represents the west-front of the house, in the centre of which is the entrance, by a vaulted porch, which admits a carriage to the steps that lead to the Hall, a spacious and lofty room, occupying the height of two stories, with a groined ceiling, embellished with the Grosvenor arms, and other devices, in the bosses that cover the junction of the ribs. The pavement is of variegated marble in compartments. At the end of the Hall, a screen of five arches support a gallery which connects the bed-chambers on the north side of the house with those on the south, which are separated by the elevation of the Hall. Under this gallery, two open arches to the right and left conduct to the grand staircase, the state bed-room, and the second staircase; and opposite to the door of the hall is the entrance to the saloon. The grand staircase is elaborately ornamented with niches and canopies, and with tracery under the landings; and in the principal ceiling, which is surmounted with a double skylight of various coloured glass. The state bed-room is lighted by two painted windows, with tracery and armorial bearings. In the saloon are three lofty and splendidly painted windows, which contain, in six divisions,—the portraits of the conqueror's nephew, Gilbert le Grosvenor, the founder of the Grosvenor family, and his lady; of William the Conqueror, with whom Gilbert came into England; the Bishop of Bayeux, uncle to the conqueror; the heiress of the house of Eaton; and Sir Robert le Grosvenor, who signalized himself in the wars of Edward III.

The saloon is a square of thirty feet, formed into an octagon by arches across the angles, which give to the vaultings a

* At this moment, Earl Grosvenor has in progress a splendid gallery for the reception of his superb collection of pictures, adjoining his town mansion, in Grosvenor-street. This is one of the few "Private Collections" to which, through the good taste and courtesy of the proprietor, the public are admitted, on specified days, and under certain restrictions. The *nucleus* of Earl Grosvenor's collection, was the purchase of Mr. Agar's pictures for £30 000. since which it has been enlarged, till it has at length become one of the finest in England. In the drawing-room at Eaton are, *Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives*, by Claude Lorraine, which is the largest painting known to have been executed by him; and *A Port in the Mediterranean*, by Vernet. In the dining-room, *Rubens with his Second Wife*, by himself; and *The Judgment of Paris*, a copy, by Peters, after Rubens. In the dressing-room of the state bed-room, *David and Abigail* also by Rubens. Over the ornamented chimney-pieces of the hall are, West's *Dissolution of the Long Parliament*, and *The Landing of Charles the Second*.

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beautiful form. Opposite to the chimney piece is an organ richly decorated. On the left of the saloon is an ante-room leading to the dining-room; and on the right, another leading to the drawing-room: the windows of these rooms are glazed with a light Mosaic tracery, and exhibit the portraits of the six Earls of Chester, who, after Hugh Lupus, governed Cheshire as a County Palatine, till Henry III. bestowed the title on his son Edward; since which time the eldest sons of the kings of England have always been Earls of Chester.

The dining-room, situated at the northern extremity of the east front, is about 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, exclusive of a bay-window of five arches, the opening of which is 30 feet. In the centre window is the portrait of Hugh Lupus; which, with the portraits of the six Earls of Chester, in the ante-room windows, were executed from cartoons, at Longport, Staffordshire. The ceiling is of bold and rich tracery, with a profuse emblazoning of heraldic honours, and a large ornamented pendant for a chandelier.

The drawing-room, which is at the southern extremity of the east front, is of the same form and dimensions as the dining-room, with the addition of a large window to the south, commanding the luxuriant groves of meadows of Eaton, and the village and spire of Oldford above them. All the windows of this room are adorned with heads and figures of the ancestors of the family; also the portraits of the present Earl and Countess, in a beautiful brown *chiaro-scuro*. The ceiling is tracery of the nicest materials and workmanship emblazoned with the arms of the Grosvenor family, and those of Egerton, Earl of Wilton, the father of the present Countess Grosvenor.

Eaton became the property of the Grosvenor family through the marriage of Ralph Grosvenor, in the reign of Henry VI. with Joan, daughter of John Eaton, then owner of this estate. The Grosvenor family, as we have already intimated, came into England with William the Conqueror; they derived their name from the office of chief huntsmen, which they held in the Norman court; and, when "chivalry was the fashion of the times," says Pennant, "few families shone in so distinguished a manner: none shewed equal spirit in vindicating their rights to their looms." He then mentions the celebrated legal contest with Sir Richard le Scroope, for the family arms—*Azure, a bend or.* This cause was tried before the High Constable and he Earl Marshal of England, in the reign of Richard II. It lasted three years; kings, princes of the blood, and most of the nobility, and among the gentry, Chaucer, the poet, gave evidence on the trial. "The sentence," says Pennant, "was conciliating; that both parties should bear the same arms; but the *Grosvenours avec une bordure d' argent.* Sir Robert resents it, and appeals to the king. The judgment is confirmed; but the choice is left to the defendant, either to use the *bordure*, or bear the arms of their relations, the ancient Earls of Chester, *azure, a gerb d' or.* He rejected the mortifying distinction, and chose a *gerb*: which is the family coat to this day."

Hitherto we have only spoken of the artificial splendour of Eaton. The natural beauties with which it is environed will, however, present equal, if not superior, attraction for the tourist. The stiff, formal walks of Vanbrugh no longer disfigure the grounds, which are now made to harmonise with the contiguous landscape, and are enlivened by an inlet of the Dee, which intervenes between the eastern front of the mansion, and the opposite plantations. These alterations have, however, been made with great judgment, and a few of the venerable beauties of the park remain. Thus, a fine aged avenue extends westward to a Gothic lodge in the hamlet of Belgrave, about two miles distant from the Hall. Another lodge, in a similar style of design, is approached by a road, which diverges from this avenue towards Chester, and crosses the park, through luxuriating plantations, which open occasionally in glade views of the Broxton and Welsh Hills. The most pleasing approach to this noble mansion is one which has been cut through the plantations, towards the north-east angle of the house, so as to throw the whole building into perspective.

Viewed from either of the beautiful sites with which the park abounds, Eaton is a magnificent display of towers, and turrets, pinnacles and battlements, partly embosomed in foliage, and belted with one of the richest domains in England. Indeed, its splendour seldom fails to strike the overweening admirer of art with devotional fondness, which is not lessened by his approach to the fabric.* The most favourable distant views are from the Aldford road, and from the romantic

* One view from the interior deserves special mention: viz. from the saloon, upon a terrace 350 feet in length, commanding one of the richest landscapes on the banks of Dee. The boasted terrace at Versailles is but 400 feet in length; yet, how many Englishmen, who have seen the latter, are even ignorant of that at Eaton.

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banks of the Dee, whence there is a proud display of architectural grandeur. In every point, however, the grounds and mansion of Eaton will abundantly gratify the expectations of the visiter. Altogether, they present a rich scene of nature, diversified and embellished by the attributes of art; and the admiration of the latter will be not a little enhanced by the reflection that the building of this sumptuous pile provided employment for a large portion of the poor of Chester during one of the most calamitous periods of the late war.

The noble founder of Eaton has indeed learned to "build stately," and "garden finely;" and has thus made the personal fruition of his wealth subservient to its real use—the distribution.

ORIGIN OF CHESS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In vol. 3, page 211, of the MIRROR, is an account of the origin of the scientific game of chess, the invention of which, your correspondent *F. H. Y.* has attributed to a brahmin, named Sissa. But I believe it is entirely a matter of doubt, both as to where, and by whom it was invented; it is evidently of very high antiquity, and if we recur to the original names of the pieces with which it is played, we shall readily be convinced it is of Asiatic original. The honour of inventing it, is contended for by several nations, but principally by the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Persians. In support of the first, we are told, by Sir William Jones, in the 2nd vol. of his *Asiatic Researches*, that the game of chess has been immemorably known in Hindostan, by the name of Chaturanga, or the four members of an army, viz. elephants, horses, chariots, and foot soldiers. And yet, the same learned author observes, that no account of the game has hitherto been discovered in the classical writings of the brahmins. Mr. Daines Barrington supposed the Chinese to be the inventers, and in this he is supported by a paper published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, for 1794, vol. 5, by Mr. Eyles Irwin. It states, that when Mr. Irwin was at Canton, a young mandarin, on seeing the English chess-board, recognised its similarity with that used for a game of their own; and brought his board and equipage for Mr. Irwin's inspection, and soon after gave him a manuscript extract from a book, relating the invention of the Chinese game, called by them chong-he, or the royal game, which it attributed to a Chinese general (about 1,965 years ago) who by its means reconciled his soldiers to passing the winter in quarters in the country of Shensi, the cold and inconvenience of which were likely to have occasioned a mutiny among them. Other writers contend that chess is a game of Persian invention, since *scah muth* is the Persic term for check-mate; and since the Persians were sedulous in recommending it to their young princes, as a game calculated to instruct kings in the art of war. It has been attributed to Palamedes, who lived during the Trojan war; but it was a game played with pebbles, or cubes, of which he was the inventer. Palamedes was so renowned for his sagacity, that almost every early discovery was ascribed to him. Whether the Greeks or Romans were acquainted with this game is doubtful. Of the three contending nations, the claim of the Persians appears to me to be least eligible, and that of the Chinese the most.

Near Sheffield. J. M. C—D.

THREE SONNETS TO JOHN KEATS.

(For the Mirror.)

I CAN think of thee! now that the light spring
Showers live in the rich breezes, and the dyes
Of the glad flowers are won from her blue eyes
Exulting; whilst loud songs, on the fleet wing
Of the Earth's seraphs, bear her welcoming
From it to heaven, and, up to the far skies,
From turf-born censers floods of incense rise.
I can think of thee in my wandering;
And when the heart leaps up within to bless
The sights of love and beauty, on each hand,—
The pouring-out of sky-sprung happiness
Over the dancing sea and the green land,
Thought wakes one saddening thrill of bitterness—
Thou canst not o'er this Eden smiling stand!

Yes! even as the quick glow of Spring's first smile
Is unto the renewed spirit,—even
As that abundant gush of wine from Heaven
Loosens the dreary grasp of Cares which coil
Round the lone heart like serpents,—the sweet toil
Of draining the dear dream-cup thou hast given
Is unto me,—and thoughts which long have striven
With joyousness, flit far away the while
My lips are prest to it. By the fire-light,
Or in full gaze of sun-set, when the choirs
Of winged minstrels, waking out of light,
Ring requiem meet to those departing fires—
Let me be with thee then—forgetting quite
The world, its scorafulness, and its desires.

O! I could weep for thee! and yet not tears
Of hopelessness, but triumph, and sit down.
And weave for thee wet wild-flowers for crown—
Then up, and sound rich music in thine ears;

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Shall teach thee, that sweet lips, in coming years,
Shall lisp the songs which cold dull hearts disown,—
That all which hope could pant for is thine own,—
Dimmed, for a moment's space, with human fears.
Then watch the new-born glories in thine eye,
Glancing like lightning from its chariot cloud,
And list these words, which know not how to die,—
Joy's inspiration gushing forth aloud:
Then back again unto the world and sigh,
And wrap my heart up in a dusky shroud.

THOMAS M——s.

CHOOSING OF BAILIFFS AT BRIDGNORTH.

(For the Mirror.)

THE bailiffs of Bridgnorth are chosen out of the twenty-four aldermen upon St. Matthew's Day in the following manner:—The court having met, the names of twelve aldermen being separately written on small pieces of paper, are closely rolled up by the town clerk, and thrown into a purse, which is shaken by the two chamberlains standing upon the chequer, (a large table in the middle of the court,) and held open to the bailiffs, when each, according to seniority, takes out a roll. By this means the callers are decided, who, mounting the chequer, alternately call the jury of fourteen out of the burgesses present. They are then sworn neither to eat nor drink till they, or twelve of them, have chosen two fit persons, who have not been bailiffs for three years before, to serve that office for the ensuing year; they are locked up till they have agreed, which sometimes occasions long fastings. In 1739, the jury fasted seventy hours. The persons chosen are sworn into office on Michaelmas Day.—W. H.

ON COALS, AND THE PERIOD WHEN THE COAL MINES IN ENGLAND WILL BE EXHAUSTED.

(From Bakewell's Introduction to Geology, 3rd Edition, 1828.)

COAL was known, and partially used, at a very early period of our history. I was informed by the late Marquis of Hastings, that stone hammers and stone tools were found in some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby Wolds; and his lordship informed me also, that similar stone tools had been discovered in the old workings in the coal-mines in the north of Ireland. Hence we may infer, that these coal-mines were worked at a very remote period, when the use of metallic tools was not general. The burning of coal was prohibited in London in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of Edward I. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the burning of coal was again prohibited in London during the sitting of parliament, lest the health of the knights of the shire should suffer injury during their abode in the metropolis. In the year 1643, the use of coal had become so general, and the price being then very high, many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel. At the present day, when the consumption of coal, in our iron-furnaces and manufactories and for domestic use, is immense, we cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-beds as involving the destruction of a great portion of our private comfort and national prosperity. Nor is the period very remote when the coal districts, which at present supply the metropolis with fuel, will cease to yield any more. The annual quantity of coal shipped in the rivers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey, exceeded three million tons. A cubic yard of coals weighs nearly one ton; and the number of tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile in extent, and one yard in thickness, is about four millions. The number and extent of all the principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Durham is known; and from these data it has been calculated that the coal in these counties will last 360 years. Mr. Bailey, in his Survey of Durham, states, that one-third of the coal being already got, the coal districts will be exhausted in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in future be worked; but the consumption of coal being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey published his Survey of Durham, we may admit his calculation to be an approximation to the truth, and that the coal of Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted in a period not greatly exceeding 200 years. Dr. Thomson, in the Annals of Philosophy, has calculated that the coal of these districts, at the present rate of consumption, will last 1,000 years! but his calculations are founded on data manifestly erroneous, and at variance with his own statements; for he assumes the annual consumption of coal to be only two million eight hundred thousand tons, and the waste to be one-third more,—making three million seven hundred thousand tons, equal to as many square yards; whereas he has just before informed us, that two million chaldrons of coal, of two tons and a quarter each chaldron, are exported, making four million five hundred thousand tons, beside inland consumption, and waste in the working.* According

* The waste of coal at the pit's mouth may be stated at one-sixth of the quantity sold, and that

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to Mr. Winch, three million five hundred thousand tons of coal are consumed annually from these districts; to which if we add the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth, and the waste in the mines, it will make the total yearly destruction of coal nearly double the quantity assigned by Dr. Thomson. Dr. Thomson has also greatly overrated the quantity of the coal in these districts, as he has calculated the extent of the principal beds from that of the lowest, which is erroneous; for many of the principal beds crop out, before they reach the western termination of the coal-fields. With due allowance for these errors, and for the quantity of coal already worked out, (which, according to Mr. Bailey, is about one-third,) the 1,000 years of Dr. Thomson will not greatly exceed the period assigned by Mr. Bailey for the complete exhaustion of coal in these counties, and may be stated at three hundred and fifty years.

It cannot be deemed uninteresting to inquire what are the repositories of coal that can supply the metropolis and the southern counties, when no more can be obtained from the Tyne and the Wear. The only coal-fields of any extent on the eastern side of England, between London and Durham, are those of Derbyshire and those in the west riding of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is not of sufficient magnitude to supply, for any long period, more than is required for home consumption, and that of the adjacent counties. There are many valuable beds of coal in the western part of the west riding of Yorkshire which are yet unwrought; but the time is not very distant when they must be put in requisition, to supply the vast demand of that populous manufacturing county, which at present consumes nearly all the produce of its own coal-mines. In the midland counties, Staffordshire possesses the nearest coal districts to the metropolis, of any great extent; but such is the immense daily consumption of coal in the iron-furnaces and founderies, that it is generally believed this will be the first of our own coal-fields that will be exhausted. The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-field is of limited extent; and in the present mode of working it, more than two-thirds of the coal is wasted and left in the mine.

If we look to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the minor coal-fields in the west of England, we can derive little hope of their being able to supply London and the southern counties with coal, after the impost of coal fails from Northumberland and Durham. We may thus anticipate a period not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and ironstone will be exhausted; and were we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebodings, like the ingenious authoress of the "Last Man," we might draw a melancholy picture of our starving and declining population, and describe some manufacturing patriarch, like the late venerable Richard Reynolds, travelling to see the last expiring English furnace, before he emigrated to distant regions.*

Fortunately, however, we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone, which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated, that this coal-field extends over about twelve hundred square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is ninety-five feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal, equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we admit that the five million tons of coal from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coals in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for two years' consumption; and as there are from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for two thousand years, after all our English coal-mines are worked out.

It is true, that a considerable part of the coal in South Wales is of an inferior quality, and is not at present burned for domestic use; but in proportion as coal becomes scarce, improved methods of burning it will assuredly be discovered, to prevent any sulphureous fumes from entering apartments, and also to econo-

left in the mines at one-third. Mr. Holmes, in his Treatise on Coal Mines, states the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth to be one-fourth of the whole

* The late Richard Reynolds, Esq., of Bristol, so distinguished for his unbounded benevolence, was the original proprietor of the great iron-works in Colebrook Dale, Shropshire. Owing, I believe, partly to the exhaustion of the best workable beds of coal and ironstone, and partly to the superior advantages possessed by the iron-founders in South Wales, the works at Colebrook Dale were finally relinquished, a short time before the death of Mr. Reynolds. With a natural attachment to the scenes where he had passed his early years, and to the pursuits by which he had honourably acquired his great wealth, he travelled from Bristol into Shropshire, to be present when the last of his furnaces was extinguished, in a valley where they had been continually burning for more than half a century.

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ultimate consumption of fuel in all our manufacturing processes.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

Thou hast not seen the tear-drops fill
The eyes which worship thee;
The deepest curse, the darkest ill,
Hovers above—around me—still
There are no tears for me!

Thou canst not know, why I should kneel
For tears to heaven—in vain;
The thousand changeless pangs we feel,—
The precious drops, perchance, might heal,—
They will not start again!

Thou canst not know what hopes will spring
When I can gaze on thee,
Even in the cold heart withering;
Oh! thou to whom that heart must cling,
Art more than tears to me!

THOMAS M———s.

HINTS FOR HEALTH.

["A very old and active correspondent," *Tim Tobykin*, has furnished us with the following interesting extracts from Dr. Rennie's *Treatise on Gout and Nervous Diseases*, just published. These, however, are but a portion of our correspondent's selections; and as they are written in a popular style and appear to be equally applicable to the welfare of all classes, they will doubtless be acceptable to our readers. We are not friendly to the introduction of purely professional matters into the pages of the MIRROR, but the following extracts are so far divested of technicality as to render their utility and importance obvious to every reader.]

CLIMATE, LOCALITY, AND SEASONS.

I SHALL first inquire, says Dr. Rennie, what are the effects of climate on healthy constitutions, as respects heat, cold, moisture, and vicissitudes; including also the diurnal and annual revolutions.

Cold applied to the body acts as a direct sedative. It diminishes the nervous sensibility, represses the activity of the circulation, detracts from the sum of the animal heat, and thereby diminishes stimulation. In the cessation of excitement and sensibility that ensues, the whole vital actions are moderated, existing irritation is soothed; and in the same manner as sleep recruits the wasted powers, so does cold restore and invigorate the nerves when overstimulated, and in fact promotes the tone and vigour of the whole body; when again a warmer atmosphere succeeds a colder, the animal heat increases in its sum, the surface of the body is re-excited; nervous sensibility returns, and a reaction of the circulation takes place; so that the blood diffuses itself in greater abundance towards the remote and superficial parts of the body, and the secretions are also promoted.

Alternations of cold and heat therefore in healthy constitutions within certain limits, are salutary; promoting, on the one hand, the vigour and tone of the body; on the other, the due activity and excitement of the various functions.

The temperature occasioned by day and night, and also those more progressive and slow alternations of heat and cold, on the large scale, attending the annual revolution of the seasons, are a natural provision admirably adapted to effect these objects as described; constituted as our bodies are, such a constant and regular succession of heat and cold is just such as the necessities of the human frame require. The alternations of day and night, of winter and summer, are far from being merely incidental and unimportant circumstances in the general adaptation of the earth to man's constitutional wants; neither do they bear reference solely to the productions of the earth for his use. They exert a continual and direct influence on his constitution, calculated to aid the vigorous and healthy performance of the various functions of the body each in its due degree and order, and they conduce mainly to the perfection and longevity of the species.

Let us therefore trace the effects of these changes on the human body.

During the winter, the prevailing cold acts as a universal sedative and tonic, soothing the nervous excitement and sensibility, allaying the activity of the circulation, moderating the functions of the skin, and diminishing the various secretions.

As the Spring opens, the sun gains daily in influence, generating a gradually increasing atmospheric warmth. The body therefore becomes subject from this heat to a reactive effect, during which the nervous sensibility and circulation are gradually re-excited, the blood is more equally diffused towards the surface and extremities of the body, and the secretion by the skin is increased.

If the cold of winter were to continue unmitigated from year to year, without the genial influence of summer, the human race, as is apparent in polar regions and upland mountainous districts, would degenerate into dwarfishness.

If the heat of summer were continually maintained the whole year round, a tendency to degeneracy of the race would be also observed, as we see in tropical lati-

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tudes. It is in the medium betwixt these extremes, where a moderate and regular winter cold is succeeded by a mild, genial summer temperature, that the species approaches most to perfection in stature, health, strength, and longevity.

In observing also the influence of day and night on the constitution, there is a sedative effect produced in the morning before the sun is up, a reactive tendency promoted towards noon under the solar influence, and again towards evening this reaction is repressed by the sedative effect of the evening cold; and this sedative effect is at its maximum at midnight. Hence those who sit up late feel unusually chilly and depressed towards midnight, partly owing to exhaustion from want of sleep, but chiefly from the total absence of solar influence in the atmospherical temperature. In regular habits this sedative effect is never thoroughly experienced; for before midnight, the constitution, enveloped in warm blankets, has experienced the reaction arising from the accumulation of heat in bed. Whence the common remark, that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after that hour, is actually true to a certain extent. By early retirement to rest, the sedative effect on the constitution, to an extent such as to disturb the functions, is escaped.

If we connect these two influences, the annual and diurnal successions of cold and heat, in their joint effect, we find, that about, or a little after the summer solstice, the influence of the sun being at its maximum, the nervous sensibility, heat, circulating excitement, and cutaneous secretions of the body, are also at their maximum. The temperature of the day and night differ so little, that the sedative effects of evening and morning are not sufficient to restore the frame by soothing the sensibilities, overexcited and irritable from the previous warmth. Whence the languor and irritability felt in summer, when the heat is long continued, and the nights are spent in restlessness and anxious oppression. Exhaustion and relaxation of the frame are the consequence.

As the autumnal equinox verges on, the mornings and evenings get cooler in relation to the mid-day heat; and about the equinox, the difference in the temperature of mid-day and midnight is at its maximum. We have therefore a powerful sedative effect in the morning, which braces and invigorates the body; a powerful reactive effect at mid-day, which rouses and stimulates the actions and sensibilities of the frame; and again towards evening a sedative effect, from the increasing cold reaching its maximum at midnight.

As the season passes on from the Equinox towards the winter solstice, the heat of the sun daily diminishes, and the cold gains a daily preponderance. The sedative effect on the body goes on progressively increasing, being less and less counteracted by any genial influence from the solar heat at mid-day; whence the gloom and depression so universally experienced by the nervous in November and December, which is more and more felt till the shortest day. So soon as the minimum of solar influence and maximum of sedative effect on the body has passed over, the sun gradually acquires more of meridian influence, and a daily increasing ascendancy over the prevalent cold. The human constitution at the same time is subject to a proportionate reactive disposition; which reaction is felt most at noon, and it daily becomes more and more apparent till the vernal equinox, when we have the difference betwixt the meridian and midnight temperature again at a maximum. We have daily a powerful sedative effect in the morning, a powerful meridian reaction, which again subsides into a sedative condition on the access of the evening. This daily effect on the constitution is exactly similar to that at the autumnal equinox, only it occurs under different circumstances. In autumn it is connected with departing heat and progressively increasing cold; in Spring it is connected with progressively diminishing cold and advancing heat. After the vernal equinox, the difference in the meridian and midnight temperature gradually diminishes; the daily sedative effect at morning and evening becomes less and less apparent as general atmospheric warmth prevails, till towards the summer solstice, the general effect on the constitution is stimulation and excitement by atmospheric heat.

Notes of a Reader.

BYRON'S "FARE THEE WELL."

On one occasion of a mediator waiting upon Lord Byron upon the subject of a reconciliation with his wife, he produced from his desk a paper on which was written "Fare thee well," and said, "Now these are exactly my feelings on the subject—they were not intended to be published, but you may take them."—*Lit. G.*

EARLY HOURS.

Dr. Franklin published an ingenious Essay on the advantages of early rising.—He called it "an economical project."

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and calculated the saving that might be made in the city of Paris, by using the sunshine instead of the candles—at no less than 4,000,000*l.* sterling.

SENSITIVE PLANTS.

LIGHT exercises a very remarkable influence upon the irritability of the sensitive plant. Thus, if a sensitive plant be placed in complete darkness, by carrying it within an opaque vessel, it will entirely lose its irritability, and that in a variable time, according to a certain state of depression or elevation of the surrounding temperature.

AT Brussels, the demand for labour is so great, in consequence of the number of new buildings, that tradesmen consider they confer a favour on a customer by the execution of his orders. The lower classes have become, within the last seven years, extremely dissipated, owing it is supposed to the increase in the wages of the mechanics and labourers employed in the numerous buildings erected within that period. During the Kaermess annual feast of three days, it is calculated 80,000 *litres* (pots) are drunk each day!

COOPER, the American novelist, has just published two volumes of "Notions" of his countrymen; in the course of which he bestows on them the following superlative epithets: "most active, quick-witted, enterprising, orderly, moral, simple, vigorous, healthful, manly, generous, just, wise, innocent, civilized, liberal, polite, enlightened, ingenious, moderate, glorious, firm, free, virtuous, intelligent, sagacious, kind, honest, independent, brave, gallant, intellectual, well-governed, elevated, dignified, pure, immaculate, extraordinary, wonderful," &c. He then calls them the "most improving," which is painting, nay coating, the lily, to "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

OSTRICHES

IMPART a lively interest to a ride in the Pampas. They are sometimes seen in coveys of twenty or thirty, gliding elegantly along the undulations of the plain, at half pistol-shot from each other, like skirmishers. The young are easily domesticated, and soon become attached to those who caress them; but they are troublesome inmates; for, stalking about the house, they will, when full grown, swallow coin, shirt-pins, and every small article of metal within reach Their usual food, in a wild state, is seeds, herbage, and insects; the flesh is a reddish brown, and if young, not of bad flavour. A great many eggs are laid in the same nest. Some accounts exonerate the ostrich from being the most stupid bird in the creation. This has been proved by the experiment of taking an egg away, or by putting one in addition. In either case she destroys the whole by smashing them with her feet. Although she does not attend to secrecy, in selecting a situation for her nest, she will forsake it if the eggs have been handled. It is also said that she rolls a few eggs thirty yards distant from the nest, and cracks the shells, which, by the time her young come forth, being filled with maggots, and covered with insects, form the first repast of her infant brood. The male bird is said to take upon himself the rearing of the young. If two cock-birds meet, each with a family, they fight for the supremacy over both; for which reason an ostrich has sometimes under his tutelage broods of different ages.—*Mem. Gen. Miller.*

DR. KITCHINER recommends a gentleman who has a mind to carry the arrangement of his clothes to a nicety, to have the shelves of his wardrobe numbered 30, 40, 50, and 60, and according to the degree of cold pointed to by his thermometer, to wear a corresponding defence against it.

DR. HARWOOD fed two pointers; one he suffered to sleep after dinner, another he forced to take exercise. In the stomach of the one who had been quiet and asleep, all the food was digested; in the stomach of the other, that process was hardly begun.

SIR WALTER'S LAST.

AT page 354 of our last vol., the reader will find an eloquent description of Perth, from the Wicks of Beglie, quoted from St. Valentine's Eve. This turns out to be a topographical blunder, for the "fair city" cannot be seen at all from the said Wicks, whereas the author has described it as the best point of view. As our readers have long since enjoyed the description, we shall doubtless be pardoned for thus noticing the mistake.

TELEGRAPHS.

THE system of telegraphs has arrived at such perfection in the presidency of Bombay, that a communication may be made through a line of 500 miles in eight minutes.—*Weekly Rev.*

ONE of the drawing-room critics who uphold the literature of lords and ladies, sums up the merits of fashionable novel-writing as follows:—"After all, it is

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something to scrutinise lords and ladies, recline on satin sofas, eat off silver dishes —whose nomenclature is the glory of *Bartlett*—though only in a book."

MAHOGANY.

THE largest and finest log of mahogany ever imported into this country has been recently sold by auction at the docks in Liverpool. It was purchased for 378*l.*, and afterwards sold for 525*l.*, and if it open well, it is supposed to be worth 1,000*l.* If sawed into veneers, it is computed that the cost of labour in the process will be 750*l.* The weight on the king's beam is six tons thirteen hundred weight.

DUGALD STEWART, the celebrated metaphysician, of whom Scotland has just reason to be proud, died a short time since at Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-five. He recently published two volumes, of which a distinguished gentleman in Edinburgh thus speaks:—"June 16. Dugald Stewart is to be buried to-morrow. A great light is gone out, or rather gone down,—for its glory will long be in the sky, though its orb be no more visible above the horizon. He corrected his last two volumes with his own hand within these three months. What philosopher, especially palsy-stricken ten years ago,—could ring in better. Glorious fellow! I hear his splendid sentences and exquisite voice sounding in mine ear at the distance of nearly thirty winters. His peculiar merit was the purity and loftiness of his moral taste. For about forty years he raised the standard of thought and feeling among successive generations of young men, to a range it would never otherwise have attained."

OLD AND NEW VAUXHALL.

OF old, a half-crown at the door, and the price of such comestibles as were demanded, were grumbled at as tax enough; but now the account stands in a fairer form, because you are charged distinctly for every item, so that you know what you are paying for, and may choose or reject, as you think fit. Thus Mr. Bull, from Aldgate, with Mrs. Bull, and only four of the younger Bulls and Cows, numbering six in all, make good their entry at the cost of 1*l.* 4*s.*—Books to tell them what they are to see and hear, the when and the how are 3*s.* Seats for the vaudeville (average of modest places) 9*s.* Ditto for the ballet 6*s.* Ditto for the battle 6*s.* Ditto for the fire-works 6*s.*—Total 2*l.* 14*s.*—But then they are not charged for seeing the lamps; there is no charge for walking round the walks; there is no charge for looking at the chinese mechanic pictures; there is no charge for casting a glance at the orchestra; there is no charge for staring at the other people; there is no charge for bowing or talking to an acquaintance, if you meet one—all these are gratis; and if you neither eat nor drink, there is no charge for witnessing those who do mangle the long-murdered honours of the coop, and gulp down the most renovating of liquors, be they hale or stout, vite vine, red port, or rack punch.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BRUGES, (celebrated as the birthplace of John Van Eyck, said to have invented the art of oil-painting), is now in a very dilapidated condition. It was formerly a place of great commerce, and the merchants of Bruges were the wealthiest in Europe. The population is reduced from 100,000 to 25,000.—*Brussels Companion.*

DISTURBING THE DEAD.

MR. CRAWFURD, in his recent Mission to *Hué*, wished to visit the mausoleum of the late king; "but," says he, "we were politely informed that the king was always reluctant to permit the visits of strangers, whose presence," he said, "might 'trouble the repose of the spirits of his ancestors.'"

DINE with a march-of-intellect man, and only observe the downcast eyes of his pale-faced, trembling wife—the knit brows of his sullen sons—the sulky sorrows of his joy-denied daughters. All that comes of your hard-hearted, hard-headed, music-painting-and-poetry-despising, utilitarian, intellectual, all-in-all education-ists, who know nothing so admirable as a steam-engine, and would wish to see the whole world worked by machinery.

"FASHIONABLE" NOVELS.

HERE is a specimen of the *slip-slop* with which so many thousand reams of paper have lately been spoiled. "Tea was announced, and the ladies adjourned to the saloon; Lady Harriet and Lady Charlotte, discussing, as they went in together, the difficult question, whether it was or was not an improvement in modern arrangements to have tea *en-buffet*. One of its advantages the ladies were perfectly aware of, namely, that it afforded a *point de réunir*, for both beaux and belles, which is always so much wanted before the music begins; and calculating on this important circumstance, Lady Charlotte possessed herself of the chair which was the most accessible of the whole group. Miss Mortimer, with equal foresight, stationed her-

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self at the fire.—"Good generalship," whispered Lady Hauteville to the duchess, as the two experienced matrons communicated together *sur les petites ruses*, which the actors fancied were unperceived, &c.

Dr. Walsh, in his *Journey from Constantinople*, describes a species of woodpecker, about the size of a thrush, of a light, blue colour, with black marks beside the bill. "It entered my room," says he, "with all the familiarity of an old friend, hopped on the table, and picked up the crumbs and flies. It had belonged to the doctor's child, just buried, and by a singular instinct, left the house of the dead, and flew into my room. Its habits were curious, and so familiar, that they were quite attractive; it climbed up the wall by any stick or cord near it, devouring flies. It sometimes began at my foot, and at one race, ran up my leg, arm, round my neck, down my other arm, and so to the table. It there tapped with its bill with a noise as loud as a hammer. This was its general habit on the wood in every part of the room; when it did so, it would look intently at the place, and dart at any fly or insect it saw running. Writers on Natural History say it makes this noise to disturb the insects concealed within, so to seize them when they appear."

At Brussels apartments are not to be procured for a shorter term than six months.

In the prison at Ghent, spirits are sold, but pens and paper cannot be obtained without a special application to the governor.

Mr. Brande, in his recent Lecture on Vegetable Chemistry, says, "Salt has been very much extolled for a manure; I believe that a great deal more has been said of it than it deserves; it certainly destroys insects, but I do not believe what has been said of its value. We are not to infer that because a manure is found to be useful on one soil in a certain climate, that it shall prove equally useful in others; experience must direct us in this particular."

STROLLING SCHOOLS.

In Prussia there exist, what are termed *Strolling Schools*, having no fixed place. The teacher, with his scholars or his classical furniture, establishes himself in all the houses of a village successively, where he affords instruction; and his stay is determined by the number of persons he is called upon to instruct under each roof, a week being the allotted term for each child, during which period the parents supply all the wants of the *Domine*.—*Athenæum*.

Retrospective Gleanings.

The following extracts from a "roll of the expenses of Edward I., at Rhuddlan Castle, in Wales, in the tenth and eleventh years of his reign" (1281 and 1282), may perhaps amuse our readers, as showing the rates of wages paid to different workmen, tradesmen, archers, &c. at that period. Under the head of *necessaries*, are some curious items. Rhuddlan Castle was the head quarters of Edward, during an insurrection of the Welsh, under Llewellin, Prince of Wales, at which time it had many additions made to it:—

Paid to Master Peter de Brompton for the wages of 100 carpenters, each receiving 4*d.* per day, and their constable receiving 8*d.* per day; of which five are overseers of twenty, and each receives 6*d.* per day for his wages, from Sunday 23rd of August for the seven following days, 12*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*

To two smiths, one receiving 4*d.* per day, and the other 3*d.* for their wages, from Sunday 23rd of August to Sunday 12th of September, *each day being reckoned*, for twenty one days, 12*s.* 3*d.*

Two shoeing smiths by the day, at 3*d.*

Paid to forty-seven sailors of the king for their wages, seven days; each receiving per diem 3*d.*, except seven, each of whom received 6*d.* per day, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

Paid to Geoffry le Chamberlin for the wages of twelve cross-bowmen and thirteen archers for twenty-four days; each cross-bowman receiving by the day 4*d.*, and each archer 2*d.*,—7*l.* 8*s.*

Paid to one master mason, receiving 6*d.* per diem, and five masons at 4*d.*, and one workman at 3*d.*; for twenty-eight days, 3*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*

Sunday next, after the feast of St. John Baptist, paid to twenty-two mowers, each receiving 1½*d.* per day for four days, 11*s.*

Wednesday following paid to twenty-three mowers, each receiving 6*d.* per day for their wages of two days, 1*l.* 3*s.*

Paid to fourscore and sixteen *spreaders of hay* for one day's wages, whereof fourscore received each per day 1½*d.*, and each of the others 2*d.*, 12*s.* 8*d.*

Paid to 160 spreaders of hay for their wages, Sunday and Monday, 16*s.* 6*d.*

Necessaries.

For six carts, each with three horses, hired to carry the hay from the meadows

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to the castle of Rothelan, for one day, 6s. 10d.

For the carriage of turf, with which the house was covered in which the hay was placed, 1s. 5d.

For an iron fork bought to turn the hay, 3d.

For making a ditch about the house where the said hay was put, 1s. 8d.

For putting and piling up one rick of hay in the house, 1s. 8d

Wages of two turf-cutters, seven days, at 5d. per day, 5s. 10d.

For the carriage of turves to cover the king's kitchen, 7s. 6d.

For twenty-two empty casks, bought to make paling for the queen's court yard, 18s. 4d.

To Wildbor, the fisherman, receiving 10d. per day, and his six companions, the queen's fishermen, at 3d. per day each, fishing in the sea, forty-two days, 4l. 18s

Repairing a cart of the king's, conveying a *pipe of honey* from Aberconway to Rothelan, 1s. 4d.

To six men carrying shingles to cover the hall of the castle, at 2½d each per day, seven days, 8s. 9d.

Gifts.

To a certain female spy, as a gift, 1s.

To a certain female spy, to purchase her a house, as a gift, 1l.

To Ralph le Vavasour, bringing news to the queen of the taking of Dolinthalien, as a gift, 5l.

To John de Moese, coming immediately after with the same news, with letters of the Earl of Gloucester, by way of gift, 5l.

To a certain player, as a gift, 1s.

Swan with Two Necks.

It appears from the roll of swan's marks, in the time of Henry VIII., that the king's swans were *doubly* marked, and had what were called *two nicks*, or notches. The term, in process of time, not being understood, a double animal was invented, with the name of "The Swan with *Two Necks*." But this is not the only ludicrous mistake that has arisen on the subject, since "swan-upping," or the taking up of swans, performed annually by the swan companies, with the Lord Mayor at their head, for the purpose of marking them, has been changed, by an unlucky asperite, into swan-*hopping*, which is perfectly unintelligible.

Trial of the Pix.

The invention of it, in this kingdom, or at least its introduction into our courts, is probably of high antiquity, being mentioned in the time of Edward I., as a mode well known and of common usage. At present it is seldom required, except on the removal of the master of the Mint from his office. Upon a memorial praying for a trial of the Pix by this officer, a summons issues to certain members of the privy council to meet on a day fixed. The Lord Chancellor also directs a precept to the wardens of the Goldsmith's company, requiring them to nominate a competent number of able freemen of their company, skilful to judge of, and to present the defaults of the coin, if such be found, to be of a jury. When the court is formed, twelve of these persons are sworn, who are directed by the president to examine whether the moneys were made according to the indenture, and standard trial pieces, and within the remedies. But in 1754, Lord Chancellor Talbot directed the jury to express precisely how much the money was within the remedies; and the practice which he thus enjoined is still continued. The Pix, or box containing the coins to be examined, is then delivered to the jury, who retire to the court room of the Duchy of Lancaster, whither the Pix is removed, together with the weights of the Exchequer and Mint, and where the scales used on this occasion are suspended; the beam of which is so delicate, that it will turn with *six grains*, when loaded with the whole of those weights, to the amount of 48 lbs. 8 oz. in each scale. The Pix is then opened, and the money which had been taken out of each delivery, and enclosed in a parcel under the seals of the warden, master, and comptroller of the Mint, is given to the foreman, who reads aloud the endorsement, and compares it with the account which lies before him; he then delivers the parcel to one of the jury, who opens it and examines whether its contents agree with the endorsement. When all the parcels have been opened, and found right, the moneys contained in them are mixed together in wooden bowls, and afterwards weighed. Out of the said moneys so mingled, the jury take a certain number of each species of coin, to the amount of one pound for the assay by fire. And the indented trial pieces of gold and silver, of the dates specified in the indenture, being produced by the proper officer, a sufficient quantity is cut from either of them, for the purpose of comparing with it the pound weight of gold or silver which is to be tried by the usual methods of assay. The jury then return their verdict, stating how much the coins examined have varied from the weight and fineness required, and whether the variations exceed or fall short of the remedies which are allowed; and according to the terms of the verdict, the master's quietus is either granted or withheld.

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Note.—The *remedies* are an allowance of one sixth of a carat, or forty grains, in the pound weight of gold, and of two pennyweights in that of silver, considered either as to fineness or weight, or both of them taken together; the moneyers are, however, at this time so expert, that these quantities are much greater than are necessary.

Spirit of Discovery.

Society of Civil Engineers.

A CHARTER of incorporation has just received the royal signature, constituting an institution of Civil Engineers, and naming Mr. Telford its president. The objects of such institution, as recited in the charter, are, "The general advancement of mechanical science, and more particularly for promoting the acquisition of that species of knowledge which constitutes the profession of a civil engineer; being the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man, as the means of production and of traffic in states, both for external and internal trade, as applied in the construction of roads, bridges, aqueducts, canals, river navigation, and docks, for internal intercourse and exchange; and in the construction of ports, harbours, moles, breakwaters, and light-houses, and in the art of navigation by artificial power, for the purposes of commerce; and in the construction and adaptation of machinery, and in the drainage of cities and towns.

Toads as Ant-eaters.

In the autumn of last year, a pit, wherein I grew melons, was so much infested with ants, as to threaten the destruction of the whole crop; which they did, first by perforating the skin, and afterwards eating their way into the fruit; and, after making several unsuccessful experiments to destroy them, it occurred to me that I had seen the toad feed on them. I accordingly put about half a dozen toads into the pit, and, in the course of a few days, scarcely an ant was to be found.—*Corresp. Gard. Mag.*

Laying out Part of the Calton Hill as Pleasure-Ground.

We observe with pleasure plans advertised for in the Edinburgh newspapers, for this purpose. There is no city in Britain which presents greater facilities for public walks and gardens than Edinburgh, notwithstanding the immense injury which it has sustained in a picturesque point of view by the earthen mound, and the mean buildings which cover great part of the bottom and sides of the valley of the North Loch. That valley ought to have been laid out in terraces, some open, or covered with glazed verandas, for winter use, and others shaded by trees for summer walking. The great art in laying out walks for recreation and ease on sloping surfaces, is so to direct them as not to render them more fatiguing than straight walks on level ground. But the grand subject of improvement at Edinburgh, in the way of planting in the public walks, is the hill of Arthur's Seat, which, planted and built on, might be rendered one of the most unique scenes in Europe.—*Gard. Mag.*

Vegetables.

Watering gives vegetables long exposed a fresher colour, and a more attractive appearance; but repeated waterings are highly pernicious, as they neutralize the natural juices of some, render others bitter, and make all others vapid or disagreeable.—*Ibid.*

Mortar.

The use of lime in mortar, is to fill up the hollow spaces or vacuities between the grains of sand, and to cement them together, thereby forming a kind of artificial stone. To add any more lime than is sufficient to fill up these spaces, seems to be useless, and to add much more must weaken the mortar; but, if too little lime be used, there will be cavities left between some of the grains of sand, and the mortar will consequently be short or brittle: therefore, when we cannot ascertain the best proportions of lime and sand, it is better to use too much lime than too little.—*Ibid.*

Treatment of Gold and Silver Fish.

These beautiful objects of the animal kingdom, though long ago introduced into Europe from China, their native country, seldom breed in such numbers as they might be expected to do. It has been lately discovered that in ponds heated by waste water discharged from steam factories, the gold and silver fish breed abundantly. From this circumstance, it has been suggested, that, as heating hothouses by warm water is now so generally adopted, a portion of this, led occasionally into a garden basin, would keep the water in such a temperament as would not only always be agreeable to the fish, but promote their breeding.—*Ibid.*

Climate.

Professor Schow, of Copenhagen, has lately read a paper "On the supposed Changes in the Climate of the different parts of the Earth, during the period of

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Human History," from which, as far as it has appeared in our language, it seems to be his opinion, that, on a general view, climates are the same now as in ancient times. The identity of the climate of Palestine, now and during antiquity, is thus beautifully made out:—"It will be convenient to begin with Palestine, the Bible being the oldest, or one of the oldest of books; and, although great uncertainty exists about the determination of the plants which are mentioned in it, yet two of them do not admit of any doubt, (and these are sufficient for the determination of the climate of Palestine, in former times,) viz. the date-tree and the vine. The date-tree was frequent, and principally in the southernmost part of the country. Jericho was called Palm-town. The people had palm branches in their hands. Deborah's palm-tree is mentioned between Rama and Bethel. Pliny mentions the palm-tree as being frequent in Judea, and principally about Jericho. Tacitus and Josephus speak likewise of woods of palm-trees, as well as Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Theophrastus. Among the Hebrew coins, those with date-trees are by no means rare, and the tree is easily recognised, as it is figured with its fruit. The vine, also, was one of the plants most cultivated in Palestine, and not merely for the grapes, but really for the preparation of wine. The feast of the tabernacle of the Jews was a feast on account of the wine harvest. From a passage where the cultivation of the vine is mentioned, in the Valley of Engeddy, it is evident that the vine not only grew in the northernmost mountainous part of the country, but also in its southern lower part. Besides these, there are other ancient testimonies in favour of the vine. This plant, indeed, sometimes occurs on the same coin with the date-palm. The date-tree, in order to bring its fruit to perfection, requires a mean temperature of 78° Fahr. The vine, on the other hand, cannot be cultivated to any extent if the mean temperature be above 72° Fahr. Such, then, must have been the temperature of Palestine, in former ages; and by all that is known of its present climate, the mean temperature seems to be the same now. Nor has the time of harvest undergone any change. Snow and ice, which were known, though rarely, in ancient times, are occasionally met with now and at present, as in former times. The inhabitants make use of artificial heat to warm themselves.—*Dr. Brewster's Journal.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NUISANCES OF SOCIETY.

It is quite true that the largest part of conversation turns upon eating and drinking, the weather, the vices and follies of our neighbours, and a thousand other trifles that lead not to dispute; and it must be admitted that it is bad companionship to be eternally canvassing the greater interests of life, and forcing upon society opinions upon things in general. There are, indeed, themes in plenty which belong to the neutral ground of debate; but it is very pitiable that they should so ill bear repetition. All the world, if they dared avow as much, are heartily tired of them. Like cursing and swearing, they are merely unmeaning expletives to supply the lack of sense, to gain time, and to give a man the satisfaction of sometimes hearing his own voice. With all the assistance of cards, music, dancing, and champagne, society is at best but a dreary business, and it requires no little animal spirits to undergo the infliction with decency. Are you admitted on terms of familiarity to the domestic hearth of your friend, that privilege confers on you the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the faults of his servants, and (what is worse) with the merits of his children.

A dinner of ceremony is a funeral without a legacy; an assembly is a mob, and a ball a compound of glare, tinsel, noise, and dust. However amusing in their freshness, after a few repetitions, they are only rendered endurable by the prospect of some collateral gain, or the gratification of personal vanity. To exhibit the beauty of a young wife, or the diamonds of an old one; to be able to say the best thing that is uttered; to sport a red ribbon or a Waterloo medal in their first novelty; to carry a point with a great man, or to borrow money from a rich one, may pass off an evening very well, with those who happen to be interested in such speculations; but, these things apart, the arrantest trifler in the circle must get weary at last, and be heartily rejoiced when the conclusion of the season spares him all further reiteration of the mill-horse operation. It is this insipidity of society that forces so many of its members upon desperate adventures of gallantry, and upon deep play. Any thing, every thing is good to escape from the languor and listlessness of a converse from which whatever interests is banished. Many a woman loses her character, and many a man

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incurs a verdict of ruinous damages, in the simple search of that rarest of all rare things in society — a sensation. Neither is the matter much mended, if, barring the insipidity of bon-ton company, you plunge into the formal gravity of the middle classes; or into the noisy, empty mirth of the lower. The man of sense and feeling, wherever he goes, will find himself in a minority, in which few will speak his language or comprehend his ideas. He will seldom return to his home without a weary sense of the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" nothings he has been compelled to entertain in his intercourse with the world,—without the recollection of some outrage on his independence, some dogmatism that he dared not question, some impertinence that he dared not confute. With his ears ringing with blue-stocking literature, threadbare sophistries, forms erected into important principles, mediocrity elevated into consideration, and the pre-eminence of the vain, the ignorant, and the contemptible, he will shut himself up in his solitude, and say with the Englishman at Paris *Je m'ennuis très bien ici*. Against the recurrence of these annoyances, day after day renewed, what nerves can hold out? As life advances, time becomes precious, every moment is counted, every enjoyment is computed; and while the effort necessary for pleasing and being pleased becomes greater, the motive for making that exertion grows less. When the sources of physical gratification are dried up, and the illusions of life are dissipated, there remains nothing for enjoyment but a tranquil fireside, and the mastery of our own ideas and of our own habits in the privacy of home. But then, to enjoy these, you must not have a methodist wife, and you must have a porter who can lie with a good grace, a fellow who could say "not at home," though death himself knocked at the door. Neither should you read the newspapers, nor walk the streets. The times are long gone by since "wisdom cried out there." Folly, impertinence, sheer impertinence, has exclusive possession of the king's highway; and a dog with a tin kettle at tail has as good a chance as the wretch who dares to tread the pavement without partaking of the ruling insanity. Oh! Mr. Brougham, Mr. Brougham! your schoolmaster has a great deal yet to do: pray heaven his rods and his fools' caps may hold out!—*New Month. Mag.*

TO "BEAUTY."

THE morn is up! wake, Beauty, wake!
The flower is on the lea,
The blackbird sings within the brake,
The thrush is on the tree;
Forth to the balmy fields repair,
And let the breezes mild
Lift from thy brow the falling hair,
And fan my little child—
Yet if thy step be 'mid the dews,
Beauty! be sure to change your shoes!

'Tis noon! the butterfly springs up,
High from her couch of rest,
And scorns the little blue-bell cup
Which all night long she prest'd.
Away! we'll seek the walnut's shade,
And pass the sunny hour,
The bee within the rose is laid,
And veils him in the flower;
Mark not the lustre of his wing,
Beauty! be careful of his sting!

'Tis eve! but the retiring ray
A halo deigns to cast
Round scenes on which it shone all day,
And gilds them to the last;
Thus, ere thine eyelids close in sleep,
Let Memory deign to flee
Far o'er the mountain and the deep,
To cast one beam on me!
Yes, Beauty! 'tis mine inmost prayer—
But don't forget to curl your hair!

Blackwood's Mag.

GOG AND MAGOG.—(*A Fragment.*)

PENSIVELY and profoundly was I meditating, seated one evening upon a stone bench in Guildhall, when, as the gathering gloom invested the solemn faces of Gog and Magog, rendering them mysteriously dim and indistinct, methought I saw them slowly shut their eyes, nod their heads, fall asleep, and actually begin to snore. Never did I hear any thing more sonorously grand and awful than that portentous inbreathing of Gog and Magog, resounding through the Gothic vastness of Guildhall; but, behold! how omnipotent is the dreaming imagination! I myself had been dozing; the sound of my own nose, transferred by a metonymy of the fancy to the nostrils of those wooden idols, had become, as it were, the living apotheosis of a snore, which had subdued me by its sublimity. Most fortunate was it that I awoke; for, on attentively inspecting the faces of the figures, I saw them working and writhing with all the contortions of the Pythoness or the Sibyl, labouring in the very throes of inspiration, struggling with the advent of the prophetical afflatus. At length their lips parted, when, in a low, solemn voice, that thrilled through the dark, deserted, and silent hall, they poured forth alternately the following vaticinal strain, each starting and trembling as he concluded:—

"From Bank, Change, Mansion-house, Guildhall,
Throgmorton, and Threadneedle,
From London-stone, and London wall,
When City housewife's wheedle
To Brunswick, Russell, Bedford Squares
And Portland-place, their spouses,
Anxious to give themselves great airs
Of fashion in great houses,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

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"When merchant, banker, broker, shake
In Crockford's club their elbow,
And for St. James's clock forsake
The chiming of thy bell, Bow:
When Batson's, Garraway's, and John's,
At night show empty boxes,
While cits are playing dice with dons,
Or ogling opera doxies;
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

"When city dames give routs and reels,
And ape high-titled prancers,
When City misses dance quadrilles,
Or waltz with whisker'd Lancers;
When City gold is quickly spent
In trinkets, feasts, and raiment,
And none suspend their merriment
Until they all stop payment,
Then Gog shall start, and Magog shall
Tremble upon his pedestal."

I was reflecting what dire calamities would fall upon the doomed City, since the era of luxury, corruption, and desertion, thus denounced, had now manifestly arrived, and Gog and Magog were actually starting and trembling upon their pedestals, when the hall-keeper, shaking me by the shoulder, exclaimed —"Come, Sir, you musn't be sleeping here all night! Bundle out, if you please, for I am just going to shut the great gates!"—*New Monthly Mag.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MODERN SALAMANDER.

AN experiment to ascertain the degree of heat it is possible for a man to bear, was made a few days ago at the New Tivoli, at Paris, in the presence of a company of about 200 persons. The man on whom this experiment was made is a Spaniard of Andalusia, named Martenez, aged 43. A cylindrical oven, constructed in the shape of a dome, had been heated for four hours, by a very powerful fire. At ten minutes past eight, the Spaniard, having on large pantaloons of red flannel, a thick cloak also of flannel, and a large felt, after the fashion of straw hats, went into the oven, where he remained, seated on a foot-stool, during fourteen minutes, exposed to a heat of from 45 to 50 degrees of a metallic thermometer, the gradation of which did not go higher than 50. He sang a Spanish song while a fowl was roasted by his side. At his coming out of the oven, the physicians found that his pulse beat 134 pulsations a minute, though it was but 72 at his going in. The oven being heated anew for a second experiment, the Spaniard re-entered and seated himself in the same attitude; at three quarters past eight, ate the fowl, and drank a bottle of wine to the health of the spectators. At coming out his pulse was 170, and the thermometer indicated a heat of 110 degrees of Reaumur. Finally, for the third and last experiment, which almost immediately followed the second, he was stretched on a plank, surrounded with lighted candles, and thus put into the oven, the mouth of which was closed this time. He was there nearly five minutes, when all the spectators cried out, "Enough, enough," and anxiously hastened to take him out. A noxious and suffocating vapour of tallow filled the inside of the oven, and all the candles were extinguished and melted. The Spaniard, whose pulse was 200 at coming out of this gulf of heat, immediately threw himself into a cold bath, and in two or three minutes after was on his feet safe and sound.

WILL OF MR. WILLIAM HICKINGTON,

Proved in the Deanery Court of York,
1772.

THIS is my last Will,
I insist on it still,
So sneer on and welcome
And e'en laugh your fill.
I, William Hickington,
Poet of Pocklington,
Do give and bequeathe,
As free as I breathe,
To thee, Mary Jaram,
The queen of my haram,
My cash and cattle,
With every chattel,
To have and to hold,
Come heat or come cold,
Sans hindrance or strife,
(Tho' thou art *not* my wife,)
As witness my hand,
Just here as I stand,
This 12th of July,
In the year seventy ——
Signed, &c. W. HICKINGTON.
J. W. F. B.

REGENT'S PUNCH.

THE receipt for this "nectarious drink" is as follows:—Three bottles of champagne, a bottle of hock, a bottle of curaçoa, a quart of brandy, a pint of rum, two bottles of Madeira, two bottles of seltzer water, four pounds of bloom raisins, Seville oranges, lemons, white sugarcandy, and, instead of water, green tea. The whole to be highly iced.

HOPES AND FEARS.

WHO has the better game still fears the end;
Who has the worse still hopes his game will mend.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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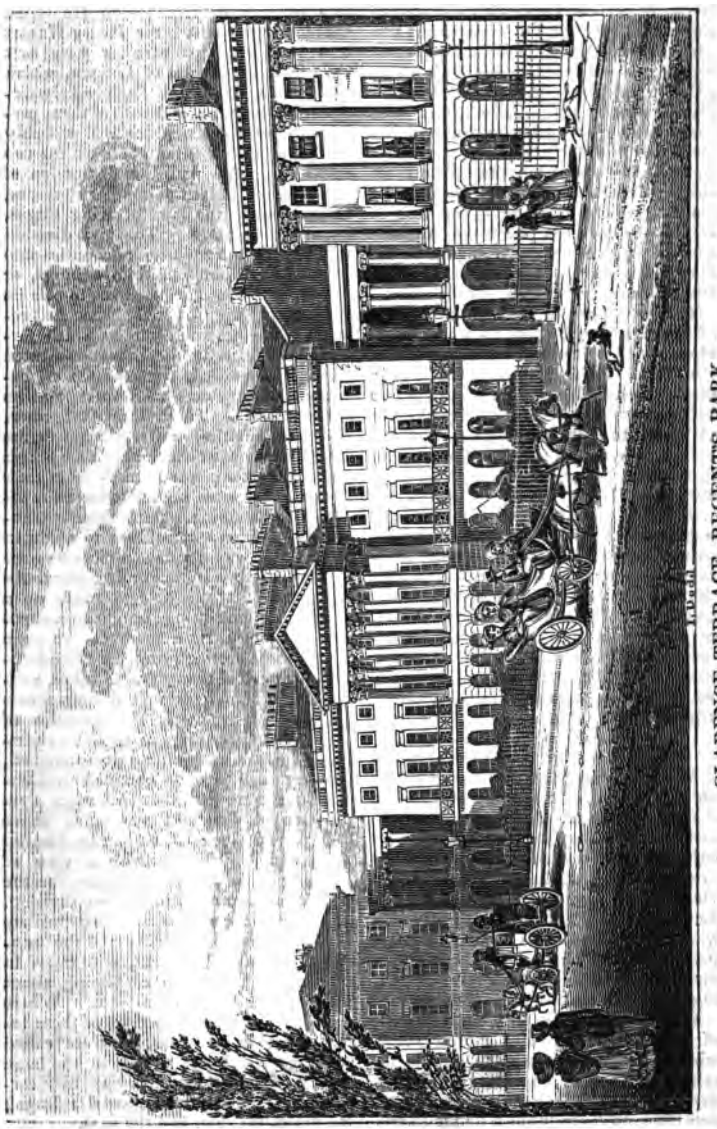

CLARENCE TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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CLARENCE TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

O mortal man, who livest here,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate.
Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

THE annexed continuation of our illustrated ramble in the Regent's Park is named *Clarence Terrace*, in compliment to the illustrious Lord High Admiral of England. It consists of a centre and two wings, of the Corinthian order, connected by colonnades of the Ilyssus Ionic order, and altogether presents a picturesque display of Grecian architecture. The three stories are a rusticated entrance, or basement; and a Corinthian drawing-room and chamber story; surmounted with an elegant entablature and balustrade. In the details, the spectator cannot fail to admire the boldness and richness of the columns supporting the pediment in the centre, and the classic beauty of the pilasters which decorate the wings.

Clarence Terrace is from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, to whose ingenious pencil we are indebted for some of the splendid architectural combinations in this district. The present terrace is, we believe, the smallest in the park, but yields to none in picturesque effect and harmonious design; and the variety of its composition renders it one of the most attractive illustrations of our series. It is likewise worthy of remark, that this portion of the Regent's Park, from its natural beauties, is entitled to the first-rate embellishment of art, inasmuch as the basement of Clarence Terrace commands a "living picture" of extraordinary luxuriance; and from the drawing-room windows the lake may be seen studded with little islands, and environed with lawny slopes and unusual park-like vegetation:

With Nature the creating pencil vies
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife.

We have already indulged our fancy in anticipations of the future splendour of the Regent's Park. As yet, art triumphs, and here the lordlings of wealth may enjoy *otium cum dignitate*: but in a few years Nature may enable this domain to vie with Daphne of old, and become to London what Daphne was to Antioch, whose voluptuousness and luxury are perpetuated in history. But the beginnings of such triumphs furnish more pleasing reflections than their decline.

Clarence Terrace is on the western side of the park, and adjoins Sussex Place, whose cupola tops were the signals for critical censure and ridicule among the first structures in this quarter. The artists have, however, profited by the lesson, and the architecture of the Regent's Park bids fair to rank among the proudest successes of art.

ORIGIN OF PARISHES
(For the Mirror.)

How ancient the division of parishes is, may at present be difficult to ascertain. Mr. Camden says, England was divided into parishes by Archbishop Honorius, about the year 630. Sir Henry Hobart lays it down, that parishes were first erected by the council of Lateran, which was held A. D. 1179. Each widely differs from the other, and both of them perhaps from the truth, which will probably be found in the medium, between the two extremes. We find the distinction of parishes, nay, even of mother churches, so early as in the laws of King Edgar, about the year 970. The civil division of England into counties, of counties into hundreds, of hundreds into tithings, or towns, as it now stands, seems to owe its original to King Alfred; who, to prevent the rapines and disorders which formerly prevailed in the realm, instituted tithings; so called, from the Saxon, because ten freeholders with their families composed one. These all dwelt together, and were sureties, or free-pledges to the king for the good behaviour of each other; and if any offence were committed in their district, they were bound to have the offender forthcoming. And therefore, anciently, no man was suffered to abide in England above forty days, unless he were enrolled in some tithing or decennary. As ten families of freeholders made up a tithing, so ten tithings composed a superior division, called a hundred. In some of the more northern counties these hundreds are called wapentakes. The subdivision of hundreds into tithings seems to be most peculiarly the invention of Alfred; the institution of hundreds themselves he rather introduced than invented, for they seem to have obtained in Denmark; and we find that in France a regulation of this sort was made above 200 years before; set on foot by Clotharicus and Childebert, with a view of obliging each district to answer for the robberies committed in its own division. In some counties there is an intermediate division between the shire and the hundred, as lathes in Kent, and rapes in Sussex, each of them containing about three or four hundreds a-piece. Where a county is divided into three of these intermediate jurisdictions, they are called trithings, which still subsist in the large county of York, where, by an easy corruption, they are denominated ridings; the north, the east, and the west.

J. M. C——D.

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STANZAS,

(BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO AN INTENDED VERSIFICATION OF ONE OF THE TALES OF BOCCACCIO.)

(For the Mirror.)

Thus young, fair Spring, is tripping o'er the Earth
With feet that ne'er can know the lag of age;
The Earth, her lover, conscious of her worth,
Flings down all his rich treasures to engage
That blushing wanderer: but she journeys forth
Heedless of all his offerings. The hot rage
Of love shall scorch his heart in tortures fell,
Till Winter comes with many an icicle.

That loved-one yet is here; and flowers, and songs,
And streams—to gush above her own free feet
Of stainless ivory,—and countless throngs
Of birds are living, her pure soul to greet.
And the lone spirit, thoughtfully that longs
For a dim view of Eden, from a seat
O'erhanging some green valley, now espies
Nought that might dread compare with Paradise!

There is a glory gone forth from on high!—
It quickens the heart's beat, whereon it flings
Its fervour;—the flushed cheek and glowing eye
Confess its influence;—and the many strings
Voiceless too long in the young heart, reply
To the mute promptings of a thousand things
Which Spring has conjured up;—all, all is here—
That Glory without name—she ministers.

Now—all the thoughts she wakens in the heart
Are glorious Music!—divine Poesy!—
Now—all the dreams on Fancy's eyes that start,
She will disown not, wayward though they be.
Sweet Dreams!—down Lethe's billow they depart—
Words are too weak to clothe them worthily.
Rich incense, burnt upon some altar stone
Censerless,—in a temple—desert—lone!

What shall we do in these delightful days,
When the full, bounding heart, will not be still;—
When the glad eye, absorbed in far-sent gaze,
Forgets Earth's plenitude of grief and ill;—
Shall we dream on, in a bewitching maze
Of sweet affections and bold hopes, until
Earth is not Earth—but Heaven? or shall we die
Hourly, to some "dissolving minstrelsy?"

Sometimes, when day is dying—when twilight
Brings its dim Vigil,—hour of quietness,—
'Tis sweet to listen, till the cheated sight
Pictures strange shadowings of awfulness,—
Some wild, old tale of goblin's ghastly spite,
Or antique strain of passionate distress:—
And one, which has been wept o'er many a time
I seek, to-mar, perchance, with feeble rhyme

May, 1826. THOMAS M——s.

EXECUTION AND LAST MOMENTS OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS distinguished patriot and martyr to the cause of liberty was the third son of William, the first Duke of Bedford, by a daughter of the Earl of Somerset. He refused the generous offer of Lord Cavendish to favour his escape, by changing clothes with him in prison; and he also declined the Duke of Monmouth's proposal to surrender himself, should Lord William Russel think it might contribute to his safety. "It will be no advantage to me," he said, "to have my friends die with me." Conjugal affection was the feeling that clung to his heart; and when he had taken his last farewell of his wife, he said, "The bitterness of death is now over." He sufferred the sentences of his judges with resignation and composure. Some of his expressions (says his biographer) imply much good-humour in this last extremity. The day before his execution, he was seized with a bleeding at the nose. "I shall not now let blood to divert this distemper," said he to Burnet, who was present; "that will be done to-morrow." A little before the sheriffs conducted him to the scaffold, he wound up his watch. "Now I have done," said he, "with time, and henceforth must think solely of eternity." The sad tragedy of the death of the virtuous Lord Russel, (says Pennant,) who lost his head in the middle of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, took place on July 21st, 1683. Party writers assert that he was brought here in preference to any other spot, in order to mortify the citizens with the sight. In fact, it was the nearest open space to Newgate, the place of his lordship's confinement. Without the least change of countenance, he laid his head on the block, and at two strokes it was severed from his body. He was, at the time of his death, only forty-two years of age. To his character for probity, sincerity, and private worth, even the enemies to his public principles bear testimony. At Woburn Abbey is preserved, in gold letters, the speech of Lord Russel to the sheriffs, together with the paper delivered by his lordship to them at the place of execution. P. T. W.

INDEPENDENCE OF PORTUGAL.

(For the Mirror.)

PORTUGAL was first created into a monarchy on the 27th of July, 1139; on which day, Don Alphonso I., son of Henry, Count of Burgundy, the son of Robert, king of France, was proclaimed at Lisbon, after having vanquished and slain five Moorish kings in the battle of Campo d'Ourique, where he was unanimously chosen as sovereign of Portugal by his army. This dignity was confirmed to him by the first assembly of the states-

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general at Lamego. In commemoration of this event, the Portuguese arms bear five standards and five escudets.* After the unfortunate expedition of Dom Sebastian I. to Africa, where he was slain in the battle of Alcazar, the crown devolved upon his great uncle, the Cardinal Dom Henry, a man of 67 years of age, and who reigned but 17 months. At his death there were several claimants for the succession, and the kingdom in consequence became the theatre of civil war. Philip II. of Spain, the most powerful of these, sent an army, under the Duke of Alba, into Portugal, and completed the conquest of the country with little opposition. This event took place in the year 1580, and the kingdom of Portugal remained under the dominion of Spain until the 1st of December, 1649, the day on which the Duke of Braganza was proclaimed king with the title of Dom Joao IV. Since that time Portugal has maintained its independence. For a more detailed account, see L'Abbé Nertot's "Revolutions of Portugal."

C. V., A CONSTANT READER.

RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN COLOMBIA.

(Communicated by a Correspondent to Brande's Journal.)

ON the 16th of November, 1827, at a quarter past six o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants of Bogota, in Colombia, were thrown into the greatest consternation and alarm by the severest shock of an earthquake which has ever been known to visit that city.

At the moment of its occurrence, a subterraneous noise was very distinctly heard, resembling the noise of a carriage passing briskly over the pavement, and a white, thin, transparent cloud was seen to hang over the city; this cloud has been noticed in Italy, as generally, if not always, present, near the volcanic commotions of that country, previously, and at the time of these commotions. This cloud is entirely unlike any other which I have ever noticed, and resembles a thin gauze veil. I noticed it not only upon this occasion, but also in the earthquake of June 17th, 1826, in this city.†

The earthquake took a direction from S. E. to N. W., in which it could plainly be traced by the havoc which it made. Its effects on the city were partial in the above direction, but every part was convulsed.

The confusion and affliction which such a calamity occasions, particularly in a catholic country, can neither be imagined nor described. I was sitting reading in a small house of one story above the ground-floor, when the trembling commenced; the table on which my book lay, first shook, and almost at the same instant the chair on which I sat; I immediately got on my legs, but found much difficulty in sustaining myself without holding by some fixture; the house all this time rocking to and fro as in a hurricane, but not a breath of air stirred. After passing ten or more seconds in this way, I collected my reason sufficiently to run down the steps into the street; all this time the earth was in motion. When I arrived at the portal of the door, I found it impossible to stand without holding very tight by the doorway, and many persons fell on their faces. During these moments, part of the house adjoining mine fell with a terrible crash, and the street was filled with a cloud of dust, out of which emerged a man distorted with horror, but who had almost miraculously escaped immolation, without any other hurt than what his fright had occasioned. After continuing a *minute or more*, the trembling ceased, and nothing could now be heard but the cries of the people; with that exception all was still and silent, and the stars appeared with all their brilliancy, as if smiling at this scene of human distress. Some persons asserted, that there were two distinct shocks, but I must confess I felt the earth in motion during the whole period of a minute or more; and being situated over the direction which the earthquake took, was, therefore, better able to judge of this than others who were more distant, and particularly as I retained my presence of mind. Fortunately for me my house was well built, for had it fallen I should inevitably have been buried in the ruins. To describe the scene which ensued is difficult; the streets were filled with despair; some entirely and others half naked were seen on their knees imploring divine protection; no one knew what to do or where to fly, for all were in the same consternation and distress. After this had a little subsided, the city became soon deserted, and a fresh scene presented itself; all those who had horses were seen scampering through the streets towards the plain, to elude the terror of another shock; others on foot

* See Succession Chronologica de los Reyes de Portugal.

† If I may be allowed to offer a conjecture on the cause of this singular white veil, or cloud, I can only attribute it to the vapour of water which escapes from the earth from the heated mass below, and which is condensed on rising into the cold air, and thus rendered visible. Bogota, according to my measurement, which corresponds very nearly with that of Baron Humboldt, is 9,600 feet above the level of the sea, and is distant at least one hundred miles from any known volcano.

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with their beds on their backs; and the sick, wrapped up in blankets, were conveyed in arm-chairs, with two sticks passed underneath them to form sedan-chairs, and some were conveyed in hammocks. This afflicting sight, accompanied by the cries of the distressed and the melancholy chant of their progress, was painful in the extreme; and hard, indeed, must be that heart who could view it with indifference; yet such was the apathy occasioned by terror, that scarcely any one offered assistance to his neighbour, and frequently neglected his own safety. When all was quiet I went out to examine the city. The first thing which attracted my notice was the turret of the stately cathedral partly demolished, and the building split and cracked in various places; the precious stones, consisting of diamonds, emeralds, and topazes, which adorned the interior, were scattered in all directions, and many of them broken, particularly a very large emerald weighing some ounces. This edifice had but just been repaired from the effects of the earthquake in the preceding year, and was, by this last, reduced to a tattered ruin. In all the streets which ran in the direction of N. W. and S. E., many houses were "levelled with the dust," and others "rent in twain;" and some of the unfortunate inhabitants buried beneath their ruins. In all, fourteen persons have lost their lives; and the damage done to the city is estimated to be at least six millions of dollars, although it did not contain a larger population than 30,000 souls. Deserted streets, heaps of ruins, and tottering houses, threatening to crush the beholder, give but a faint idea of this desolate picture. General Soublette and General Bolivar were both present at the last fatal earthquake in Caraccas, and they both assert that this, of which I have now given a description, was at least as powerful, although the suffering in the town of Caraccas was much greater; and they attribute the happy escape of thousands of lives to the difference in the construction of houses in the two places. General Bolivar, as well as myself and others, were affected with sickness at the stomach after the shock. During the night of the earthquake in Bogota, on the 16th of November, 1827, tremulous motions of the earth were continually felt, and the following day, and every other since; and even whilst I am now writing, slight undulating motions are perceptible.

Every person is still in the greatest alarm, dreading a second severe shock, which happened last year at the distance of four days from the first grand shock; should this happen now, scarcely one stone will remain upon another in Bogota.

The Draughtsman;*

OR,

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

OBSERVATIONS ON, AND RULES FOR, SKETCHING.

THE following hints, tending to further the tyro's progress in the delightful art of drawing, will not I trust prove unacceptable to such of your readers as are interested in the subject. For my own use I epitomized various directions relative to sketching, when I met with them in Gilpin's "Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty," and I shall feel particularly happy should my attempt at condensing much artistical matter from that interesting volume prove useful to the *amateur*: the *professor* undergoes a regular, severe, but *essential* course of study in that beautiful art, which is to purchase for him fame and emolument; but he who takes up his pencil merely for pastime, will do well to regulate its movements by a few *rules*, not cumbrous to the memory, and of easy application.—It is my intention briefly to state the object of Gilpin's first and second essays; from the third I have deduced those *rules for sketching* which appeared most obviously to result from the tenour of his observations:—

Essay 1st discusses the difference between *actual* and *picturesque* beauty; *smoothness* is usually allowed to enter into our ideas of the former, but *roughness*, or *ruggedness* is decidedly *essential* to the latter: for example—The smooth shaven lawn, the neatly turned walk, the classic marble portico, &c. &c. are *beautiful*; but the ruined castle, the chasmed mountain, the tempestuous ocean, &c. are *picturesque*, i. e. with appropriate accompaniments; for, after remarking that the sublime and beautiful are, with many persons, the divisions of the *picturesque*, our acute observer of nature adds, "sublimity alone cannot make an object picturesque," it must in form, colour, or accompaniment, have some degree of *beauty* to render the epithet just. "Nothing can be more *sublime* than the ocean, but wholly unaccompanied it has little of the picturesque." It should also be remembered that objects of rough and careless contour, as the worn cart-horse, and the tattered beggar (neither of them laying claim to an iota of *sublimity*) please better in a painting, than the sleekest

* Vide MIRROR, vol. iv. pp 2, 22, 61, 102.

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racer, and the most finished belle of the *Magasin des Modes.*[*]

Essay 2nd treats of travelling, as far as it regards the *picturesque*, which is to be sought in natural, and sometimes artificial, objects; these will constantly present themselves to the observer under all the varieties of light and shadow, and the different combinations of colour, form, and accompaniment, sometimes producing whole landscapes, but more frequently only beautiful parts of scenery. The *curious* and *fantastic* forms of nature are not subjects for the pencil,—and the draughtsman will endeavour to depict *animate* as well as inanimate objects. The utility and amusement of travelling, are also considered in this essay, and hints thrown out for the improvement of barren and disagreeable country, by the observation of lights and shadows, tints of the season, distances, &c., with a recommendation to supply, if possible, every hiatus of nature, by the *imagination* of all that is needed to render her perfectly picturesque. (An ingenious idea; but, alas! mountains will not always rise in a marsh, forests wave over a sterile heath, nor lakes and rivers adorn a wheat-field. This essay, however, is worthy the perusal of travellers even, who never touched a pencil.)

Essay 3rd treats of sketching from nature from whence are deduced the following

Rules.

1. Every landscape should have a *leading subject*; a rule too much neglected even by superior artists.

2. Get the object, or subject you design to copy, into the *best* point of view.

3. Landscape consists of three general parts:—fore-ground, middle or second-ground, and distance; in sketching fore-ground, it is a good rule to have some part of it higher than the rest of the picture. (*Vide* Rule the 7th.)

4. Mark the principal parts, (or points) of your landscape on paper, that you may more readily ascertain the relative distances and situations of the others.

5. Pay attention to the *character* of your subject; mingle not *trivial* with *grand* details.

6. One landscape must not be crowded with circumstances sufficient for two or more.

7. It is sufficient to give the principal feature of what you essay to represent; as a castle, abbey, bridge, &c.; but its accompaniments may (and to *make a picture*, should) be often different. The *fore-ground* of a drawing *must* be the artist's own; and it should be ample, since an extended distance, and a narrow fore-ground is always awkward and bad in a picture.—N. B. Taste and observation will direct the student to select for his fore-ground, clusters of trees, pieces of rock, or the fragments of ruined fabrics, &c., according to the nature of his subject.

8. On the accurate observation of *distances* the beauty of landscape depends; be careful therefore to get them correct at your outset, and to keep them so, by shading lightly with pen or brush your black-lead sketch, (should the parts be complicated,) whilst the view is before you, or fresh in your memory.

9. The hand should be accustomed to the touch of various kinds of trees, though in a mere *sketch*, little variety is required; the distinction, however, between full foliaged, and straggling, bunchy trees must be preserved, for both are necessary even in a sketch, and the artist should therefore be prepared to represent them.

10. The artist must attend to the composition, and the disposition of his subject. By the *composition* may be understood the objects with which he composes his view; by the *disposition*, their picturesque and tasteful arrangement.

11. Figures, must be such as are appropriate to the scene; thus, history in miniature is bad, because a landscape is in itself a subject sufficient for the employment both of pencil and eye; therefore historical figures in a view, are lost and out of place.

12. Birds may be introduced with good effect, if thrown into proper distance; to represent them *near* is absurd: ruins and sea views are the best subjects in which they can appear.

13. *Effect* is to be produced best, by strong contrasts of *light* and *shade* both in earth and sky; but the student's taste must determine where these shall fall, and though the contrasts should be strong, yet *gradation*, in both, must be observed.

14. A predominancy of *shade* has the best effect; and light, though it should not be scattered, must not be drawn, as it were, into one focus.

15. The light, in a picture, is best disposed when the fore-ground is in shadow, and it falls in the middle; but this rule is subject to many variations. Light

[*] It is singular, but almost true to an axiom, that objects capable of exciting disgust in their *reality*, confer delight in their pictorial *representation*; the interior of some wretched hovel, a sty and its inmates, and a boorish revel, will exemplify this. Our pleasure in that case arises perhaps not from the objects represented, but from the *truth of the representation*. I know not that this paradox has ever been solved, and therefore with diffidence offer, that we are rather pleased with the *artist* than his *subject*.

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should rarely be spread on the distance.*

16. It is useful to know, that the shadows of morning are darker than those of evening; also, that when objects are in *shadow*, their light (as it is then a reflected light,) falls on the opposite side to that on which it would come if they were enlightened.

17. The *harmony of* the whole should be studied; if the piece strikes you as defective in this respect, place it at evening in some situation where it will not be reached by a strong light, when the misplaced lights and shadows will strike you more forcibly than in the glare of day.

18. To stain your paper with a slight reddish or yellowish tint, adds to the harmony of a sketch, yet it is a mere matter of taste; but, when it is desired, it had better be done after the drawing is completed, otherwise the colour risks looking patched from the rubber.†

19. In *colouring*, the *sky* gives the *ruling tint* to the landscape; it is absurd to unite a noonday sky, with a landscape of sunset glow.

20. From the three virgin colours, red, blue, and yellow, all the tints of nature are composed.‡ There is not in nature a perfect white, except snow, and the petals of some flowers.

21. Sketch nothing but what you can *adorn*, (for the purpose of showing to friends, &c.) but do not adorn your first, *or rough* sketch; *make another*, and refer to your *original* draught, as you would do to the view itself, for it contains your *general ideas*—your first and freshest, which may be lost by endeavouring to refine and improve upon them in the original sketch.§

22. In adorning your sketch, figures, both animate and inanimate, may be introduced, but *sparingly*; touch them slightly, for an attempt at *finish* offends.

I shall take the liberty of adding—endeavour to get a free and flowing outline; be not too minute either in detail or finishing; use pen or brush for your *rough* sketch in preference to pencil; you will gain confidence, and *correctness* will be your aim in your *adorned* copy. Finally, study nature, art, and good writers.

M. L. B.

* Extraordinary and beautiful effects, however, are, by superior painters, frequently produced by violating this latter rule. The writer would particularly notice the results of light thrown into the distance, in stormy sea-views.

† Coffee has been recommended for this purpose, but delicate and pleasing washes or glazings may be produced from burnt sienna, yellow ochre, burnt umbre, and lake, in various combinations, and laid on extremely attenuated by water.

‡ The artist, however, cannot produce *his* tints from those simple colours *entirely*, but the advice once given to the writer, by a painter, was:—"Never fancy that *many* colours will effect your object; a *few* well chosen will better succeed, and be more easily managed; half-a-dozen would, for *me*, answer every purpose." The student is warned against *gaudy colouring*, which, if allowable in *caricatures* seen *elsewhere*, reminds one of pedlar's pictures.

§ The old masters are well known to have made carefully *many* sketches of the subjects they designed for pictures, ere they dreamt of painting compositions that were to last for ever.

Fine Arts.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—I have made repeated visits this season to the exhibition of the works of the old masters at the *British Institution*, for the express purpose of presenting you with *a few remarks* on some of the most excellent paintings. As I have strictly adhered to the notes which I made at the institution, the accuracy of the subjoined may be depended upon:—

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The present exhibition consists of the works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters. There are one hundred and ninety pictures, which have chiefly been contributed to the institution by his Majesty and the nobility.

No. 5, *Innocent the Tenth*, by Velasquez, is an uncommon fine portrait; it is very boldly executed, combining at the same time a sufficient degree of finish and great beauty of colour. His holiness is represented in quite a plain habit. The beauties of Guido's pencil will be traced in No. 6, *Hippomenes and Atalanta*. Claude, in his *Embarkation of St. Paul; Sea Port, Evening, &c.*, charms us with his exquisite effects, which are so truly natural, that, while we view his representations, we may almost fancy ourselves transported to the magnificent scenery of Italy. In No. 42, *Titian's Daughter*, are seen the genuine tints adopted by the Venetian school of painting. No. 56, *St. Appolonia*, by Sebastian del Piombo, is a most admirable specimen of the master. No. 74, *Landscape and Cattle*, by Paul Potter, contains all that beauty of touch and delicacy of colour which render this famous artist so difficult to imitate. There are several very capital pictures by the younger Teniers; No. 77, *his own portrait*, and No. 95, *portrait of the painter and his son*, are truly excellent: as is No. 94, *Figures playing at Bowls*. A remarkable and very forcible effect is found in No. 93. *The outside of a House with Figures*—painted by De Hooge. Nos. 121 and 123, *Flowers and Fruit*, by the celebrated Van Huysum, are extremely elaborate in their execution. No. 161, *The Battle*

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between Constantine and Maxentius, is a sketch by Rubens, possessing wonderful fire and spirit, as well as great mellowness of colour.

Besides the above pictures, there are many beautiful productions by Jan Steen, Cuyp, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Guercino, Domenichino, Murillo, Albano, Vandyke, Ruysdael, Houdekoeter, Wouvermans, &c. G. W. N.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

JULY.

THE *Caprotinia*, or feasts of Juno Caprotina, were celebrated on the 9th of July, in favour of the female slaves. During this solemnity they ran about, beating themselves with their fists and with rods. None but women assisted in the sacrifices offered at this feast. Kennet says, the origin of this feast, or the famous *Nonæ Caprotinæ*, or *Poplifugium*, is doubly related by Plutarch, according to the two common opinions. First, because Romulus disappeared on that day, when an assembly being held in the *Palus Capreæ*, or *Goats'-Marsh*, on a sudden happened a most wonderful tempest, accompanied with terrible thunder, and other unusual disorders in the air. The common people fled all away to secure themselves; but, after the tempest was over, could never find their king. Or, else, from *Caprificus*, a wild fig-tree, because, in the Gallic war, a Roman virgin, who was prisoner in the enemy's camp, got up into a wild fig-tree, and holding out a lighted torch toward the city, gave the Romans a signal to fall on; which they did with such good success, as to obtain a considerable victory.

The *Lucaria* was an ancient feast, solemnized in the woods, where the Romans, defeated and pursued by the Gauls, retired and concealed themselves; it was held, on the 19th of July, in a wood, between the Tyber and the road called Via Salaria.

The feast of *Neptunalia* was held on the 23rd of July, in honour of Neptune.

The *Furinalia* were feasts instituted in honour of *Furina*, the goddess of robbers among the Romans; they took place on the 25th of July. This goddess had a temple at Rome, and was served by a particular priest, who was one of the fifteen Flamens.* Near the temple there was a sacred wood, in which Cajus Gracchus was killed. Cicero takes her to be the same as one of the Furies.

P. T. W.

* Flamen, among the ancient Romans, was a priest or minister of sacrifice.

Notes of a Reader.

CAPTAIN POPANILLA'S VOYAGE.

WHO has not read *Vivian Grey*, in five broad-margined volumes, with space enough between each line to allow the indulgence of a nap, when the poppy of the author predominated? Affectation, foppery, and conceit, have protracted the memoirs of this renowned personage to such an extent; but in spite of all that unfashionable critics have said, Vivian Grey has just produced a volume under the title of the Voyage of *Captain Popanilla*, with as much of the aforesaid qualities as the most listless drawing-room or boudoir reader could require. Nevertheless, "the voyage" has many touches of wit, humour, and caustic satire, and it has the soul and characteristic of wit—*brevity*; for we read the volume in little more than an hour; and, although Vivian may regard our analysis of his voyage like showing the sun with a lantern, we are disposed to venture upon the task for the gratification of our readers.

To say that Popanilla resembles Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," would be an advantageous comparison for our modern *voyager*; but it would not sufficiently illustrate the character of his work, since the latter books are so much less read than talked of. Swift wrote "for the universal improvement of mankind," but Popanilla publishes for the benefit of the people of England, whom he represents as living in a too artificial state. He tells his story as the native of an Indian isle, whose men combine "the vivacity of a faun with the strength of a Hercules, and the beauty of an Adonis," and whose women "magically sprung from the brilliant foam of that ocean, which is gradually subsiding before them." This favoured spot he calls the *Isle of Fantaisie*, about the shores of which appears a remarkable fish, or rather a ship, to the no small terror of the islanders. The ship is wrecked, and Popanilla "having in his fright, during the storm, lost a lock of hair which, in a moment of glorious favour, he had ravished from his fair mistress' brow," is next introduced in search of this precious *bijou*. "The favourite of all the women, the envy of all the men, &c. &c, and—you know the rest,—Popanilla passed an extremely pleasant life. No one was a better judge of wine—no one had a better taste for fruit—no one danced with more elegant vivacity—and no one whispered compliments in a more meaning tone. What a pity that such an

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amiable fellow should have got into such a scrape!"

Instead of the dear lock, Popanilla finds a chest saved from the wreck, and filled with "Useful Knowledge Tracts," books on "the Hamiltonian system," &c. which our adventurer, like Faustus and his bible, turns to bad account; he falls asleep, is swallowed by a whale, and spouted forth again. "The dreamer awoke amidst real chattering, and scuffling, and clamour. A troop of green monkeys had been aroused by his unusual occupation, and had taken the opportunity of his slumber to become acquainted with some of the first principles of science. What progress they had made it is difficult to ascertain. It is said, however, that some monkeys have been since seen skipping about the island, with their tails cut off; and that they have even succeeded in passing themselves for human beings among those people who do not read novels, and are consequently unacquainted with mankind. As for Popanilla, he took up a treatise on hydrostatics, and read it straight through on the spot. For the rest of the day he was hydrostatically mad; nor could the commonest incident connected with the action or conveyance of water take place, without his speculating on its cause and consequence." So much for the first steps of "intellect;" now for the "march." Popanilla soon becomes a man of science: his wit flies off in tangents, and he tries to prove his sovereign a lantern, and himself a sun,* by undertaking to re-shape all the institutions of Fantaisie. Then follow a string of dogmas about utility, &c.; and man being a *developing animal*, till he decides that "there is no such thing as Nature; Nature is Art, or Art is Nature; that which is most useful is most natural, because utility is the test of Nature; therefore, a steam-engine is in fact a much more natural production than a mountain. Here, observing a smile upon his majesty's countenance, Popanilla tells the king that he is only a chief magistrate, and he has no more right to laugh at him than a constable. This is "too bad" for the royal mind; Popanilla is cut; rather crest-fallen, he sneaks home, and consoles himself for having nobody to speak to, by reading some very amusing "Conversations on Political Economy." But he sinks to rise again. He obtains many pupils, who had no sooner mastered the first principles of science, than they began to throw off their retired habits and uncommunicative manners. "Being not utterly ignorant of some of the rudiments of knowledge, and consequently having completed their education, it was now their duty, as members of society, to instruct and not to study; and on all occasions they seized opportunities of assisting the spread of knowledge. The voices of boys lecturing upon every lecturable topic, resounded in every part of the island. Their tones were so shrill, their manners so presuming, their knowledge so crude, and their general demeanour so completely unamiable, that it was impossible to hear them without the greatest, delight, advantage, and admiration." The king at last becomes impregnated with the liberal spirit of the age; Popanilla is "sent for" to court; he is overpowered with promotion, told that "with the aid of a treatise or two, he will make "a consummate naval commander," although he has "never been at sea in the whole course of his life," and at length thrust into a canoe, with some fresh water, bread, fruit, dried fish, and a basket of alligator pears. "Unhappy Popanilla! and all from that unlucky lock of hair!" His fright is ludicrously sketched. "Poor fellow! how could he know better? He certainly had enjoyed a seat at the Admiralty Board of Fantaisie, but then he was a lay-lord." Among his discoveries, on the second day, at 25 m. past 3 p. m., though at a considerable distance, he saw a mountain and an island: he called the first Alligator Mountain, in gratitude to the pears; and christened the second after his mistress; but the happy discoverer further found the mountain to be a mist, and the island a sea-weed. At length, on the third day, after being in a valley formed by two waves, each 3,000 feet high, and in as tremendous a tempest as ever raged in Chelsea or Battersea-reach, "great, square and solid, black clouds drew off like curtains, and revealed to him a magnificent city rising out of the sea. Tower and dome, arch, and column, and spire, and obelisk, and lofty terraces, and many-windowed palaces, rose in all directions from a mass of building, which appeared each instant to grow more huge, till at length it seemed to occupy the whole horizon." On his landing he is pestered with questions from the natives; but, thanks to the Hamiltonian system, "Popanilla, under these circumstances, was more loquacious than could have been Capt. Parry." He announces himself as the "most injured of human beings;" the women weep, the men shake hands with him, and all the boys huzza: he then narrates his ill-fortunes at Fantaisie, not forgetting the never-enough-to-be-lamented lock of hair. Other danger awaits him, for "to be strangled was not much better than to be

* "What boots it thee to call thyself a sun."

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starved; and certainly with half a dozen highly respectable females clinging round his neck, he was not reminded, for the first time in his life, what a domestic bowstring is an affectionate woman. He is next joined by an "influential personage," who informs him that he is in *Hubbabub* (London)—the largest city, not only that exists, but that ever did exist, and the capital of the Island of *Vraibleusia*, the most famous island, not only that is known, but that ever was known. "He provides himself with a purse, and exchanges his money with a banker, who offers him during his stay in Vraibleusia, the use of a couple of equipages, a villa, an opera box; insists upon sending to his hotel some pine-apples and very rare wine; and gives him a perpetual ticket to his picture-gallery. Popanilla leaves his gold and takes the banker's pink shells, for "no genteel person has ever anything else in his pocket." Then follow some quips on the shell question (currency), and Mr. Secretary Perriwinkle, the most eminent conchologist, and the "debt" of the richest nation in the world; although, "a golden pyramid, with a base as big as the whole earth and an apex touching the heavens, would not supply sufficient metal to satisfy the creditors. "The annual interest upon our debt exceeds the whole wealth of the rest of the world; therefore we must be the richest nation in the world."

Our traveller being now settled at a splendid hotel in Hubbabub, Skindeep, his "gentleman in black," drives him about the city in an elegant equipage. The western migrations of fashion are humorously sketched, and the architecture of our metropolis comes in for a share of the author's banter. "In general, the massy Egyptian appropriately graced the attic stories; while the finer and more elaborate architecture of Corinth was placed on a level with the eye, so that its beauties might be more easily discovered. Spacious colonnades were flanked by porticoes, surmounted by domes; nor was the number of columns at all limited, for you occasionally met with porticoes of two tiers, the lower one of which consisted of three, the higher one of thirty columns. Pedestals of the purest Ionic Gothic, were ingeniously mixed with Palladian pediments; and the surging spire exquisitely harmonized with the horizontal architecture of the ancients. But, perhaps, after all, the most charming effect was produced by the pyramids, surmounted by weathercocks."

A lively sketch of "the aboriginal inhabitant" introduces some smart satire on the agriculturists, and proves that, "between force, and fear, and flattery, the Vraibleusians paid for their corn nearly its weight in gold; but what did it signify to a nation with so many pink shells." Popanilla is next introduced to an eminent bookseller, who craves the honour of publishing a narrative of his voyage: he informs the "mercantile Mecænas" that he does not know how to write; who replies that "he never had for a moment supposed that so sublime a savage could possess such a vulgar accomplishment, and that it was by no means difficult for a man to publish his travels without writing a line." This is a stale affair; but Popanilla's drinking a dozen of the bookseller's wine smacks more of novelty. His voyage is published, and contains a detailed account of every thing which took place during the whole of the three days, forming a quarto volume! Then we have a shower of squibs on *conversazioni*—as dukes imbibing a new theory of gas, a prime-minister studying pin-making, a bishop the escapements of watches, a field-marshal intent on essence of hellebore. "But what most delighted Popanilla was hearing a lecture from the most eminent lawyer and statesman in Vraibleusia, on his first and favourite study of hydrostatics. His associations quite overcame him; all Fantaisie rushed upon his memory, and he was obliged to retire to a less frequented part of the room, to relieve his too excited feelings." The hostess too declares it "impossible for mankind ever to be happy and great, until, like herself and her friends," her company are "all soul!"

Popanilla is now constituted ambassador from Fantaisie, and goes through all the courtly scenes of diplomacy, for which we have not room; but their gist will be readily understood among the stars of St. James's, especially the author's allusions to Navarino and the late ministry, which are in good set terms. The "Aboriginal," too, tells Popanilla "some long stories about a person who was chief manager, about five hundred years ago, to whom he said he was indebted for all his political principles."

During Popanilla's sight-seeing career, he, of course, visits our theatres, and a tolerably broad caricature he gives of them. "To sit in a huge room hotter than a glass-house, in a posture emulating the most sanctified Faquir, with a throbbing head-ache, a breaking back, and twisted legs, with a heavy tube held over one eye, and the other covered with the unemployed hand, is, in Vraibleusia, called a public amusement." In one morning's lionising, too, he acquires "a general knowledge of the chief arts and sciences, eats three

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hundred sandwiches, and tastes as many bottles of sherry."

The frauds and fooleries of the joint stock company mania are, perhaps, among the least successful portion of the volume. The "literature" is somewhat better, as the establishment of a "Society for the Diffusion of Fashionable Knowledge"—its first treatise, Nonchalance—dissertations "on leaving cards," "cutting friends," "on bores," &c.—and a new novel called "Burlington"—the last a scratch at Popanilla's publisher. The "Clubs" are next recommended for those fond of solitude, and their satin luxuries humorously quizzed; but "the Colonial System," which follows, has more causticity. Popanilla, like all other great foreigners who visit England, falls ill; his disorder is "unquestionably nervous;" he is to count five between each word he utters, never ask questions, and avoid society, and only dine out once a day. This regimen brings on a slow fever; but his disorder is neither "liver," nor "nervous," but "mind." He next falls in with an Essay on Fruit, from which he learns that thousands of the Vraibleusians are dying with dyspepsia from eating pine-apples, which are denounced as "stupid, sour, and vulgar."

Popanilla is ordered by his physician to Blunderland, where the women are "angelic," and the men "the most light-hearted, merry, obliging, entertaining fellows;" and where "instead of knives and forks being laid for the guests at dinner, the plates are flanked by daggers and pistols." A "row" springs up; "all the guests lay lifeless about the room;" "Popanilla rang the bell, and the waiters swept away the dead bodies, and brought him a roasted *potato* for supper." He next enjoys the pleasures of the chase, and in revenge for a sharp fire, "burns two villages, slays 2 or 300 head of women, and bags children without number;" and in the evening Popanilla's powers of digestion are improved. He now returns to Vraibleusia, where all are *panic*-struck, and his friend, the banker, unlike his "perpetual ticket," has stopped payment, and all our traveller's resources. Popanilla consoles him with the joke that "things were not quite so bad as they appeared," till they get worse, by two gentlemen in blue, with red waistcoats, arresting the ambassador for high treason. This completes his "amusements." He fears "confined cells, overwhelming fetters, black bread, and green water, in the principal gaol in Hubbabub;" but becomes ensconced in Leigh Hunt's "elegantly furnished apartment, with French sash-windows and a piano. Its lofty walls were entirely hung with a fanciful paper, representing a Tuscan vineyard; the ceiling was covered with sky and clouds; roses were in abundance; and the windows, though well secured, excited no jarring associations in the mind of the individual they illumined, protected as they were by polished bars of cut-steel."

"Next to being a plenipotentiary, Popanilla preferred being a prisoner. His daily meals consisted of every delicacy in season; a marble bath was ever at his service; a billiard-room and dumb-bells always ready; and his old friends, the most eminent physician, and the most celebrated practitioner in Hubbabub, called upon him daily to feel his pulse and look at his tongue. These attentions authorized a hope that he might yet again be an ambassador; that his native land might still be discovered, and its resources still be developed; but when his gaoler told him that the rest of the prisoners were treated in a manner equally indulgent, because the Vraibleusians are the most humane people in the world, Popanilla's spirits became somewhat depressed."

"He was greatly consoled, however, by a daily visit from a body of the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most virtuous females in Hubbabub, who tasted his food to see that his cook did his duty, recommended him a plentiful use of pine-apple well peppered, and made him a present of a very handsome shirt, with worked frills and ruffles, to be hanged in. This enchanting committee generally confined their attentions to murderers, and other victims of the passions, who were deserted in their hour of need by the rest of the society they had outraged; but Popanilla being a foreigner, a prince, and a plenipotentiary, and not ill-looking, naturally attracted a great deal of notice from those who desire the amelioration of their species."

"Popanilla was so pleased with his mode of life, and had acquired such a taste for poetry, pine-apples, and pepper, since he had ceased to be an active member of society, that he applied to have his trial postponed, on the ground of the prejudice which had been excited against him by the public press. As his trial was at present inconvenient to the government, the postponement was allowed on these grounds."

In the meantime, up jumps a public instructor, Flummery Flam, who ascribes all the debt and distress to "a slight overtrading," chatters about demand, supply, rent, wages, profit, and, as a temporary relief, suggests "emigration." "Flummery-Flammism triumphs, and every por-

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son, from the managers down to the chalk-chewing mechanics, attend lectures on that enlightening science."

At length Popanilla's trial comes on; the indictment is read; he is accused of stealing 219 camelopards; perceives that he has all the time been mistaken for another person: he is, however, detained, on the judge of Fort Jobation informing him, that in order to be tried in his court for a modern offence of high treason, he must first be introduceed by fiction of law as a stealer of camelopards, and then being *in præsenti regio*, in a manner, the business proceeds by a special power for an absolute offence. This flummery is too much; but every body with whom Popanilla had conversed while in Vraibleusia is subpœnaed against him: the judge is about to sum up, when a trumpet sounds, and a government messenger presents a scroll, and informs him, that a remarkably clever young man, recently appointed one of the managers, had last night consolidated all the edicts into a single act. The judge then compliments the young consolidator, compared to whom, he said, Justinian was a country attorney. Popanilla is found "not guilty, and kicked out of court, amidst the hootings of the mob, without a stain upon his reputation." He then falls senseless on the steps of the Asiatic club-house, is recovered by the smell of mulligatawney soup, and moralizes till he perceives "it is possible for a nation to exist in too artificial a state." He then sees the opposite house lit up, and the words "Emigration Committee" written on a transparent blind. He enters, finds the last Emigration squadron is about to sail in a few minutes; is presented with a spade, blanket, and hard biscuit, and quits the port of Hubbabub: what became of him will "probably be discovered, if ever we obtain 'Popanilla's' second voyage"—and thus shuts to the scene.

Here, gentle reader, you have the Captain's fun and *badinage* on all the wonderful wonders of Hubbabub—*videlicet* this wonderful town. They may serve to while away some of the *ennui* of this season of roast, bake, and broil, or be read aloud during the halt of the "march of intellect" men. There are the principal incidents of his voyage; if you wish to see them expanded, consult the book itself—that is if you are gratified with our abstract—if the reverse, let well alone, lest you find it, like ceremony, "a penny-worth of spirit in a glass of water." But recollect, Popanilla's adventures have already been published in quarto.

Spirit of Discovery.

Machine for Sharpening Knives at once,

Consists of a number of steel cylinders grooved transversely, and placed on two revolving axes parallel to each other, and so that the bosses and recesses of the one fit into those of the other cylinder. Along these the knife is drawn, and so is immediately sharpened.—*London Jour. of Arts.*

Influence of Electricity on the developement of Seeds.

M. Astier has discovered that seeds which are electrified, run through the first stages of vegetation more rapidly than others, and that China roses submitted to this experiment, produce flowers sooner, and in greater abundance.—*From the French.*

Botany.

The number of different species of plants which have been described is about 50,000; but botanists are generally agreed that probably as many still remain undescribed; and, that the number of vegetable species on the surface of the earth ought not to be estimated under 100,000. We may be struck at the amount of this number; but our astonishment abates when we find that our own island, which is but a mere misty speck, compared with those broad zones of sunshine, "where the flowers ever brighten," contains about 1,500 native flowering plants. Of those which have been described, about 8,000, or nearly one-sixth, belong to the first of the two classes, and of these nearly 2,000 are grasses. In cold and temperate climates the species of this most interesting and important family are comparatively diminutive in size. In our climate, for instance, the grasses are somewhat remarkable among vegetables for their humble stature, and their inconspicuous appearance; while in the warmer regions of the earth, the bamboos and canes, which are species of the same family, emulate trees in height and beauty. But what our species want in individual magnitude, is far more than compensated by the comparative vastness of the number of individuals. In tropical climates, one plant may be seen here, and another there, which, in their size, astonish an European, when he is told that they belong to the family of the grasses; but there he would search in vain for those swards of grass, and green meadows, with which almost the whole aspect of his own climate is verdant. He might find one plant stately enough to shade him from the torrid sun, and to harbour among its boughs many a tropical bird with its

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bright metallic plumage; but he could not find a lea covered with lowing herds, or with bleating flocks, on the soft sward of which he could lie down, and listen to the lark that sings to him from heaven, sending down its clear notes on the first sunbeams of spring. It is in temperate climates—in those regions where man has made the greatest advances in civilization—where the comforts and conveniences of this life are most numerous around him—and the realities of that which is to come are most brightly seen above him — that this family of plants exists in greatest economic value. It is one of the most important in every climate; for it is from one species of grass or other that the present numbers of men, as well as the domestic animals that serve him, derive their sustenance. The maize or Indian corn of the west; the rice of the east; the wheat and other grains of the north; equally belong to this tribe of plants.—*Quar. Jour. of Agriculture*

Blight in Fruit Trees.

Whenever you see the branch of a tree blighted, or eaten by insects, procure a shoemaker's awl, and pierce the lower extremity of the branch into the wood; then pour in two or three drops of crude mercury, (which is the quicksilver in common use) and stop up the hole with a small stick. In about forty-eight hours, the insects, not only upon that branch, but upon all the rest of the tree, will be destroyed, and the blights *will immediately* cease. G. W. N.

On the Live Stock of Britain, France, &c.

Dupin, in a work lately published, with a view to promote the numbers and breeds of the live stock of France, states, that, in Britain, the animal power is eleven times as great as the manual power; while in France it is only four times as great; hence, French labourers receive from animals only a third part of the aid yielded by them in Britain. He also states, that Great Britain consumes three times as much meat, milk, and cheese, as France. The following is the number of horses for every 1,000 inhabitants in the countries mentioned. Hanover, 193; Sweden, 145; Canton de Vaud, (in Switzerland,) 140; Great Britain, 100; Prussia, (six provinces) 95; France, 79. Numbers, however, give a very imperfect idea of the relative amount of horse power, the breeds being so various in the different countries.

Supposed Nervous System in Plants.

M. Dutrochet, in a volume on the moving powers which act in organized bodies, affirms, that there are seen on the walls of the cellular and fibrous tissue of vegetables, small semi-transparent globular bodies and linear bodies, which become opaque from the action of acids, and are rendered transparent by that of alkalies. He considers these small bodies as the elements of a diffused nervous system, to the action of which he ascribes the movements of plants, arising from what is denominated by him the *nervo-motility.—From the French.*

The Novelist.

THE MARRIAGE LESSON.

[We are indebted to the last Number (4) of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for the following lively nouvelette, from the *Conde Lucanor* of the Infante Don Juan Manuel, written in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It has much of the *naïveté* and light humour peculiar to the Spanish novelists, and, to quote the ingenious reviewer, "besides its own merit, possesses that of some striking resemblances to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew.*"]

In a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power. Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he too had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man, her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of an union with such an infuriate shrew.

Now that good youth one day came to his father, and said, "Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance, by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things." And the father replied, that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father, that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a

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single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage, and so far insisted, that however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent. In consequence, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him:—"Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death. Nay I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! And you must not think that I say thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to any body's son, who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her." To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus; and intreated that, as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day they should either find the young man dead, or in some very bad plight indeed.

So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply, "Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;" and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said, "How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow, that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fare as I did the mastiff;" and when he found it was not done, he arose, seised him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out, showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff. Then in a great passion he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. "How now, Mr. Horse," cried the husband, "do you imagine, because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you! No! I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world which I will spare, if I be not obeyed." But the horse stood where he was, and his master approaching with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword. And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive. For all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that though he had a thousand horses or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look around him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said in a great passion, "Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands!" and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his

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hands, said to him, "Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them." Afterwards he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and that in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that in this way was the understanding between them settled during that night, and she never spoke, but only did every thing which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, her husband said, "The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping; get up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat."

When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead, or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tiptoe towards them, and whispered, "False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word! Be silent! as you value your lives, and mine also." And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. And from that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and well-conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse; but his wife only said to him, "By my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are now too well acquainted with each other."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SUMMER MORNING LANDSCAPE.—BY DELTA.

THE eyelids of the morning are awake;
The dews are disappearing from the grass;
The sun is o'er the mountains; and the trees,
Moveless, are stretching through the blue of heaven,
Exuberantly green. All noiseless
The shadows of the twilight fleet away,
And draw their misty legion to the west,
Seen for awhile, 'mid the salubrious air,
Suspended in the silent atmosphere,
As in Medina's mosque Mahomet's tomb.—
Up from the coppice, on exulting wing,
Mounts, mounts the skylark through the clouds of dawn,—
The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
The azure beauty of the summer sky;
And, at far distance heard, a bodiless note
Pours down, as if from cherub stray'd from Heaven!

Maternal Nature! all thy sights and sounds
Now breathe repose, and peace, and harmony.
The lake's unruffled bosom, cold and clear,
Expands beneath me, like a silver veil
Thrown o'er the level of subjacent fields,
Revealing, on its conscious countenance,
The shadows of the clouds that float above:—
Upon its central stone the heron sits
Stirless,—as in the wave its counterpart,—
Looking, with quiet eye, towards the shore
Of dark-green copse-wood, dark, save, here and there,
Where spangled with the broom's bright surcote flowers.—
The blue-winged sea-gull, sailing placidly
Above his landward haunts, dips down alert
His plumage in the waters, and, anon,
With quicken'd wing, in silence re-ascends.—
Whence comest thou, lone pilgrim of the wild?
Whence wanderest thou, lone Arab of the air?
Where makest thou thy dwelling-place? Afar,
O'er inland pastures, from the herbless rock,
Amid the weltering ocean, thou dost hold,
At early sunrise, thy unguided way,—
The visitants of Nature's varied realms,—
The habitant of Ocean, Earth, and Air,—
Sailing with sportive breast, mid wind and wave,
And, when the sober evening draws around
Her curtains, clasp'd together by her Star,
Returning to the sea-rock's breezy peak.

And now the wood engirds me, the tall stems
Of birch and beech tree hemming me around,
Like pillars of some natural temple vast;
And, here and there, some giant pines ascend,
Briareus-like, amid the stirless air,
High stretching; like a good man's virtuous thoughts
Forsaking earth for heaven. The cushet stands
Amid the topmost boughs, with azure vest,
And neck asiant, listening the amorous coo
Of her, his mate, who, with maternal wing
Wide-spread, sits brooding on opponent tree.
Why, from the rank grass underneath my feet,
Aside on ruffled pinion dost thou start,
Sweet minstrel of the morn? Behold her nest,
Thatch'd o'er with cunning skill, and there, her young
With sparkling eye, and thin-fledged russet wing:
Younglings of air! probationers of song!
From lurking dangers may ye rest secure,
Secure from prowling weazel, or the tread
Of steed incautious, wandering 'mid the flowers!
Secure beneath the fostering care of her
Who warm'd you into life, and gave you birth;
Till, plumed and strong unto the buoyant air,
Ye spread your equal wings, and to the morn,
Lifting your freckled bosoms, dew-besprent,
Salute with spirit-stirring song, the man
Wayfaring lonely. Hark! the stridorous neigh!
There, o'er his dogrose fence, the chestnut foal,
Shaking his silver forelock, proudly stands,—
To snuff the balmy fragrance of the morn:—
Up comes his ebon compeer, and, anon,
Around the field in mimic chase they fly,
Startling the echoes of the woodland gloom.

* * * * *

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Farewell, ye placid scenes! amid the land
Ye smile, an inland solitude: the voice
Of peace-destroying man is seldom heard
Amid your landscapes. Beautiful ye raise
Your green embowering groves, and smoothly spread
Your waters, glistening in a silver sheet.
The morning is a season of delight—
The morning is the self-possession'd hour—
'Tis then that feelings, sunk, but unsubdued,
Feelings of purer thoughts, and happier days,
Awake, and, like the sceptred images
Of Banquo's mirror, in succession pass!

And, first of all, and fairest, thou dost pass
In Memory's eye, beloved! though now afar
From those sweet vales, where we have often roam'd
Together. Do thy blue eyes now survey
The brightness of the morn in other scenes?
Other, but haply beautiful as these,
Which now I gaze on; but which, wanting thee,
Want half their charms. for, to thy poet's thought,
More deeply glow'd the heaven, when thy fine eye,
Surveying its grand arch, all kindling glow'd:
The white cloud to thy white brow was a foil;
And, by the soft tints of thy cheek outvied,
The dew-bent wild-rose droop'd despairingly.

Blackwood's Mag.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

CHANGING COIN.

JUDGE GOULD married his daughter to Lord Cavan. A gentleman asking what fortune, was answered, "it was all in *Gould*, and his lordship changed it the first day."

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE said of a traveller, who made too long a stay with him at Ferney, "Don Quixote took inns for castles, but Mr. —— takes castles for inns."

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE English abroad can never get to look as if they were at home. The Irish and Scotch, after being some time in a place, get the air of the natives; but an Englishman, in any foreign court, looks about him as if he was going to steal a tankard.

PARODY OF THE FIRST SONG IN THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

THROUGH all the odd noses in vogue,
Each nose is turn'd up at its brother;
Broad and blunt they call platter and pug,
And thus they take snuff at each other.

The short calls the long nose a snout,
The long calls the short nose a snub;
And the bottle nose being so stout,
Thinks every sharp one a scrub.

T. H.

GARRICK AND STERNE

STERNE, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

UNPALATABLE IMPROVEMENT.

WILKES attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy, vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner-room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who was a high bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! yes, Sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

CHARMS OF A DUEL.

IT has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so,
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

BYRON.

WESTMINSTER HALL

A PEASANT newly arrived in London, asked what building was that, pointing to where the law courts are held. "It is a mill," said an attorney, to quiz the bumpkin. "I thought as much," replied the countryman, "for I see a good many asses at the door with sacks."

OUT OF DEBT.

YOU say you nothing owe, and so I say
He only owes who something has—to pay.

NEWSPAPER LIBELS.

WRITERS in some journals, like rope-dancers, to engage the public attention, must venture their necks every step that they take. The pleasure people feel, arises from the risk that they run.

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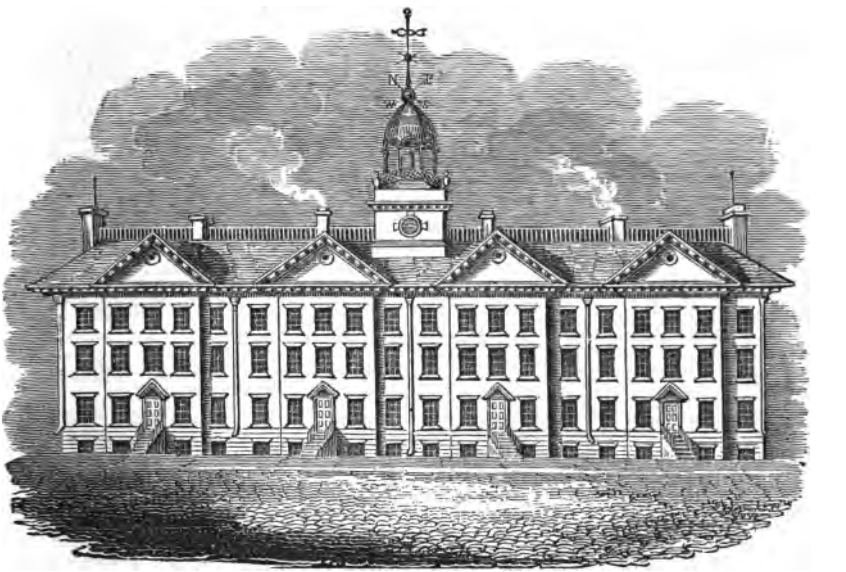
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 323.] SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1828. [Price 2*d*.

Colombia College, New-York.



"It is intended that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred and forty-three persons: which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island."
—*Swift's Tale of a Tub.*

London is at length destined to become a seat of learning; or rather, a seminary as well as a focus and mart of literature:

Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades.

One college is almost completed within her radius, and will be opened in a few weeks; whilst munificent subscriptions are pouring in from all quarters of the empire, towards the endowment of a second. We have hitherto been silent spectators of these grand strides in the intellectual advancement of our country; but we have not, on that account, been less sensible of the important benefits which they are calculated to work in her social scheme, and in

The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

We are not of those who would (even were Newton's theory practicable) compress the world into a nutshell, or neglect "aught toward the general good;" and one of our respected correspondents, who doubtless participates in these cosmopolitan sentiments, has furnished us with the original of the above view of Colombia College; seeing that this, like the universities of our own country, is equally important to "Prince Posterity," and accordingly we proceed with our correspondent's description.

Colombia College, in the city of New York (of the principal building of which the annexed sketch is a correct representation) may be ranked among the chief seminaries of learning in America. It was principally founded by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants of the province, assisted by the general assembly and corporation of Trinity Church, in 1754; at which time it was called King's College.

A royal charter, and grant of money, was obtained, incorporating a number of gentlemen therein mentioned, by the name of "The Governors of the College of the province of New York, in the City of New York;" and granting to them and their successors for ever, among various other rights and privileges, the power of conferring such degrees as are usually con-

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ferred by the English universities. The president and members to be of the church of England, and the form of prayer used to be collected from the Liturgy of the church of England.

Since the revolution, the legislature passed an act, constituting twenty-one gentlemen, (of whom were the governor and lieutenant-governor for the time being,) a body corporate and politic, by the name of "the Regents of the University of the state of New York." They were entrusted with the care of the literature of the state, and a power to grant charters for erecting colleges and academies throughout the state.

It received the name of Colombia College in 1787; when by an act of the legislature, it was placed under the care of twenty-four gentlemen, styled, "the trustees of the Colombian College," who possessed the same powers as those of King's College.

In 1813, the College of Physicians and the Medical School were united; and the academical and medical departments are together styled "The University of New York." It is now well endowed and liberally patronized by the legislature of the state. The College consists of two handsome stone edifices, but the view given is but one-third of the originally intended structure, and contains a chapel, hall, library of 5,000 volumes, museum, anatomical theatre, and school for experimental philosophy.

The Medical College is a large, brick building, containing an anatomical museum, chemical laboratory, mineralogical cabinet, museum of natural history, and a botanical garden, and nine medical professors. Every student pays to each professor from 15 to 25 dollars per course.

There are also professors of mathematics, natural philosophy, history, ancient and modern languages, logic, &c. The number of students in 1818 was 233, but it has now greatly increased. As many in each year as finish their course of study, walk in procession with the other students and all the professors, preceded by a band of music to St. Paul's church, where they deliver orations in English and Latin before a crowded assembly. This is called "a commencement."

The situation is about 150 yards from the Hudson, of which, and the surrounding country it commands an extensive view. The whole is enclosed by a stone wall, with an area of several acres, interspersed with gravel walks, green plats, and full-grown trees. BETA.

Note.—All our readers may not be aware that the remains of Two Literary Colleges still exist in London: *Gresham College* and *Sion College*—or we should say of one of them. The first was founded and endowed by that excellent citizen Sir Thomas Gresham. He was much opposed by the university of Cambridge, which endeavoured to prevent the establishment of a rival institution. (This was two centuries and a half ago.) He devised by will, his house in Bishopsgate-street, to be converted into habitations and lecture-rooms for seven professors or lecturers on seven liberal sciences, who were to receive a salary out of the revenues of the Royal Exchange. Gresham College was subsequently converted into the modern general excise-office; but *the places* are still continued, with a double salary for the loss of apartments, and the lectures are delivered gratuitously twice a day in a small room in the Royal Exchange, during term-time. The will of the founder has not, however, been actually carried into execution. As we hate "solemn farce" and "ignorance in stilts," we hope "scrutiny will not be stone blind" in this matter. A more useful man than Sir Thomas Gresham is not to be found in British biography, and it is painful to see his good intentions frustrated.

Sion College is situated near London Wall, to the south of Fore-street. It was founded in 1623 by the rector of St. Dunstan's in the west, for the London clergy. The whole body of rectors and vicars within the city are fellows of this college, and all the clergy in and near the metropolis may have free access to its extensive and valuable library.

SUPERSTITIONS ON THE WEATHER.

From Sir H. Davy's Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-fishing. (*In Conversations.*)

POIETES, a Tyro in Fly-fishing.—PHYSICUS, an uninitiated Angler, fond of inquiries in natural history, &c.—HALIEUS, an accomplished fly-fisher.—ORNITHER, a sporting gentleman.

Poietes. I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

Physicus. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Halieus. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys. The air, when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sun-set to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.

Hal. I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our

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heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

Poiet. I have often observed, that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching Can you account for this?

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poiet. I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Ornither. No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave—and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larva, driven out of the ground by severe floods: and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the 3rd of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies,—but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

Poiet. The singular connexions of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

Phys. All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a riband, which he thought ensured him good luck.

Poiet. These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c., are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidences; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons, dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency, which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.

Hal. I have in life met with a few

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things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connexions; and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them,—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

Phys. In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker, who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in sciences, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming of a thunder-cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

DEVIL'S HOLE, KIRBY STEPHEN.

(For the Mirror.)

At about three quarters of a mile east of Kirby Stephen, Westmoreland, is a bridge of solid rock, known by the name of *Staincroft Bridge*, or Stonecroft Bridge, under which runs a small but fathomless rivulet. The water roars and gushes through the surrounding rocks and precipices with such violence, as almost to deafen the visiter. Three or four yards from the bridge is an immense abyss, where the waters "incessantly roar," which goes by the name of *Devil's Hole;* the tradition of which is, that two lovers were swallowed up in this frightful gulf. The neighbouring peasants tell a tale of one *Deville*, a lover, who, through revenge, plunged his fair mistress into these waters, and afterwards followed her. How far this story may get belief, I know not; but such they aver is the truth, while they mournfully lament the sad affair.—They point out a small hole in the bank where you may hear the waters dashing with fury against the projecting rocks. This, some imagine to be the noise of infernal spirits, who have taken up their abode in this tremendous abyss; while others persist in their opinion, that the lover's name was *Deville*, and that it retains his name to this day, in commemoration of the horrid deed.

I have seen, and taken a view of the frightful place, which may rather be imagined than described. One part of the water was formerly so narrow, that a wager was laid by a gentleman that he could span it with the thumb and little finger, and which he would have accomplished, but his adversary, getting up in the night time, chipped a piece off the rock with a hammer, and thus won the wager. It is now, however, little more than from a foot and a half, to two feet broad, excepting at the falls and *Devil's Hole*. The water runs into the Eden at the distance of about a mile or two from Staincroft Bridge. Trout are caught with the line and net in great quantities, and are particularly fine here.

W. H. H.

ANECDOTES OF A TAMED PANTHER.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

[Mrs. Bowdich is the widow of Mr. Thomas Edward Bowdich, who fell a victim to his enterprize in exploring the interior of Africa, in 1824. Mr. B. was a profound classic and linguist and member of several learned societies in England and abroad. In 1819 he published, in a quarto volume, his "Mission to Ashantee," a work of the highest importance and interest. Mrs. B., whose pencil has furnished embellishments for her husband's literary productions, has published "Excursions to Madeira, &c.," and this amiable and accomplished lady has now in course of publication, a work on the Fresh-water Fishes of Great Britain.—The subsequent anecdotes are of equal interest to the student of natural history and the general reader, especially as they exhibit the habits and disposition of the Panther in a new light. The Ounce, a variety of the Panther is, however, easily tamed and trained to the chase of deer, the gazelle, &c.—for which purpose it has long been employed in the East, and also during the middle ages in Italy and France.—Mr. Kean, the tragedian, a few years since, had a tame *Puma*, or American Lion, which he kept at his house in Clarges-street, Piccadilly, and frequently introduced to large parties of company.—Ed.]

I am induced to send you some account of a panther which was in my possession for several months. He and another were found when very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother. They were taken to the king of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when my hero, being much larger than his companion, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchison, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie. This gentleman, observing that the animal was very docile, took pains to tame him, and in a great measure succeeded. When he was about a year old, Mr. Hutchison returned to Cape Coast, and had him led through the country by a chain, occasionally let-

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ting him loose when eating was going forward, when he would sit by his master's side, and receive his share with comparative gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up to Mr. Hutchison, on being allowed a portion of something else. The day of his arrival he was placed in a small court, leading to the private rooms of the governor, and after dinner was led by a thin cord into the room, where he received our salutations with some degree of roughness, but with perfect good-humour. On the least encouragement he laid his paws upon our shoulders, rubbed his head upon us, and his teeth and claws having been filed, there was no danger of tearing our clothes. He was kept in the above court for a week or two, and evinced no ferocity, except when one of the servants tried to pull his food from him; he then caught the offender by the leg, and tore out a piece of flesh, but he never seemed to owe him any ill-will afterwards. He one morning broke his cord, and, the cry being given, the castle gates were shut, and a chase commenced. After leading his pursuers two or three times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught, and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees the fear of him subsided, and orders having been given to the sentinels to prevent his escape through the gates, he was left at liberty to go where he pleased, and a boy was appointed to prevent him from intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, generally passed his watch in sleeping; and Saï, as the panther was called, after the royal giver, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, but fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a blow on the side of his head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail, as if enjoying the mischief he had committed. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every-where like a dog. His favourite station was at a window of the sitting-room, which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he appeared to amuse himself with what was passing beneath. The children also stood with him at the window; and one day, finding his presence an incumbrance, and that they could not get their chairs close, they used their united efforts to pull him down by the tail. He one morning missed the governor, who was settling a dispute in the hall, and who, being surrounded by black people, was hidden from the view of his favourite. Saï wandered with a dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; and, while absent on this errand, the audience ceased, the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write. Presently he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs, and, raising his eyes to the open door, he beheld Saï. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Saï immediately sprang from the door on to his neck. Instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulder, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused a little alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and the poor woman who swept the floors, or, to speak technically, the *pra-pra* woman, was made ill by her fright. She was one day sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude nearly approaching to all-fours, and Saï, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther, as they thought, in the act of swallowing her, one and all scampered off as quickly as possible; nor was she released till the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance. Strangers were naturally uncomfortable when they saw so powerful a beast at perfect liberty, and many were the ridiculous scenes which took place, they not liking to own their alarm, yet perfectly unable to retain their composure in his presence.

This interesting animal was well fed twice every day, but never given any thing with life in it. He stood about two feet high, and was of a dark yellow colour, thickly spotted with black rosettes, and from the good feeding and the care taken to clean him, his skin shone like silk. The expression of his countenance was very animated and good-tempered, and he was particularly gentle to children; he would lie down on the mats by their side when they slept, and even the infant shared his caresses, and remained unhurt. During the period of his residence at Cape Coast, I was much occupied by making arrangements for my departure from Africa, but generally visited my future companion every day, and we, in consequence, became great friends before we sailed. He was conveyed on board the vessel in a large, wooden cage, thickly barred in the front with iron.

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Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men,* who were so alarmed at taking him from the shore to the vessel, that, in their confusion, they dropped cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes I gave up my poor panther as lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. The beast himself seemed completely subdued by his ducking, and as no one dared to open his cage to dry it, he rolled himself up in one corner, nor roused himself till after an interval of some days, when he recognised my voice. When I first spoke, he raised his head, held it on one side, then on the other, to listen; and when I came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs, and appeared frantic; he rolled himself over and over, he howled, he opened his enormous jaws and cried, and seemed as if he would have torn his cage to pieces. However, as his violence subsided, he contented himself with thrusting his paws and nose through the bars of the cage, to receive my caresses

The greatest treat I could bestow upon my favourite was lavender water. Mr. Hutchison had told me that, on the way from Ashantee, he drew a scented handkerchief from his pocket, which was immediately seized on by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. I indulged him twice a week by making a cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of his cage: he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated. By this I taught him to put out his paws without showing his nails, always refusing the lavender water till he had drawn them back again; and in a short time he never, on any occasion, protruded his claws when offering me his paw.

We lay eight weeks in the river Gaboon, where he had plenty of excellent food, but was never suffered to leave his cage, on account of the deck being always filled with black strangers, to whom he had a very decided aversion, although he was perfectly reconciled to white people. His indignation, however, was constantly excited by the pigs, when they were suffered to run past his cage; and the sight of one of the monkeys put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the before-mentioned river, an orang-outang (*Simia Satyrus*) was brought for sale, and lived three days on board; and I shall never forget the uncontrollable rage of the one, or the agony of the other, at this meeting. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful in proportion to his size; so that when he fled with extraordinary rapidity from the panther to the further end of the deck, neither men nor things remained upright when they opposed his progress: there he took refuge in a sail, and although generally obedient to the voice of his master, force was necessary to make him quit the shelter of its folds. As to the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and, as he howled, he showed his huge teeth; then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he tried to spring on the orang, to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he appeared to be on the listen; and the approach of a large monkey we had on board, or the intrusion of a black man, brought a return of his agitation.

We at length sailed for England, with an ample supply of provisions; but, unhappily, we were boarded by pirates during the voyage, and nearly reduced to starvation. My panther must have perished had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots, with which we sailed from the river, and which died very fast while we were in the north-west trades. Saï's allowance was one per diem, but this was so scanty a pittance that he became ravenous, and had not patience to pick all the feathers off before he commenced his meal. The consequence was, that he became very ill, and refused even this small quantity of food. Those around tried to persuade me that he suffered from the colder climate; but his dry nose and paw convinced me that he was feverish, and I had him taken out of his cage; when, instead of jumping about and enjoying his liberty, he lay down, and rested his head upon my feet. I then made him three pills, each containing two grains of calomel. The boy who had the charge of him, and who was much attached to him, held his jaws open, and I pushed the medicine down his throat. Early the next morning I went to visit my patient, and found his guard sleeping in the cage with him; and having administered a further dose to the invalid, I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly cured by the evening. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Saï was taken ashore, and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, to be taken care of, till she herself went to Oatlands. He

* The panther in these countries is a sacred, or Fetish, animal, and not only a heavy fine is extorted from those who kill one, but the Fetish is supposed to revenge his death by cursing the offender.

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remained there for some weeks, and was suffered to roam about the greater part of the day without any restraint. On the morning previous to the Duchess's departure from town, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his healthy appearance and gentle deportment. In the evening, when her Royal Highness' coachman went to take him away, he was dead, in consequence of an inflammation on his lungs.—*Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SACRAMENTAL BREAD.

THE church of Rome, in the height of its power, was extremely scrupulous in all that related to the sacramental bread. According to Steevens, in his *Monasticon*, they first chose the wheat, grain by grain, and washed it very carefully. Being put into a bag, appointed only for that use, a servant, known to be a just man, carried it to the mill, worked the grindstones, covering them with curtains above and below; and having put on himself an albe, covered his face with a veil, nothing but his eyes appearing. The same precaution was used with the meal. It was not baked till it had been well washed; and the warden of the church, if he were either priest or deacon, finished the work, being assisted by two other religious men, who were in the same orders, and by a lay brother, particularly appointed for that business. These four monks, when matins were ended, washed their faces and hands. The three first of them put on albes; one of them washed the meal with pure, clean water, and the other two baked the hosts in the iron moulds. So great was the veneration and respect, say their historians, the monks of Cluni paid to the Eucharist! Even at this day, in the country, the baker who prepares the sacramental wafer, must be appointed and authorized to do it by the Catholic bishop of the district, as appears by the advertisement inserted in that curious book, published annually, *The Catholic Laity's Directory.*

FOSTER CHILDREN.

THERE still remains in the Hebrides, though it is passing fast away, the custom of fosterage. A laird, a man of wealth and eminence, sends his child, either male or female, to a tacksman or tenant to be fostered. It is not always his own tenant, but some distant friend that obtains this honour; for an honour such a trust is very reasonably thought. The terms of fosterage seem to vary in different islands. In Mull, the father sends with his child a certain number of cows, to which the same number is added by the fosterer. The father appropriates a proportionable extent of ground, without rent, for their pasturage. If every cow bring a calf, half belongs to the fosterer, and half to the child; but if there be only one calf between two cows, it is the child's; and when the child returns to the parents, it is accompanied with all the cows given, both by the father and by the fosterer, with half of the increase of the stock by propagation. These beasts are considered as a portion, and called *Macalive* cattle, &c.

Children continue with the fosterer perhaps six years; and cannot, where this is the practice, be considered as burdensome. The fosterer, if he gives four cows, receives likewise four, and has, while the child continues with him, grass for eight without rent, with half the calves, and all the milk, for which he pays only four cows, when he dismisses his *dalt*, for that is the name for a fostered child.—*Johnson's Journey.*

THE IRISH PEOPLE.

HOLINSHED, speaking of the Irish, observes:—"Greedy of praise they be, and fearful of dishonour; and to this end they esteem their poets, who write Irish learnedly, and pen their sonnets heroical, for the which they are bountifully rewarded; if not, they send out libels in dispraise, whereof the lords and gentlemen stand in great awe. They love tenderly their foster children, and bequeath to them a child's fortune, whereby they nourish sure friendship,—so beneficient every way, that commonly 500 cows and better are given in reward to win a nobleman's child to foster; they love and trust their foster children more than their own. Proud they are of long crisped bushes of hair, which they term *libs*. They observe divers degrees, according to which each man is regarded. The basest sort among them are little young wasps, called *daltins:* these are lacqueys, and are serviceable to the grooms, or horseboys, who are a degree above the dalting. The third degree is the *kaerne*, which is an ordinary soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly so good marksmen, as they will come within a score of a great cartele. The fourth degree is a *gallowglass*, using a kind of poll-axe for his weapon, strong, robust men, chiefly feeding on beef, pork, and butter. The fifth degree is to be a horseman, which is the

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chiefest, next to the lord and captain. These horsemen, when they have no stay of their own, gad and range from house to house, and never dismount till they ride into the hall, and as far as the tables."

MARRIAGE.

THE minister of Logieralt, in Perthshire, in his statistical account of that parish, supplies us with the following curious information on this and other marriage ceremonies: — "Immediately before the celebration of the marriage ceremony, every knot about the bride and bridegroom (garters, shoe-strings, strings of petticoats, &c.) is carefully loosed. After leaving the church, the whole company walk round it, keeping the church walls always upon the right hand; the bridegroom, however, first retires one way, with some young men, to tie the knots that were loosened about him, while the young married woman, in the same manner, retires somewhere else to adjust the disorder of her dress."

NEEDFIRE.

THE following extract contains a distinct and interesting account of this very ancient superstition, as used in Caithness:

"In 1788, when the stock of any considerable farmer was seized with the murrain, he would send for one of the charm doctors to superintend the raising of a *needfire*. It was done by friction, thus: upon any small island, where the stream of a river or burn ran on each side, a circular booth was erected, of stone and turf, as it could be had, in which a semicircular or highland couple of birch, or other hard wood, was set; and, in short, a roof closed on it. A straight pole was set up in the centre of this building, the upper end fixed by a wooden pin to the top of the couple, and the lower end in an oblong *trink* in the earth or floor; and lastly, another pole was set across horizontally, having both ends tapered, one end of which was supported in a hole in the side of the perpendicular pole, and the other end in a similar hole in the couple leg. The horizontal stick was called the auger, having four short arms or levers fixed in its centre, to work it by; the building having been thus finished, as many men as could be collected in the vicinity, (being divested of all kinds of metal in their clothes, &c.) would set to work with the said auger, two after two, constantly turning it round by the arms or levers, and others occasionally driving wedges of wood or stone behind the lower end of the upright pole, so as to press it the more on the end of the auger; by this constant friction and pressure, the ends of the auger would take fire, from which a fire would be instantly kindled, and thus the *needfire* would be accomplished. The fire in the farmer's house, &c. was immediately quenched with water, a fire kindled from this *needfire*, both in the farm-house and offices, and the cattle brought to feel the smoke of this new and sacred fire, which preserved them from the murrain. So much for superstition.—It is handed down by tradition, that the ancient Druids superintended a similar ceremony of raising a sacred fire, annually, on the first day of May. That day is still, both in the Gaelic and Irish dialects, called *Là-bealtin*, *i. e.* the day of Baal's fire, or the fire dedicated to Baal, or the sun."

UNSPOKEN WATER.

IN Scotland, water from under a bridge, over which the living pass and the dead are carried, brought in the dawn or twilight to the house of a sick person, without the bearer's speaking, either in going or returning, is called *Unspoken Water*.

The modes of application are various. Sometimes the invalid takes three draughts of it before anything is spoken. Sometimes it is thrown over the houses the vessel in which it was contained being thrown after it. The superstitious believe this to be one of the most powerful charms that can be employed for restoring a sick person to health.

The purifying virtue attributed to water, by almost all nations, is so well known as to require no illustration. Some special virtue has still been ascribed to silence in the use of charms, exorcisms, &c. I recollect, says Mr. Jamieson, being assured at Angus, that a Popish priest in that part of the country, who was supposed to possess great power in curing those who were deranged, and in exorcising demoniacs, would, if called to see a patient, on no account utter a single word on his way, or after arriving at the house, till he had by himself gone through all his appropriate forms in order to effect a cure. Whether this practice might be founded on our Lord's injunction to the Seventy, expressive of the diligence he required, Luke x. 4, "Salute no man by the way," or borrowed from heathen superstition, it is impossible to ascertain. We certainly know that the Romans viewed silence as of the utmost importance in their sacred rites. Hence the phrase of Virgil,—

"Fida silentia sacris."

Favere sacris, *favere linguis*, and

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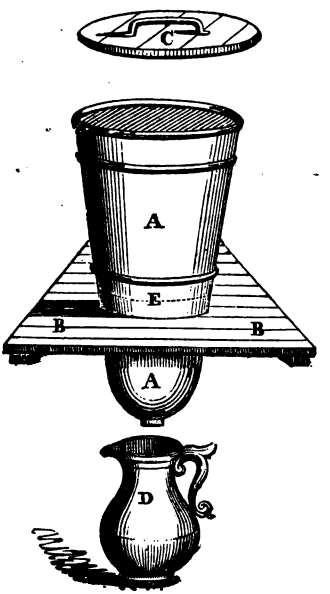
pascere linguam, were forms of speech appropriated to their sacred rites, by which they enjoined silence, that the act of worship might not be disturbed by the slightest noise or murmur. Hence also they honoured Harpocrates as the god of silence; and Numa instituted the worship of a goddess under the name of *Tacita*.

Spirit of Discovery.

FILTERING APPARATUS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)



A A. The Pot.
B B. The Triangular Board.
C. The Cover
D. Vessel to receive the Filtered Water
E. Dotted Line, showing the Proportion of Charcoal and Sand.

HEREWITH I send you an outline drawing of an economical filtering apparatus, suitable for the use of any dwelling. Its construction is perfectly simple, and at the cost of a few shillings in its erection. The pot consists of an unglazed inverted vessel, manufactured at potteries for the use of sugar-bakers, and placed through a hole in a triangular board, resting upon two ledges, occupying a corner in a kitchen or any other apartment. In the inside of the pot a bushel of the whitest sand is to be introduced; which sand, after being washed in a clean tub with about three changes of water, to dissolve and clear away the clayey matter, is to be mixed with half a peck of finely-bruised charcoal. This will fill about one-third of the pot; but before the sand is placed in the vessel, the small hole at the bottom of the pot should have an oyster-shell placed over it, with the convex side uppermost, to prevent the sand washing through. This filters foul water perfectly pellucid and clear very quickly, as I have seen its effects for years with the most perfect success. When the sand becomes foul by time, it can be taken out and washed, or fresh materials can be repeated; great care should be observed not to put more water in the pot than your vessel underneath will receive.

JNO. FIELD.

Effects of Lightning.

The analogy between the electric spark, and more especially of the explosive discharge of the Leyden jar, with atmospheric lightning and thunder, is too obvious to have escaped notice, even in the early periods of electrical research. It had been observed by Dr. Wall and by Gray, and still more pointedly remarked by the Abbé Nollet. Dr. Franklin was so impressed with the many points of resemblance between lightning and electricity, that he was convinced of their identity, and determined to ascertain by direct experiment the truth of his bold conjecture. A spire which was erecting at Philadelphia he conceived might assist him in this inquiry; but, while waiting for its completion, the sight of a boy's kite, which had been raised for amusement, immediately suggested to him a more ready method of attaining his object. Having constructed a kite by stretching a large silk handkerchief over two sticks in the form of a cross, on the first appearance of an approaching storm, in June 1752, he went out into a field, accompanied by his son, to whom alone he had imparted his design. Having raised his kite, and attached a key to the lower end of the hempen string, he insulated it by fastening it to a post, by means of silk, and waited with intense anxiety for the result. A considerable time elapsed without the apparatus giving any sign of electricity, even although a dense cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had passed over the spot on which they stood. Franklin was just beginning to despair of success, when his attention was caught by the bristling up of some loose fibres on the hempen cord; he immediately presented his knuckle to the key, and received an electric spark. Overcome with the emo-

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tion inspired by this decisive evidence of the great discovery he had achieved, he heaved a deep sigh, and conscious of an immortal name, felt that he could have been content if that moment had been his last. The rain now fell in torrents, and wetting the string, rendered it conducting in its whole length; so that electric sparks were now collected from it in great abundance.

It should be noticed, however, that about a month before Franklin had made these successful trials, some philosophers, in particular Dalibard and De Lors, had obtained similar results in France, by following the plan recommended by Franklin. But the glory of the discovery is universally given to Franklin, as it was from his suggestions that the methods of attaining it were originally derived.

This important discovery was prosecuted with great ardour by philosophers in every part of Europe. The first experimenters incurred considerable risk in their attempts to draw down electricity from the clouds, as was soon proved by the fatal catastrophe, which, on the 6th of August, 1753, befel Professor Richman, of Petersburg. He had constructed an apparatus for observations on atmospherical electricity, and was attending a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, when the sound of distant thunder caught his ear. He immediately hastened home, taking with him his engraver, Sokolow, in order that he might delineate the appearances that should present themselves. While intent upon examining the electrometer, a large globe of fire flashed from the conducting rod, which was insulated, to the head of Richman, and passing through his body, instantly deprived him of life. A red spot was found on his forehead, where the electricity had entered, his shoe was burst open, and part of his clothes singed. His companion was struck down, and remained senseless for some time; the door-case of the room was split, and the door itself torn off its hinges.

The protection of buildings from the effects of lightning, is the most important practical application of the theory of electricity. Conductors for this should be formed of metallic rods, pointed at the upper extremity, and placed so as to project a few feet above the highest part of the building they are intended to secure; they should be continued without interruption till they descend into the ground, below the foundation of the house. Copper is preferable to iron as the material for their construction, being less liable to destruction by rust, or by fusion, and possessing also a greater conducting power. The size of the rods should be from half an inch to an inch in diameter, and the point should be gilt, or made of platina, that it may be more effectually preserved from corrosion. An important condition in the protecting conductor is, that no interruption should exist in its continuity from top to bottom; and advantage will result from connecting together by strips of metal all the leaden water pipes, or other considerable masses of metal in or about the building, so as to form one continuous system of conductors, for carrying the electricity by different channels to the ground. The lower end of the conductors should be carried down into the earth till it reaches either water, or at least a moist stratum.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

The Sketch-Book.

THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR.

A Romance of High Holborn.

It came to pass that, towards the close of 1826, I found occasion to change my tailor, and by chance, or the recommendation of friends—I cannot now remember which—applied to one who vegetated in that particular region of the metropolis where the rivers of Museum-street and Drury-lane (to adopt the language of metaphor) flow into and form the capacious estuary of High Holborn. Whoever has sailed along, or cast anchor in this confluence, must have seen the individual I allude to. He sits—I should perhaps say sat, inasmuch as he is since defunct—bolt upright, with a pen behind his ear, in the centre of a dingy, spectral-looking shop, quaintly hung round with clothes, of divers forms and patterns, in every stage of existence—from the first crude conception of the incipient surtout or pantaloons, down to the last glorious touch that immortalizes the artist. His figure is slim and undersized; his cheeks are sallow, with two furrows on each side his nose, filled not unfrequently with snuff; his eyes project like lobsters', and cast their shifting glances about with a vague sort of mysterious intelligence; and his voice—his startling, solemn, unearthly voice—seems hoarse with sepulchral vapours, and puts forth its tones like the sighing of the wind among tombs. With regard to his dress, it is in admirable keeping with his countenance. He wears a black coat, fashioned in the mould of other times, with large cloth buttons and flowing skirts; drab inexpressibles, fastened at the knee with brass buckles; gaiters, which, reaching no higher than

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the calf of the leg, set up independent claims to eccentricity and exact consideration on their own account; creaking, square-toed shoes; and a hat, broad in front, pinched up at the sides, verging to an angle behind, and worn close over the forehead, with the lower part resting on the nose. His manner is equally peculiar; it cannot be called vulgar, nor yet genteel—for it is too passive for the one, and too pompous for the other; it forms, say, a sort of compromise between the two, with a slight infusion of pedantry that greatly adds to its effect.

On reaching this oddity's abode, I at once proceeded to business; and was promised, in reply, the execution of my order on the customary terms of credit. Thus far is strictly natural. The clothes came home, and so, with admirable punctuality, did the bill; but the death of a valued friend having withdrawn me, soon afterwards, from London, six months elapsed; at the expiration of which time I was refreshed, as agreed on, by a pecuniary application from my tailor. Perhaps I should here mention, to the better understanding of my tale, that I am a medical practitioner, of somewhat nervous temperament, derived partly from inheritance, and partly from an inveterate indulgence of the imagination. My income, too—which seldom or never encumbers a surgeon who has not yet done walking the hospitals—is limited, and, at this present period, was so far contracted as to keep me in continual suspense. In this predicament my tailor's memorandum was any thing but satisfactory. I wrote accordingly to entreat his forbearance for six months longer, and, as I received no reply, concluded that all was satisfactorily arranged. Unluckily, however, as I was strolling, about a month afterwards, along the Strand, I chanced to stumble up against him. The shock seemed equally unexpected on both sides; but my tailor (as being a dun) was the first to recover self-possession; and, with a long preliminary hem!—a mute, but expressive compound of remonstrance, apology, and resolution—opened his fire as follows:—

"I believe, sir, your name is D—?"

"I believe it is, sir."

"Well, then, Mr. D—, touching that little account between us, I have to request, sir, that——"

"Very good; nothing can be more reasonable; wait the appointed time, and you shall have all."

This answer served, in some degree, to appease him; no, not exactly to appease him, because that would imply previous excitement, and he was invariably imperturbable in manner; it satisfied him, however, for the present, and he forthwith walked away, casting on me that equivocal sort of look with which Ajax turned from Ulysses, or Dido from Æneas, in the Shades.

A lapse of a few weeks ensued, during which I heard nothing further from my persecutor; when, one dark November evening—one of those peculiarly English evenings, full of fog and gloom, when the half-frozen sleet, joined in its descent by gutters from the house-tops, comes driving full in your face, blinding you to all external objects—on one of these blessed evenings, on my road to Camden Town, I chanced to miss my way, and was compelled, notwithstanding a certain shyness towards strangers, to ask my direction of the first respectable person I should meet. Many passed me by, but none sufficiently prepossessing; when, on turning down some nameless street that leads to Tottenham Court-road, I chanced to come behind a staid-looking gentleman, accoutred in a dark brown coat, with an umbrella—the cotton of which had shrunk half-way up the whalebone—held obliquely over his head. Hastily stepping up to him, "Pray, sir," said I, "could you be kind enough to direct me to —— place, Camden Town?"

The unknown, thus addressed, made the slightest possible inclination towards me; and then, in an under tone, "I believe, sir, your name is D—?"

I paused; a vague sort of recollection came over me. Could it be?—no, surely not! And yet the voice—the manner—the—the—

My suspicions were soon converted into certainty, when the stranger, with his own peculiar expression, quietly broke forth a second time with, "Touching that little account——"

This was enough; it was more than enough—it was vexatiously superfluous. To be dunned for a debt, at the very time when the nerves could best dispense with the application; to be recalled back to the vulgarities of existence, at that precise moment when the imagination was most abstracted from all commercial common-places; to be stopped by a tailor, (and such a tailor!) when the mind was dreaming of a mistress—the bare idea was intolerable! So I thought; and, without further explanation, hurried precipitately from the spot, nor ever once paused till far removed from the husky tones of that sepulchral voice which had once before so highly excited my annoyance.

[The narrater then visits one of Mr Champagne Wright's masquerades, where he falls in love with a *fresco* nun. He receives a billet.]

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I stood like one bewildered; but, soon recovering my self-possession, moved direct towards the chandelier, with a view to peruse an epistle expressive of woman's fondest love. As with glistening eyes I proceeded to tear open the billet, a flood of transporting thoughts swept over me. I fancied that I was on the eve of acquaintance with ——; but, judge my astonishment, when, instead of the expected document, the key to such transporting bliss, I read, engraved in large German text, on a dirty square card, embossed at the edge with flowers, the revolting, business-like address of

Mr. Thomas M——e,
Tailor,
116, High Holborn.

It so happened that, the next day, I dined with C—. Of course the masquerade, and with that the tailor, were the first topics of conversation between us. Both allowed that the circumstances respecting his late appearance were uncommon; but there, with my friend, the matter ended: with me it was a more enduring subject for reflection; and, after a night kept up till a late hour over a bowl of C—'s most faultless punch, I set out, moody and apprehensive, to my humble abode. By this time it was past three o'clock; the streets were nearly all deserted. — While thoughtfully plodding onwards, a sudden noise from the Holborn end of Drury-lane took my attention; it evidently proceeded from a row—a systematic, scientific row; and, indeed, as I drew near the scene of action, I could distinctly hear the watchman's oaths blending in deep chorus with the treble of some dozen or two valorous exquisites.

I felt certain rising abstract ideas of pugnacity, and conceived myself bound to indulge them on the first head and shoulders I should meet. This spirit brought me at once into the thick of the fight, and, before I was well aware of my proximity, I found myself fast anchored alongside a veteran watchman, with a pigtail and half a nose. The conflict now commenced in good earnest; there were few or no attempts at favouritism; the blows of one friend told equally well on the scull of another; watchman assaulted watchman with a zeal respectable for its sincerity; and, indeed, had these last been any thing more than a bundle of old coats and oaths, they would most undoubtedly have drubbed each other into a better world. After a lively and well-sustained affair of about twenty minutes, a squadron of auxiliary watchmen arrived, and, with some difficulty, deposited us all safely in the watch-house. And here the very first person that met my gaze—seated, with due regard to dignity, in an arm-chair, a pair of spectacles on his nose, a glass of brandy-and-water by his side, and a newspaper, redolent of cheese, before him—was the constable of the night—the nun of the masquerade—the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn! The wretch's eyes gleamed with a savage but subdued joy at the recognition; a low, chuckling laugh escaped him; while his dull countenance, made doubly revolting by the dim light of the watch-house, fell, fixed and scowling, upon me, as he pointed towards the spot where I stood.—"Dobson," he exclaimed; and, at the word, forth stepped the owner of this melodious appellative, with "this here man."—Luckily, before he could finish his charge, a five-shilling-piece, which I thrust into his unsuspecting palm, created a diversion among the watchmen in my behalf; under favour of which, while my arch enemy was adjusting his books, I contrived to escape from his detested presence.

It happened that about a month subsequent to this last rencontre, circumstances led me to Bologne, whither I arrived, late in the evening, by the steamboat. On being directed to the best English hotel in that truly social Anglo-Gallic little town, I chanced to find in the coffee-room an old crony, whom I had known years since at Cambridge, and who had just arrived from Switzerland, on a speculation connected with some vineyards.

I had a thousand questions to ask my friend, a thousand memories to disinter from their graves in my heart, past follies to re-enact, past scenes to re-people. We began with our school-days, pursued the subject to Cambridge, carried it back again to Reading, and thence traced it through all its windings, now in sunshine, now in gloom, till the canvass of our recollection was fairly filled with portraits. In this way, time, unperceived, slipped on; noon deepened into evening, evening blackened into midnight, yet nothing but our wine was exhausted.

At last, after a long evening spent in the freest and most social converse, my friend quitted the coffee-room, while I—imitating, as I went, the circumlocutory windings of the Meander—proceeded to my allotted chamber. Unfortunately, on reaching the head of the first staircase, where two opposite doors presented themselves, I opened (as a matter of course) the wrong one, which led me into a spacious apartment, in which were placed two fat, full-grown beds. My lantern happening to go out at the moment, I

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was compelled to forego all further scrutiny, so without more ado, flung off my clothes, and dived, at one dexterous plunge, right into the centre of the nearest vacant bed. In an instant I was fast asleep; my imagination, oppressed with the day's events, had become fairly exhausted, and I now lay chained down in that heavy, dreamless sleep, which none but fatigued travellers can appreciate. Towards daybreak, I was roused by a peculiar long-drawn snore, proceeding from the next bed. The music, though deep, was gusty, vulgar, and ludicrous, like a west wind whistling through a wash-house. I should know it among a thousand snores. At first I took no notice of this diversified sternutation, but as it deepened every moment in energy, terminating in something like a groan, I was compelled to pay it the homage of my admiration and astonishment. This attention, however, soon flagged; in a few minutes I was a second time asleep, nor did I again awake till the morning was far advanced. At this eventful juncture, while casting my eyes round the room with all the voluptuous indolence of a jaded traveller, they suddenly chanced to fall on a gaunt, spectral figure, undressed, unwashed, unshaved, decked out in a red worsted night-cap, its left cheek swollen, as if with cold or tooth-ache, and seated bolt upright in the very next bed, scarce six inches off my nose. And this figure was——but I need add no more; the reader must by this time have fully anticipated my discovery.

That night I started from Bologne. I could no more have endured to stop there, conscious that the town contained my persecutor, than I could have flown. Accordingly, after a hurried breakfast, I proceeded to arrange what little business I had to transact; and this completed, away I posted to the well-known shop of Monsieur ——, dentist, perruquier, and general agent to the steam-packet company. Fortunately the little man was at home, and received me with his usual courtesy. He was very, very sorry that he could not stay to converse with me, but a patient in the inner parlour required his immediate attendance; he must therefore ——. I entreated him not to apologize; my business was simple—it was merely to ascertain at what hour the first packet sailed; and having so said, and received a satisfactory reply, I prepared to quit the shop, when just as I was turning round to shut the door, I caught a glimpse through the half-closed curtains that shaded the inner room of a cheek and one eye. The cheek was swollen, and a solitary patch of snuff rested, like a fly, upon its surface. It was the Mysterious Tailor; he had come in to have his tooth pulled out.

Notwithstanding my anxiety to quit Bologne, it was evening before I was on board the packet; nor did I feel myself at ease, until the heights had dwindled to a speck, and the loud carols of the fishermen returning home from their day's sport, had sunk into a faint, undistinguished whisper. Our vessel's course for the first hour or so was delightful. Towards night, the weather, which had hitherto proved so serene, began to fluctuate; the wind shifted, and gradually a heavy swell came rolling in from the north-east towards us. As the hour advanced, a storm seemed advancing with it; and a hundred symptoms appeared, the least of which was fully sufficient to certify the coming on of a tremendous hurricane. Our captain, however—a bronzed, pinched-up little fellow, whom a series of north-westers seemed to have dried to a mummy—put a good face on the matter, and our mate whistled bluffly, though I could not help fancying that his whistle had something forced about it.

We had by this time been tossing about upwards of four hours, yet despite the storm, which increased every moment in energy, our vessel bore up well, labouring and pitching frightfully to be sure, but as yet uninjured in sail, mast, or hull. As for her course, it was—so the mate assured me—"a moral impossible to say which way we were bound, whether for a trip to Spain, Holland, or Van Dieman's Land; it might be one, it might be t'other." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a long rolling sea came sweeping on in hungry grandeur towards us, and at one rush tore open the ship's gun-wale, which now, completely at the mercy of the wave, went staggering, drunken, and blindfold, through the surge. From this fatal moment the sailors were kept constantly at the pumps, although so instantaneous was the rush of water into the hold, that they did little or no good; there seemed, in fact, not the ghost of a chance left us; even the mate had ceased whistling, and the captain's oaths began to assume the nature of a compromise between penitence and hardihood.

It was now midnight, deep, awful midnight; the few remaining passengers had left the deck and retreated into a bed which they shared in common with the salt water. The Captain stood, like one bewildered, beside the helm, while I lay stretched along the forecastle, watching, as well as I could, the tremendous rushing of the waves. It was during a partial hush of the storm, when the wind, as if out of breath, was still, that a shifting

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light attached to some moving body, came bearing down full upon us.

"This is an ugly night, sir," said the Captain, who now, for the first time, found words, "yet methinks I see a sail a-head."

"Surely not," I replied, "no earthly vessel but our own can live on such a sea."

Scarcely had the words escaped me, when "helm a-lee!" was roared out in a loud emphatic tone, something between rage and fright.

The captain strove to turn his helm, but in vain, the rudder had lost all power. At this instant, a rushing sound swept past us, and the two ships came in direct contact with each other. The crash was tremendous: down with a dizzy spinning motion went the strange vessel; one yell—but one shrill piercing yell, which is ever sounding in my ears, ensued—a pause, and all was over.

My heart died within me at that cry; an icy shudder crept through me, every hair of my head seemed endowed with separate vitality. To go down into the tomb—and such a tomb!—unwept, unknown, the very lights from the English coast still discernible in distance, yet not a friend to hold forth aid; the idea was inexpressibly awful. Just at this crisis, while grasping the bannister with weak hands, I lay faint and hopeless on the deck, I fancied I saw a dark figure crawling up the cabin-steps towards me. I listened; the sound drew near, the form advanced, already it touched that part of the staircase to which I clung. Was it the phantom of one of those wretches who had just met death? Had it come fresh from eternity, the taint of recent earth yet hanging about it, to warn me of my own departure? A sudden vivid flash enabled me to dispel all doubt; the dull, grey eye, and thin furrowed form, were not to be so mistaken; the voice too—but why prolong the mystery? it was my old unforgotten persecutor, the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. What followed I know not: overpowered by previous excitement, and the visitation of this infernal phantom, my brain spun round—my heart ticked audibly like a clock—my tongue glued to my mouth—I sank senseless at the cabin door.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NORFOLK PUNCH.

AN INCANTATION.

TWENTY quarts of real Nantz,
Eau-de-vie of southern France;
By Arabia's chemic skill,
Sublimed, condensed, in trickling still;
'Tis the grape's abstracted soul,
And the first matter of the bowl.

Oranges, with skins of gold,
Like Hesperian fruit of old,
Whose golden shadow wont to quiver
In the stream of Guadalquiver,
Glowing, waving as they hung
Mid fragrant blossoms ever young,
In gardens of romantic Spain,—
Lovely land, and rich in vain!
Blest by nature's bounteous hand,
Cursed with priests and Ferdinand!
Lemons, pale as Melancholy,
Or yellow russets, wan and holy.
Be their number twice fifteen,
Mystic number, well I ween,
As all must know, who aught can tell
Of sacred lore or glamour spell;
Strip them of their gaudy hides,
Saffron garb of Pagan brides,
And like the Argonauts of Greece,
Treasure up their Golden Fleece.

Then, as doctors wise preserve
Things from nature's course that swerve,
Insects of portentous shape—worms,
Wreathed serpents, asps, and tape-worms,
Ill-fashion'd fishes, dead and swimming,
And untimely fruits of women;
All the thirty skins infuse
In Alcohol's Phlogistic dews.
Steep them—till the blessed Sun
Through half his mighty round hath run—
Hours twelve—the time exact
Their inmost virtues to extract.

Lest the potion should be heady,
As Circe's cup, or gin of Deady,
Water from the crystal spring:
Thirty quarterns, draw and bring;
Let it, after ebullition,
Cool to natural condition.
Add, of powder saccharine,
Pounds thrice five, twice superfine;
Mingle sweetest orange blood,
And the lemon's acid flood;
Mingle well, and blend the whole
With the spicy Alcohol.

Strain the mixture, strain it well
Through such vessel, as in Hell
Wicked maids, with vain endeavour,
Toil to fill, and toil for ever.
Nine-and-forty Danaides,
Wedded maids, and virgin brides,
(So blind Gentiles did believe,)
Toil to fill a faithless sieve;
Thirsty thing, with naught content,
Thriftless and incontinent.

Then, to hold the rich infusion,
Have a barrel, not a huge one,
But clean and pure from spot or taint,
Pure as any female saint—
That within its tight-hoop'd gyre
Has kept Jamaica's liquid fire;
Or luscious Oriental rack,
Or the strong glory of Cognac,
Whose perfume far outscents the Civet,
And all but rivals rare Glenlivet.

To make the compound soft as silk,
Quarterns twain of tepid milk,
Fit for babies, and such small game,
Diffuse through all the strong ambrosia.
The fiery souls of heroes so do
Combine the *suaviter in modo*,
Bold as an eagle, meek as Dodo.

Stir it round, and round, and round,
Stow it safely under ground,
Bung'd as close as an intention
Which we *are* afraid to mention;
Seven days six times let pass,
Then pour it into hollow glass;
Be the vials clean and dry,
Corks as sound as chastity;—

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Years shall not impair the merit
Of the lively, gentle spirit.

Babylon's Sardanapalus,
Rome's youngster Heliogabalus,
Or that empurpled paunch, Vitellius,
So famed for appetite rebellious—
Ne'er, in all their vasty reign,
Such a bowl as this could drain.
Hark, the shade of old Apicius
Heaves his head, and cries—Delicious!
Mad of its flavour and its strength—he
Pronounces it the real Nepenthe.

'Tis the Punch, so clear and bland,
Named of Norfolk's fertile land,
Land of Turkeys, land of Coke,
Who late assumed the nuptial yoke—
Like his county beverage,
Growing brisk and stout with age.
Joy I wish—although a Tory—
To a Whig, so gay and hoary—
May he, to his latest hour,
Flourish in his bridal bower—
Find wedded love no Poet's fiction,
And Punch the only contradiction.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

DUELLING.

Two French officers resident at Kermanshaw, lately quarrelled; a challenge ensued; but a reconciliation was effected; when the incident drew forth the following natural and affecting remark from a native:—"How foolish it is for a man who wishes to kill his enemy, to expose his own life, when he can accomplish his purpose with so much greater safety, by shooting at him from behind a rock."

SPINNING VIRTUE.

A YOUNG preacher, who chose to enlarge to a country congregation on the beauty of *virtue*, was surprised to be informed of an old woman, who expressed herself highly pleased with his sermon, that her daughter was the most *virtuous* woman in the parish, for "that week she had spun sax spyndles of yarn."—*Sir W. Scott.*

AT LINCOLN

THERE is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice, out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification.

A GREAT lawyer in the sister kingdom, when asked by the viceroy, what Captain Keppel meant by his "*Personal* Travels in India, &c." replied, that lawyers were wont to use this word in contradistinction to "*Real.*"

IT is said that the intestines of the Carolina parrot are an instantaneous poison to cats.

CHINESE DUNNING.

WHEN a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil genii. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

DURING the times of Catholicism in Scotland, *Fishing* was prohibited from the Sabbath after vespers, till Monday after sunrise. This was termed *Setterday's Slopp.*

THE TOWER OF BABEL,

SAYS a recent traveller in the east, now presents the appearance of a large mound or hill, with a castle on the top, in mounting to which, the traveller now and then discovers, through the light sandy soil, that he is treading on a vast heap of bricks. The total circumference of the ruin is 2,286 feet, though the building itself was only 2,000, allowing 500 to the stadia, which Herodotus assigns as the side of its square. The elevation of the west side is 198 feet. What seems to be a castle at a distance, when examined, proves to be a solid mass of kiln-burnt bricks, 37 feet high, and 28 broad.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE Spaniards are particularly averse to borrowing from the intellectual treasures of other nations. They glean the field of their own muses to the very last ear, and then commence the same labour over again.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

HERE is a well-turned reply to plaintiff's counsel, available in all suits and times, It occurred in the trial of Lord Danby, in the time of Charles II. "If the gentleman were as just to produce all he knows for me, as he hath been malicious to show what may be liable to misconstruction against me, no man could vindicate me more than myself."

IN modern education there is a lamentable lack of veneration for the great masters of English literature. Spenser, Milton, and Dryden are altogether less familiar to the present generation than they were to that which preceded it. "We will not say that our Shakspeare is neglected, for his age is ever fresh and green and he comes reflected back to us from a thousand sources, whether in the tranquillity of home, the turbulent life of ca-

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pitals, or the solitude of travel through distant lands."—*Edin. Rev.*

RISE AND FALL.

WHAT an idea of the dismantling of our nature do the few words which Roper, Sir Thomas More's son-in-law, relates, convey! He had seen Henry VIII. walking round the chancellor's garden at Chelsea, with his arm round his neck; he could not help congratulating him on being the object of so much kindness. "I thank our lord, I find his grace my very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject in his realm. However, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win a castle in France, it would not fail to be struck off."—*Edinburgh Review.*

THERE is not only room, but use, for all that God has made in his wisdom—a use not the less real, because not always tangible, or immediate.—*Ibid.*

NICHOLAS BRADY, (the coadjutor of Tate, in arranging the New Version of Psalms,) published a translation of the Æneid of Virgil, which (says Johnson,) when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry.

BLUE appears to be the most important of all colours in the gradations of society. A licensed beggar in Scotland, called a bedesmen, is so privileged on receiving a *blue* gown. Pliny informs us that blue was the colour in which the Gauls clothed their slaves; and *blue* coats, for many ages, were the liveries of servants, apprentices, and even of younger brothers, as now of the Blue Coat Boys, and of other Blue Schools in the country. Women used to do penance in *blue* gowns. Is it not unseemly that blue which has hitherto been the colour of so many unenviable distinctions, should be the adopted emblem of liberty—*English True Blue!*

SONG.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE gliding fish that takes his play
In shady nook of streamlet cool,
Thinks not how waters pass away,
And summer dries the pool.

The bird beneath his leafy dome
Who trills his carol, loud and clear,
Thinks not how soon his verdant home
The lightning's breath may sear.

Shall I within my bridegroom's bower
With braids of budding roses twined,
Look forward to a coming hour
When he may prove unkind?

The bee reigns in his waxen cell,
The chieftain in his stately hold,
To-morrow's earthquake,—who can tell?
May both in ruin fold.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

CATS *(again.)*

CHARLES JAMES FOX walking up Bond-street from one of the club-houses with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager, that he would see more cats than the prince in his walk, and that he might take which side of the street he liked. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of this apparent miracle; Mr. Fox said, "Your royal highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left for me, and cats always prefer the sunshine."

VAUXHALL WEATHER

IT having happened for several successive summers, that wet weather took place just as the Vauxhall season commenced, Tom Lowe, Tyers's principal vocal performer, accidentally meeting the proprietor, expressed an anxious desire to know when he meant to open his gardens. "Why are you so particular, Mr. Lowe?" said Jonathan. "I have a very good reason, sir, and should like to know the very day." "Why, why?" reiterated Tyers, impatiently. "That I may bespeak a great coat to sing in; for you know we shall be sure to have rain."

LAME SINGING.

A FEW days since, a musicsellers's boy was sent to the publisher's for a number of copies of the song "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for *two trebles;*" when, on being desired to repeat his order, he replied, "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for *two cripples.*"

LAUGHTER.

DEMOCRITUS, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

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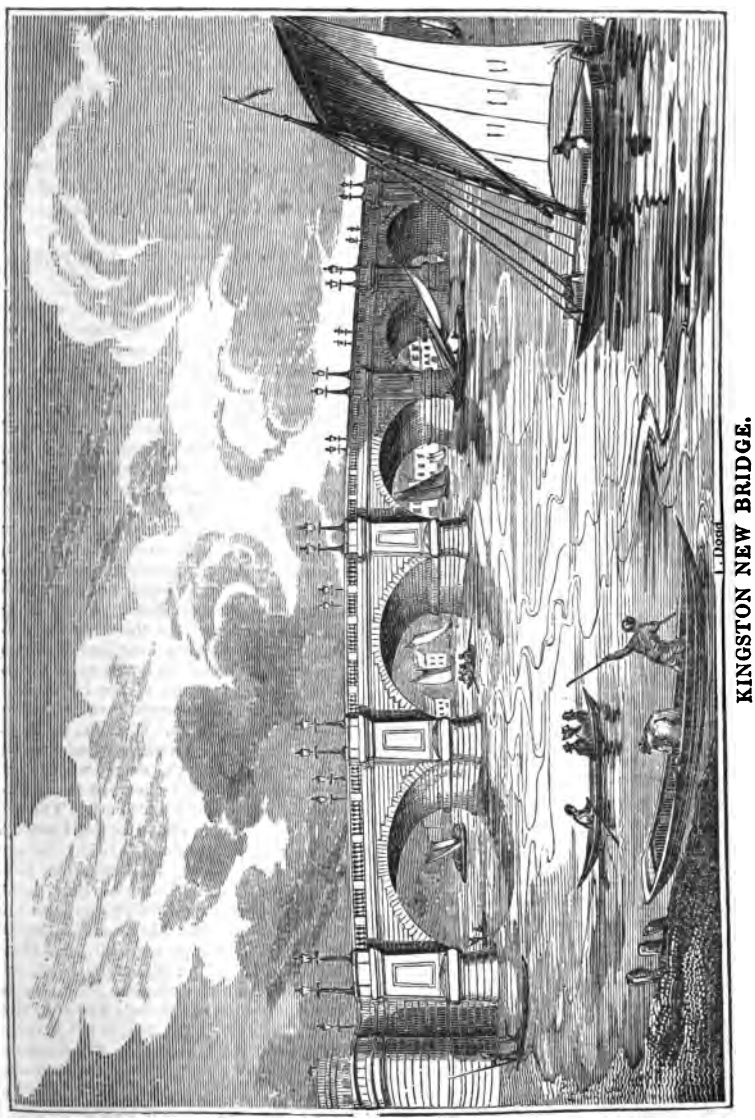
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 324.] SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1828. [PRICE 2*d*.



KINGSTON NEW BRIDGE.

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KINGSTON NEW BRIDGE.

Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd.
SOUTHEY.

THE annexed picturesque engraving represents the new bridge* from Kingston-upon-Thames to Hampton-Wick, in the royal manor of Hampton Court. It is built of Portland stone, and consists of five elliptical arches, the centre arch being 60 feet span by 19 in height, and the side arches 56 and 52 feet span respectively. The abutments are terminated by towers or bastions, and the whole is surmounted by a cornice and balustrade, with galleries projecting over the pier; which give a bold relief to the general elevation. The length of the bridge is 382 feet by 27 feet in width. It is of chaste Grecian architecture, from the design of Mr. Lapidge, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the original of our engraving. The building contract was undertaken by Mr. Herbert for £26,800. and the extra work has not exceeded £100. a very rare, if not an unprecedented occurrence in either public or private undertakings of this description. The first stone was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, November 7, 1825, and the bridge was opened in due form by her royal highness the Duchess of Clarence, on July 17, 1828.

KINGSTON is one of the most picturesque towns on the banks of the Thames; and its antiquarian attractions are of the highest order. It was occupied by the Romans, and in aftertimes it was either a royal residence or a royal demesne, so early as the union of the Saxon Heptarchy; for there is a record extant of a council held there in 838, at which Egbert, the first king of all England, and his son Athelwolf were present; and in this record it is styled *Kyningenstum famosa illa locus.* Some of our Saxon kings were also crowned here; and adjoining the church is a large stone, on which, according to tradition, they were placed during the ceremony. Many interesting relics have from time to time been discovered in illustration of these historical facts, and till the year 1730, the figures of some of the above kings and that of king John (who chartered the town) were preserved in a chapel adjoining the above spot. In that year, however, the chapel fell, and with it were demolished the royal *effigies.*† Mr. Lysons, with his usual accuracy, enumerates nine kings who were crowned here.

Kingston formerly sent members to parliament, till, by petition, the inhabitants prayed to be relieved from the burden!

At Hampton Wick, the village on the opposite bank, resided the witty but profligate Sir Richard Steele, in a house which he whimsically denominated "the hovel;" and "from the Hovel at Hampton Wick, April 7, 1711," he dedicated the fourth volume of the *Tatler* to Charles, Lord Halifax. This was probably about the time he became surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, governor of the king's comedians, a justice of the peace for Middlesex, and a knight.

* The old bridge was of wood, and 168 yards in length. It was the most ancient on the River Thames, except that of London, and is mentioned in a record of the 8th year of Henry III.

† At the time the chapel fell, the sexton, while digging a grave, was buried under the ruins, with another person. and his daughter. The latter, notwithstanding she lay covered seven hours, survived this misfortune seventeen years, and was her father's successor. The memory of this event is preserved by a print of this singular woman, engraved by M. Ardell.

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

THE first Archbishop of Canterbury was Austin, appointed by King Ethelbert, on his conversion to Christianity, about the year 598. Before the coming of the Saxons into England, the Christian Britons had three Archbishops, viz. of London, York, and Caerleon, an ancient city of South Wales. The Britons being driven out of these parts, the Archbishoprick of London became extinct; and when Pope Gregory the Great had afterwards sent thither Augustine, and his fellow-labourer to preach the Gospel to the then heathen Saxons, the Archiepiscopal See was planted at Canterbury, as being the metropolis of the kingdom of Kent, where King Ethelbert had received the same St. Augustine, and with his kingdom was baptized, and embraced the doctrines of Christianity before the rest of the Heptarchy. The other Archbishoprick of Caerleon was translated to St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, and afterwards wholly to the See of Canterbury; since which, all England and Wales reckon but two Archbishops, Canterbury and York. The following Archbishops have died at Lambeth Palace: — Wittlesey, in 1375; Kemp, 1453; Dean, 1504; all buried in Canterbury Cathedral: Cardinal Pole, 1558, after lying in state here 40 days was buried at Canterbury; Parker, 1575, buried in Lambeth Chapel; Whitgift, 1604, buried at Croydon; Bancroft, 1610, buried at Lambeth; Juxon, 1663, buried in the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford; Sheldon, 1667, buried at Croydon; Tillotson, 1694, buried in the church of St. Laurence Jewry, London; Tennison, 1715; and Potter, 1747, both buried at

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Croydon; Secker, 1768; Cornwallis, 1783, and Moore, 1805, all buried at Lambeth. In 1381, the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, fell a victim to Wat Tyler and his crew, when they attacked Lambeth Palace. P. T. W.

DAYS OF FLY FISHING.

THAT an ex-president (Sir Humphry Davy) of the Royal Society should write a book on field sports may at first sight appear rather *unphilosophical*; although it is not more fanciful than Bishop Berkeley's volume on tar water, Bishop Watson's improvement in the manufacture of gunpowder, Sir Walter Scott writing a sermon, or a Scotch minister inventing a safety gun, and, as we are told, *presenting* the same to the King in person. Be this as it may, since our first acquaintance with the "prince of piscators," the patriarch of anglers, Isaak Walton, it has seldom been our lot to meet with so pleasant a volume as *Salmonia, or Days of Fly Fishing*, to whose contents we are about to introduce our readers.

In our last number we gave a *flying* extract, entitled, "Superstitions on the Weather," being a fair specimen of the very agreeable manner of the digressions in the above work, which is, perhaps, less practical than it might have been; but this defect is more than atoned for in the author's felicitous mode of intermingling with the main subject, some of the most curious facts and phenomena in natural history and philosophy so as to familiarize the angler with many causes and effects which altogether belong to a higher class of reading than that of mere amusement. All this, too, is done in a simple, graceful, and flowing style, always amusive, and sometimes humorously illustrative—advantages which our philosophical writers do not generally exhibit, but which are more or less evident in every page of Sir Humphry Davy's writings.

Salmonia consists of a series of conversations between four characters—Halieus,* Poietes, Physicus, Ornither. In the "First Day" we have an ingenious vindication of fly fishing against the well-known satire of Johnson† and Lord Byron, and the following:—

* The work is dedicated to Dr. Babington, "in remembrance of some delightful days passed in his society, and in gratitude for an uninterrupted friendship of a quarter of a century;" and in the preface the author, after saying that the characters are imaginary, intimates that "in the portrait of HALIEUS, given in the last dialogue, a likeness, he thinks, will not fail to be recognised to that of a most estimable physician, ardently beloved by his friends, and esteemed and venerated by the public."

† In our last volume, this was erroneously attributed to Swift.

Halieus.—A noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you:—

ALBEIT, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lur'd to bear
With things that seem'd most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
More than the scaly brood *contines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee, I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

And though the charming and intellectual author of this poem is not an angler herself, yet I can quote the example of her lovely daughters to vindicate fly fishing from the charge of cruelty, and to prove that the most delicate and refined minds can take pleasure in this innocent amusement.

Gay's passionate love for angling is well known; it was his principal occupation in the summer at Amesbury; and "the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honey Moon*, was an ardent angler." Among heroes, Trajan was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher, and continued the pursuit even with his left hand; and, says the author, "I have known a person who fished with him at Merton, in the Wandle. Dr. Paley was so much attached to this amusement, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good-humour, 'My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over.'"—Then we have a poetical description of river scenery, till two of the party arrive at the following conclusions:—

I have already admitted the danger of

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analyzing, too closely, the moral character of any of our field sports; yet I think it cannot be doubted that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; having apparently learnt only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper for food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind.—The advocates for a favourite pursuit never want sophisms to defend it. I have even heard it asserted, that a hare enjoys being hunted. Yet I will allow that fly-fishing, after your vindication, appears amongst the least cruel of field sports.

We must, however, confine ourselves to a few colloquial extracts from the *practical* portion of the volume; as

Flies on the Wandle, &c

Orn.—Surely the May-fly season is not the only season for day-fishing in this river? [the Wandle.]—*Hal.* Certainly not. There are as many fish to be taken, perhaps, in the spring fishing; but in this deep river they are seldom in good season till the May-fly has been on, and a fortnight hence they will be still better than even now. In September there may be good fish taken here; but the autumnal flies are less plentiful in this river than the spring flies.—*Phys.* Pray tell me what are the species of fly which take in these two seasons.—*Hal.* You know that trout spawn or deposit their ova, &c. in the end of the autumn or beginning of winter, from the middle of November till the beginning of January, their maturity depending upon the temperature of the season, their quantity of food, &c. They are at least six weeks or two months after they have spawned before they recover their flesh; and the time when these fish are at the worst, is likewise the worst time for fly-fishing, both on account of the cold weather, and because there are fewer flies on the water than at any other season. Even in December and January there are a few small gnats or water-flies on the water in the middle of the day, in bright days, or when there is sunshine. These are generally black, and they escape the influence of the frost by the effects of light on their black bodies, and probably by the extreme rapidity of the motions of their fluids, and generally of their organs. They are found only at the surface of the water, where the temperature must be above the freezing point. In February a few double-winged water-flies, which swim down the stream, are usually found in the middle of the day, such as the willow-fly; and the cow-dung-fly is sometimes carried on the water by winds. In March there are several flies found on most rivers. The grannam, or green-tail-fly, with a wing like a moth, comes on generally morning and evening, from five till eight o'clock, A. M. in mild weather, in the end of March and through April. Then there are the blue and the brown, both ephemeræ, which come on, the first in dark days, the second in bright days; these flies, when well imitated, are very destructive to fish. The first is a small fly, with a palish yellow body, and slender, beautiful wings, which rest on the back as it floats down the water. The second, called the cob in Wales, is three or four times as large, and has brown wings, which likewise protrude from the back, and its wings are shaded like those of a partridge, brown and yellow brown. These three kinds of flies lay their eggs in the water, which produce larvæ that remain in the state of worms, feeding and breathing in the water till they are prepared for their metamorphosis, and quit the bottoms of the rivers, and the mud and stones, for the surface, and light and air. The brown fly usually disappears before the end of April, likewise the grannam; but of the blue dun there is a succession of different tints, or species, or varieties, which appear in the middle of the day all the summer and autumn long. These are the principal flies on the Wandle—the best and clearest stream near London. In early spring these flies have dark olive bodies; in the end of April and the beginning of May they are found yellow; and in the summer they become cinnamon coloured; and again, as the winter approaches, gain a darker hue. I do not, however, mean to say that they are the same flies, but more probably successive generations of ephemeræ of the same species. The excess of heat seems equally unfavourable, as the excess of cold, to the existence of the smaller species of water-insects, which, during the intensity of sunshine, seldom appear in summer, but rise morning and evening only. The blue dun has, in June and

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July, a yellow body; and there is a water-fly which, in the evening, is generally found before the moths appear, called the red spinner. Towards the end of August, the ephemeræ appear again in the middle of the day—a very pale, small ephemera, which is of the same colour as that which is seen in some rivers in the beginning of July. In September and October this kind of fly is found with an olive body, and it becomes darker in October and paler in November. There are two other flies which appear in the end of September and continue during October, if the weather be mild; a large yellow fly, with a fleshy body, and wings like a moth; and a small fly with four wings, with a dark or claret coloured body, that when it falls on the water has its wings like the great yellow fly, flat on its back. This, or a claret bodied fly, very similar in character, may be likewise found in March or April, on some waters. In this river I have often caught many large trout in April and the beginning of May, with the blue dun, having the yellow body; and in the upper part of the stream below St. Albans, and between that and Watford, I have sometimes, even as early as April, caught fish in good condition; but the *true* season for the Colne is the season of the May-fly. The same may be said of most of the large English rivers containing large trouts, and abounding in May-fly—such as the Test and the Kennett, the one running by Stockbridge, the other by Hungerford. But in the Wandle, at Carshalton and Beddington, the May-fly is not found; and the little blues are the constant, and, when well imitated, killing flies on this water; to which may be joined a dark alder-fly, and a red evening fly. In the Avon, at Ringwood and Fordingbridge, the May-fly is likewise a killing fly; but as this is a grayling river, the other flies, particularly the grannam and blue and brown, are good in spring, and the alder-fly or pale blue later, and the blue dun in September and October, and even November. In the streams in the mountainous parts of Britain, the spring and autumnal flies are by far the most killing. The Usk was formerly a very productive trout-stream, and the fish being well fed by the worms washed down by the winter floods, were often in good season, cutting red, in March and the beginning of April: and at this season the blues and browns, particularly when the water was a little stained after a small flood, afforded the angler good sport. In Herefordshire and Derbyshire, where trout and grayling are often found together, the same periods are generally best for angling; but in the Dove, Lathkill, and Wye, with the natural May-fly many fish may be taken; and in old times, in peculiarly windy days, or high and troubled water, even the artificial May-fly, according to Cotton, was very killing.

Here we must end, at least *for the present;* but there is so much anecdotical pleasantry in *Salmonia* that we might continue our extracts through many columns, and we are persuaded, to the gratification of the majority of our readers. Even when we announced the publication of this work a few weeks since, we were led to anticipate the delight it would afford many of our esteemed correspondents, especially our friend *W. H. H.*, who has "caught about forty trout in two or three hours" in the rocky basins of Pot-beck, &c.*

Sir Humphry Davy mentions the Wandle in Surrey, as we have quoted; but he does not allude to the trout-fishing in the Mole, in the Vale of Leatherhead in the same county. There are in the course of the work a few expressions which make humanity shudder, and would drive a Pythagorean to madness,† notwithstanding the ingenuity with which the author attempts to vindicate his favourite amusement.

SHROPSHIRE AND WELSH GIRLS.

THERE are few Londoners who in their suburban strolls have failed to notice the scores of *female* fruit-carriers by whose toil the markets are supplied with some of their choicest delicacies. As an interesting illustration of the meritorious character of these handmaids to luxury, I send you the following extract from Sir Richard Phillips's *Walk from London to Kew.*

PHILO.

In the strawberry season, hundreds of women are employed to carry that delicate fruit to market on their heads; and their industry in performing this task is as wonderful, as their remuneration is unworthy of the opulent classes who derive enjoyment from their labour. They consist, for the most part, of Shropshire and Welsh girls, who walk to London at this season in droves, to perform this drudgery, just as the Irish peasantry come to assist in the hay and corn harvests. I learnt that these women carry upon their heads baskets of strawberries or raspberries, weighing from forty to fifty pounds, and make two turns in the day, from Isleworth to market, a distance

* See page 370, vol. xi. MIRROR.

† As "kill him, *crimp* him," &c.

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of thirteen miles each way; three turns from Brentford, a distance of nine miles; and four turns from Hammersmith, a distance of six miles. For the most part, they find some conveyance back; but even then these industrious creatures carry loads from twenty-four to thirty miles a-day, besides walking back unladen some part of each turn! Their remuneration for this unparalleled slavery is from 8*s.* to 9*s.* per day; each turn from the distance of Isleworth being 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.*; and from that of Hammersmith 2*s.* or 2*s.* 3*d.* Their diet is coarse and simple, their drink, tea and small-beer; costing not above 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* and their back conveyance about 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.*; so that their net gains are about 5*s.* per day, which, in the strawberry season, of forty days, amounts to 10*l.* After this period the same women find employment in gathering and marketing vegetables, at lower wages, for other sixty days, netting about 5*l.* more. With this poor pittance they return to their native county, and it adds either to their humble comforts, or creates a small dowry towards a rustic establishment for life. Can a more interesting picture be drawn of virtuous exertion? Why have our poets failed to colour and finish it? More virtue never existed in their favourite shepherdesses than in these Welsh and Shropshire girls! For beauty, symmetry, and complexion, they are not inferior to the nymphs of Arcadia, and they far outvie the pallid specimens of Circassia! Their morals too are exemplary; and they often perform this labour to support aged parents, or to keep their own children from the workhouse! In keen suffering, they endure all that the imagination of a poet could desire; they live hard, they sleep on straw in hovels and barns, and they often burst an artery, or drop down dead from the effect of heat and over-exertion! Yet, such is the state of one portion of our female population, at a time when we are calling ourselves the most polished nation on earth.

COLEBROOK-DALE IRON-WORKS.—THE REYNOLDS'.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the interesting extract you have given in your excellent Miscellany (No. 321) from Bakewell's Introduction to Geology, when speaking of the exhausted or impoverished state of the iron-ore and coals in Shropshire, &c., an allusion is made in a note to that truly excellent man, the late Mr. Richard Reynolds, and to the final extinction of the furnaces at Colebrook-Dale, which is not altogether correct.

I beg leave, therefore, to point out the errors to you, and to add a fact or two more relating to that distinguished philanthropist and his family, which, perhaps, will not be unacceptable to many of your readers.

Mr. Reynolds was by no means the *original*, nor, I believe, ever the *sole* proprietor, of the iron-works in Colebrook-Dale, as stated by Mr. Bakewell; he derived his right in them from his wife's family the Darbies; and the firm of "Darby and Company" was the well known mark on the iron from these works for a very long period; more recently, that of "Colebrook-Dale Company" was adopted.

The Darbies were an old and respectable family of the Society of Friends, and a pair of the elder branches of it were the original "Darby and Joan," whose names are so well known throughout the whole kingdom. I had this anecdote from one of the sons of Mr. Reynolds,* and have no doubt of its authenticity.

It may not be generally known to your readers, perhaps, that the first iron bridge in England was projected at, and cast from, the furnaces of Colebrook-Dale, and erected over the Severn, near that place, about the year 1779; and, considering it to be the *first* bridge of the kind, I feel little hesitation in stating it to be, even now, the most beautiful one. This structure, at that time thought to be a wonderful attempt, was the entire offspring of Mr. Reynolds' genius; it was planned, cast, and erected, under his immediate care and superintendance.

I cannot suppose the reason given by your author for the discontinuance of the works at Colebrook-Dale to be correct, as there is another large furnace in the immediate neighbourhood, called "Madeley Wood Furnace (also belonging to Mr. Reynolds's family), which was allowed to make, and, I believe, still makes, the best iron and steel in the United Kingdom. Mr. Reynolds had also other great iron-works at Ketley, since carried on by his two sons, William and Joseph, and still in high reputation, as to the quality of the iron made there; these are not more distant from Colebrook-Dale than six or seven miles, and between the two there are the extensive and highly valuable works of "Old Park," &c., belonging to Mr. Botfield (so that the whole district abounds in the materials), which not having the advantage of the immedi-

* The late worthy and scientific Wm. Reynolds, of the Bank, near Ketley.

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ate vicinity of the Severn for conveyance, would have been more likely to have stopped from the circumstances stated in your extract; *viz.* the failure in quality or quantity of iron-stone, coals, or other necessary matter. The Colebrook-Dale fires must, therefore, I conceive, have ceased to blaze, and the blast of her furnaces to roar, from some other cause, and from some private reason of her late proprietors.

Your constant reader,
Shrewsbury. SALOPIENSIS.

Notes of a Reader.

TRAGEDY.

WE do not see any necessary and natural connexion between death and the end of the third volume of a novel, or the conclusion of the fifth act of a play,—though that connexion in some modern novels, and in most English tragedies, seems to be assumed. Nor does it seem to follow, that, because death is the object of universal dread and aversion, and because terror is one of the objects of tragedy, death must, therefore, necessarily be represented; and not only so, but the more deaths the better. If it be true that familiarity has a tendency to create indifference, if not contempt, it must be considered prudent to have recourse to this strong exhibition as to drastic remedies in medicine, with caution and discrimination, and with a view to the continuance of its effect. We cannot help wishing that our own Shakspeare, who lays down such excellent rules for the guidance of actors, and cautions them so earnestly against "overstepping the modesty of nature," and the danger of "tearing passion to rags," had remembered, that the poet himself has certain limits imposed upon him, which he cannot transgress with impunity. We should not then have observed, in the perusal of some of his plays, the marginal notice of ["*dies*"] with about as much emotion as a note of exclamation; nor, when at the actual representation, we behold the few remaining persons of the drama scarcely able to cross the stage without stumbling over the bodies of their fallen companions, should we have felt our thoughts unavoidably wandering from the higher business and moral effect of the scene, to the mere physical and repelling images of fleshly mortality.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

THE inquiries of the committee appointed to devise means for the suppression of mendicity, leave us no reason to doubt that in an average of cases a London beggar made by "his trade" eighteen-pence per day, or twenty-seven pounds per annum!

One-ninth of the whole population of Paris are wholly maintained by funds which the different bureaux of charity distribute for their relief; and still a countless horde of mendicants infest her streets, her quays, and all her public places.

SCIENCE and literature are "the nourishment of youth, the delight of age, the ornaments of prosperous life, the refuge and consolation of adversity, the companions of our weary travels, of our rural solitudes, of our sleepless nights."

THE following quotation from *Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary* points out the frugal and temperate Scot; and, in illustration, may be contrasted with the proverbial invitation of the better feeding English, "Will you come and take your mutton with me?"

"KAIL, used metonimically for the whole dinner; as constituting among our temperate ancestors the principal part, *s.*

"Hence, in giving a friendly invitation to dinner, it is common to say, 'Wil you come and tak your *kail* wi' me?' This, as a learned friend observes, resembles the French invitation, *Voulez vous venir manger la soupe chez moi!*"

THE RIVER NILE.

LEDYARD, in his *Travels*, speaks thus contemptuously of this celebrated wonder:—"This is the mighty, the sovereign of rivers—the vast Nile that has been metamorphosed into one of the wonders of the world! Let me be careful how I read, and, above all, how I read ancient history. You have heard, and read too, much of its inundations. If the thousands of large and small canals from it, and the thousands of men and machines employed to transfer, by artificial means, the water of the Nile to the meadows on its banks—if this be the inundation that is meant, it is true; any other is false; it is not an inundating river."

THE Jewish children to this day celebrate the fall and death of Haman, and on that anniversary represent the blows which they would fain deal on his scull, by striking with envenomed fury on the floor with wooden hammers. This observance was but very lately forbidden in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

TRAVELLING FOLLIES.

"MANY gentlemen," says an old English

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author, "coming to their lands sooner than to their wits, adventure themselves to see the fashion of other countries; whence they see the world, as Adam had knowledge of good and evil, with the loss or lessening of their estate in this English Paradise; and bring home a few smattering terms, flattering garbs, apish carriages, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of neighbour nations."

THE Spaniards are infinitely more careful than the French, and other nations, in planting trees, and in taking care of them; for it rarely happens, when a Spaniard eats fruit in a wood or in the open country, that he does not set the stones or the pips; and thus in the whole of their country an infinite number of fruit-trees of all kinds are found; whereas, in the French quarters you meet with none — *Labat.*

PAINTING.

IT is painful to think how soon the paintings of Raphael, and Titian, and Correggio, and other illustrious men will perish and pass away. "How long," said Napoleon to David, "will a picture last?" "About four or five hundred years!—a fine immortality!" The poet multiplies his works by means of a cheap material—and Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Tasso, and Molière, and Milton, and Shakspeare, may bid oblivion defiance; the sculptor impresses his conceptions on metal or on marble, and expects to survive the wreck of nations and the wrongs of time; but the painter commits to perishable cloth or wood the visions of his fancy, and dies in the certain assurance that the life of his works will be but short in the land they adorn.—*For. Rev.*

A CHINESE novelist, in describing his hero, says, "the air of the mountains and rivers had formed his body; his mind, like a rich piece of embroidery, was worthy of his handsome face!" Pity he has not been introduced among our "fashionable novels."

PHRENOLOGY.

IN 1805, Dr. Gall, the celebrated phrenologist, visited the prison of Berlin in the course of his experimental travels to establish his theories. On April 17, in the presence of many witnesses, he was shown upwards of two hundred culprits, of whom he had never heard till that moment, and to whose crimes and dispositions he was a total stranger. Dr. Gall immediately pointed out, as a general feature in one of the wards, an extraordinary development in the region of the head where the organ of theft is situated, and in fact every prisoner there was a thief. Some children, also detained for theft, were then shown to him; and in them, too, the same organ was very prominent. In two of them particularly it was excessively large; and the prison-registers confirmed his opinion that these two were most incorrigible. In another room, where the women were kept apart, he distinguished one dress exactly like the others, occupied like them, and differing in no one thing but in the form of her head. "For what reason is this woman here," asked Gall, "for her head announces no propensity to theft?" The answer was, "She is the inspectress of this room." One prisoner had the organs of benevolence and of religion as strongly developed as those of theft and cunning; and his boast was, that he never had committed an act of violence, and that it was repugnant to his feelings to rob a church. In a man named Fritze, detained for the murder of his wife, though his crime was not proved, the organs of cunning and firmness were fully developed; and it was by these that he had eluded conviction. In Maschke, he found the organ of the mechanical arts, together with a head very well organized in many respects; and his crime was coining. In Troppe he saw the same organ. This man was a shoemaker, who, without instruction, made clocks and watches, to gain a livelihood in his confinement. On a nearer inspection, the organ of imitation was found to be large. "If this man had ever been near a theatre," said Gall, "he would in all probability have turned actor." Troppe, astonished at the accuracy of this sentence, confessed that he had joined a company of strolling players for six months. His crime, too, was having personated a police-officer, to extort money. The organs of circumspection, prudence, foresight, were sadly deficient in Heisig, who, in a drunken fit, had stabbed his best friend. In some prisoners he found the organ of language, in others of colour, in others of mathematics; and his opinion in no single instance failed to be confirmed by the known talents and dispositions of the individual.—*For. Q. Rev.*

SAVING HABITS OF THE ENGLISH.

ACCORDING to the House of Commons' returns in 1815, there were no fewer than 925,439 individuals in England and Wales, being about *one-eleventh* of the then existing population, members of *Friendly Societies*, formed for the express purpose of affording protection to the members during sickness and old age, and enabling them to subsist without resorting to the parish

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funds. "No such unquestionable proof of the prevalence of a spirit of providence and independence can be exhibited in any other European country." We have to add, that these must be the happiest people in the social scale.

In the year 1300, Giovanni Cimabue and Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art, and the story of those illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a gentleman by birth and scholarship, and brought to his art a knowledge of the poetry and sculpture of Greece and Rome. The latter was *a shepherd*; when the inspiration of art fell upon him, he was watching his flocks among the hills, and his first attempts in art were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Cimabue, who was then high in fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; entered into conversation with him; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art; and was so much charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, and without spirit and without sentiment; they let out their own hearts fully in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and for originality of conception. Of these great Florentines, Giotto, the shepherd, is confessedly the more eminent; in him we see the dawn, or rather the sunrise, of the fuller light of Raphael. —*For. Rev.*

A REAL HERO.

In a *recherché* article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* we meet with the following marvellous story of Sterkodder, a sort of giant-killing hero of the North, who, having reached his 90th year, became infirm, blind, and eager to die. To leave the world in a natural way was out of the question; and to be dispatched to the Hall of Odin by an ignoble hand was scarcely less to be dreaded. Leaning on two crutches, with a sword at each side, he waited for some one to give him the mortal stroke. To tempt the avarice of such a one, he suspended from his neck a valuable gold chain. He slew a peasant passing, who, rallying him on his infirm state, had ventured to beg one of his swords, as neither could any longer be of service to him. At last his good fortune brought him a worthy executioner in Hather, the son of a prince whom he had slain. The young hero was hunting, and seeing the old man, he ordered two of his attendants to tease him. Both lost their lives for their temerity. The prince then advanced; and the old man, after relating his great actions, desired the former to kill him. To make the inducement stronger, he displayed the golden chain, which would be the reward of the deed; and to excite his rage, as well as avarice, he avowed that it was he who had slain the late prince, and that revenge was the sacred duty of the son. Influenced by both considerations, the latter consented to behead him. Sterkodder exhorted him to strike manfully. The head was accordingly severed from the body at a single blow; and as it touched the earth, the teeth fastened themselves furiously in the ground.

WORKHOUSES

Were first erected in England in the year 1723, when they had an instant and striking effect in reducing the number of poor. Indeed the aversion of the poor to workhouses was so great, that Sir F. M. Eden mentions that some proposed, by way of weakening this aversion, "to call workhouses by some softer and more inoffensive name." Previously to this date, it had been customary to relieve the able-bodied poor at their own houses.

MARRIAGES IN CHINA

Are effected through the assistance of go-betweens, who enjoy, however, a very different repute from those of Europe, inasmuch as, among the former, the employ is of the most honourable character.

There are 300 palaces at Rome, of which 65 only are worth seeing, and these are defined to be houses which have arched gateways into which carriages can drive. Some of these palaces contain pictures and statues worth 130 or 160,000*l.*, but with scarce a window whose panes are all whole, or a clean staircase.

HORRORS OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

Endless was the catalogue of most pious men and eminent scholars who underwent purification, as it is termed, in this den of superstition and tyranny. The culprit was not permitted to speak with his attorney, except in the presence of the inquisitor and a notary, who took notes, and certified what passed; and so far from the names of the informer or of the witnesses being supplied, every thing that could facilitate the explanation of them was expunged from the declarations; and the prisoners, one and all, in these dungeons might truly exclaim, with Fray

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Luis de Leon, "I feel the pain, but see not the hand which inflicts it." Even in the early days of the inquisition, torture was carried to such an extent, that Sextus IV., in a brief published Jan. 29, 1482, could not refrain from deploring the well-known truth, in lamentations which were re-echoed from all parts of Christendom. The formula of the sentence of torture began thus, *Christo nomine invocato;* and it was therein expressed, that the torture should endure as long as it pleased the inquisitors; and a protest was added, that, if during the torture the culprit should die, or be maimed, or if effusion of blood or mutilation of limb should ensue, the fault should be chargeable to the culprit, and not to the inquisitors. The culprit was bound by an oath of secresy, strengthened by fearful penalties, not to divulge any thing that he had seen, known, or heard, in the dismal precincts of that unholy tribunal—a secresy illegal and tyrannical, but which constituted the soul of that monstrous association, and by which its judges were sheltered against all responsibility.—*For. Rev.*

COLONIZATION.

In the colonization of the West Indies, "when a city was to be founded, the first form prescribed was, with all solemnity, to erect a gallows, as the first thing needful;—and in laying out the ground, a site was marked for the prison as well as for he church."

"An attempt to handle the English law of evidence, in its former state," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "was like taking up a hedgehog—all points!"

Man is not quite so manageable in the hands of science as boiling water or a fixed star.

PICTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From the French of Lebrun.)

Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!
City of wonders, on whose sparkling breast,
Fair, slight, and tall, a thousand palaces
Fling their gay shadows over golden seas!
Where towers and domes bestud the gorgeous land,
And countless masts, a mimic forest stand;
Where cypress shades the minaret's snowy hue,
And gleams of gold dissolve in skies of blue,
Daughter of Eastern art, the most divine—
Lovely, yet faithless bride of Constantine—
Fair Istamboul, whose tranquil mirror flings
Back with delight thy thousand colourings,
And who no equal in the world dost know,
Save thy own image pictured thus below!

Dazzled, amazed, our eyes half-blinded, fail,
While sweeps the phantasm past our gliding sail—
Like as in festive scene, some sudden light
Rises in clouds of stars upon the night.
Struck by a splendour never seen before,
Drunk with the perfumes wafted from the shore,
Approaching near these peopled groves, we deem
That from enchantment rose the gorgeous dream,
Day without voice, and motion without sound,
Silently beautiful! The haunted ground
Is paved with roofs beyond the bounds of sight,
Countless, and coloured, wrapped in golden light.
'Mid groves of cypress, measureless and vast,
In thousand forms of circles—crescents—cast,
Gold glitters, spangling all the wide extent,
And flashes back to heaven the rays it sent.
Gardens and domes, bazaars begem the woods;
Seraglios, harems—peopled solitudes,
Where the veil'd idol kneels; and vistas, through
Barr'd lattices, that give the enamoured view,
Flowers, orange-trees, and waters sparkling near,
And black and lovely eyes.—Alas, that Fear,
At those heaven-gates, dark sentinel should stand,
To scare even Fancy from her promised land!

Foreign Quar. Rev.

The Sketch Book.

THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR.

A Romance of High Holborn.

(Concluded from page 46.)

On recovering from my stupor, I found myself with a physician and two apothecaries beside me, in bed at the George Inn, Ramsgate. I had been, it seems, for two whole days delirious, during which pregnant interval I had lived over again all the horrors of the preceding hours. The wind sang in my ears, the phantom forms of the unburied flitted pale and ghastly before my eyes. I fancied that I was still on the sea; that the massive copper-coloured clouds which hovered scarcely a yard overhead, were suddenly transformed into uncouth shapes, who glared at me from between saffron chinks, made by the scudding wrack; that the waters teemed with life, cold, slimy, preternatural things of life; that their eyes after assuming a variety of awful expressions, settled down into that dull frozen character, and their voices into that low, sepulchral, indefinable tone, which marked the Mysterious Tailor. This wretch was the Abaddon of my dreamy Pandæmonium. He was ever before me: he lent an added splendour to the day, and deepened the midnight gloom. On the heights of Bologne I saw him; far away over the foaming waters he floated still and lifeless beside me, his eye never once off my face, his voice never silent in my ear.

My tale would scarcely have an end, were I to repeat but the one half of what during two brief days (two centuries in suffering) I experienced from this derangement of the nervous system. My readers may fancy that I have exaggerated my state of mind far from it, I have purposely softened down the more dis-

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tressing particulars, apprehensive, if not of being discredited, at least of incurring ridicule. Towards the close of the third day my fever began to abate, I became more sobered in my turn of thought, could contrive to answer questions, and listen with tolerable composure to my landlord's details of my miraculous preservation. The storm was slowly rolling off my mind, but the swell was still left behind it. The fourth day found me so far recovered, that I was enabled to quit my chamber, sit beside an open window, and derive amusement from the uncouth appearance of a Dutch crew, whose brig was lying at anchor in the harbour. From this time forward, every hour brought fresh accession to my strength, until at the expiration of the tenth day—so sudden is recovery in cases of violent fever when once the crisis is passed—I was sufficiently restored to take my place by a night-coach for London. The first few stages I endured tolerably well, notwithstanding that I had somewhat rashly ventured upon an outside place; but as midnight drew on, the wind became so piercingly keen, accompanied every now and then by a squally shower of sleet, that I was glad to bargain for an inside berth. By good luck, there was just room enough left for one, which I instantly appropriated, in spite of sundry hints *hemmed* forth by a crusty old gentleman, that the coach was full already. I took my place in the coach, to the dissatisfaction of those already seated there. Not a word was spoken for miles: for the circumstance of its being dark increased the distrust of all, and, in the firm conviction that I was an adventurer, they had already, I make no doubt, buttoned up their pockets, and diligently adjusted their watch-chains. In a short time, this reserve wore away. From this moment the conversation became general. Each individual had some invalid story to relate, and I too, so far forgot my usual taciturnity as to indulge my hearers with a detail of my late indisposition—of its origin in the Mysterious Tailor—of the wretch's inconceivable persecution—of the fiendish peculiarities of his appearance—of his astonishing ubiquity, and lastly, of my conviction that he was either more or less than man. Scarcely had the very uncourteous laughter that accompanied this narrative concluded, when a low, intermittent snore, proceeding from a person close at my elbow, challenged my most serious notice. The sound was peculiar—original—unearthly—and reminded me of the same music which had so harrowed my nerves at Bologne. Yet it could not surely be he—he, the very thoughts of whom now sent a thrill through every vein. Oh, no! it must be some one else—there were other harmonious sternutators beside him, he could not be the only nasal nightingale in the three kingdoms. While I thus argued the matter, silently, yet suspiciously, a wandering gleam of day, streaming in at the coach windows, faintly lit up a nose the penultimate peculiarities of which gave a very ominous turn to my reflections. In due time this light became more vivid; and beneath its encouraging influence, first, a pair of eyes—then two sallow, juiceless cheeks, then an upper lip, then a projecting chin; and lastly, the entire figure of the Mysterious Tailor himself, whose head, it seems, had hitherto been folded, bird-like, upon his breast, grew into atrocious distinctness, while from the depths of the creature's throat came forth the strangely-solemn whisper, "touching that little account." For this once, indignation got the better of affright. "Go where I will," I exclaimed, passionately interrupting him, "I find I cannot avoid you, you have a supernatural gift of omnipresence, but be you fiend or mortal I will now grapple with you;" and accordingly snatching at that obnoxious feature which, like the tail of the rattle-snake, had twice warned me of its master's fatal presence, I grasped it with such zealous good will, that had it been of mortal manufacture it must assuredly have come off in my hands. Aroused by the laughter of my fellow passengers, the coachman—who was just preparing to mount, after having changed horses at Dartford—abruptly opened the door, on which I as abruptly jumped out; and after paying my fare the whole way to town, and casting on the fiend a look of "inextinguishable hatred," made an instant retreat into the inn. About the middle of the next day I reached London, and without a moment's pause hurried to the lodgings of my beforementioned friend C——. Luckily he was at home, but started at the strange forlorn figure that presented itself. And well indeed he might. My eye-balls were glazed and bloody, my cheeks white as a shroud, my mouth a-jar, my lips blue and quivering. "For God's sake, C——," I began, vouchsafing no further explanation, "lend me—(I specified the sum)—or I am ruined; that infernal, inconceivable Tailor has——." C—— smilingly interrupted me by an instant compliance with my demand; on which, without a moment's delay, I bounded off, breathless and semi-frantic, towards my arch fiend's Pandæmonium at High Holborn. I cannot—cannot say what I felt

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as I crossed over from Drury-lane towards his den, more particularly when, on entering, I beheld the demon himself behind his counter—calm, moveless, and sepulchral, as if nothing of moment had occurred; as if he were an every-day duo, or I an every-day debtor. The instant he espied me, a sardonic smile, together with that appalling dissyllable, "touching" (which I never to this day hear, see, or write without a shudder) escaped him; but before he could close his oration, I had approached, trembling with rage and reverence, towards him, and, thrusting forth the exact sum, was rushing from his presence, when he beckoned me back for a receipt. A receipt, and from him too! It was like taking a receipt for one's soul from Satan!!

The reader will doubtless conclude that, now at least, having satisfactorily settled his demands, I had done with my Tormentor for ever. This inference is in part correct. I followed up my vocation with an energy strangely contrasted with my recent indifference, was early and late in the schools, and for three months pursued this course with such ardour, that my adventures with the Mysterious Tailor, though not forgotten, were yet gradually losing their once powerful hold on my imagination. This was precisely the state of my feelings, when early one autumnal morning, just seven months from the date of my last visit to High Holborn, I chanced to be turning down Saint Giles's Church, on my way to —— Hospital. I had nothing to render me more than usually pensive; no new vexations, no sudden pecuniary embarrassment; yet it so happened, that on this particular morning I felt a weight at my heart, and a cloud on my brain, for which I could in no way account. As I passed along Broad Street, I made one or two bold attempts to rally. I stared inquisitively a the different passers by, endeavouring, by a snatch at the expression of their faces, to speculate on the turn of their minds, and the nature of their occupations; I then began to whistle and hum some lively air, at the same time twirling my glove with affected unconcern; but nothing would do; every exertion I made to appear cheerful, not only found no answering sympathy from within, but even exaggerated by constrast my despondency. In this condition I reached Saint Giles's Church. A crowd was assembled at the gate opposite its entrance, and presently the long surly toll of the death-bell—that solemn and oracular memento—announced that a funeral was on the eve of taking place. The funeral halted at the entrance gate, where the coffin was taken from the hearse, and and thence borne into the chancel. This ceremony concluded, the procession again set forth towards the home appointed for the departed in a remote quarter of the church-yard. And now the interest began in reality to deepen. As the necessary preparations were making for lowering the coffin into earth, the mourners—even those who had hitherto looked unmoved —pressed gradually nearer, and with a momentary show of interest, to the grave. Such is the ennobling character of death.

The preparations were by this time concluded, and nothing now remained but the last summons of the sexton. At this juncture, while the coffin was being lowered into its resting place, my eyes, accidentally, it may be said, but in reality by some fatal instinct, fell full upon the lid, on which I instantly recognised a name, long and fearfully known to me—the name of the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. Oh, how many thrilling recollections did this one name recal? The rencontre in the streets of London—the scene at the masquerade—the meeting at Bologne—the storm—the shipwreck—the sinking vessel—the appearance at that moment of *the man* himself—the subsequent visions of mingled fever and insanity: all, all now swept across my mind, as for the last time I gazed on the remains of him who was powerless henceforth for ever. In a few minutes one little span of earth would keep down that strange form which seemed once endowed with ubiquity. That wild unearthly voice was mute; that wandering glance was fixed; a seal was set upon those lips which eternity itself could not remove. Yes, my Tormentor—my mysterious—omnipresent Tormentor was indeed gone; and in that one word, how much of vengeance was forgotten! I was roused from this reverie by the hollow sound of the clay as it fell dull and heavy on the coffin-lid. The poor sleeper beneath could not hear it, it is true; his slumber, henceforth, was sound; the full tide of human population pressing fast beside the spot where he lay buried, should never wake him more: no human sorrow should rack his breast, no dream disturb his repose; yet cold, changed, and senseless as he was, the first sound of the falling clods jarred strange and harsh upon my ear, as if it must perforce awake him. In this feverish state of mind I quitted the church-yard, and, on my road home, passed by the shop where I had first met with the deceased. It was altered—strangely altered—to my mind, revoltingly so. Its quaint antique character, its dingy spectral look were gone, and

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there was even a studied air of cheerfulness about it, as if the present proprietor were anxious to obliterate every association, however slight, that might possibly remind him of the past. The former owner had but just passed out, his ashes were scarcely cold, and already his name was on the wane. Yet this is human nature. So trifling, in fact, is the gap caused by our absence in society, that there needs no patriotic Curtius to leap into it; it closes without a miracle the instant it is made, and none but a disinterested Undertaker knows or cares for whom tolls our passing bell.

Monthly Magazine.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

THE TOUR OF DULNESS.

From her throne of clouds, as Dulness look'd
On her foggy and favour'd nation,
She sleepily nodded her poppy-crown'd head,
And gently waved her sceptre of lead,
In token of approbation.

For the north-west wind brought clouds and gloom,
Blue devils on earth, and mists in the air;
Of parliamentary prose some died,
Some perpetrated suicide,
And her empire flourish'd there.

The Goddess look'd with a gracious eye
On her ministers great and small;
But most she regarded with tenderness
Her darling shrine, the Minerva Press,
In the street of Leadenhall.

This was her sacred haunt, and here
Her name was most adored,
Her chosen here officiated,
And hence her oracles emanated,
And breathed the Goddess in every word.

She pass'd from the east to the west, and paused
In New Burlington-street awhile,
To inspire a few puffs for Colburn and Co.
And indite some dozen novels or so
In the fashionable style.

* * * *

Then turning her own Magazine to inspect,
She was rather at fault, as of late
The colour and series both were new;
But the Goddess, with discernment true,
Detected it by the weight.

She cross'd the Channel next, and peep'd
At Dublin; but the zeal
Of the liberty boys soon put her to flight,
And she dropp'd her mantle in her fright,
Which fell on Orator Shiel.

Thence sped she to the Land of Cakes,
The land she loves and its possessors;
She loves its Craniologists,
Political Economists,
And all Scotch *mists* and Scotch Professors.

And chiefly she on M'Culloch smiled,
As a mother smiles on her darling child,
Or a lady on her lover;
Then, bethinking her of Parliament,
She hasten'd South, but ere she went,
She promised, if nothing occurr'd to prevent,
To return when the Session was over.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CANNIBALISM.

In great cities, cannibalism takes an infinite variety of shapes. In the neighbourhood of St. James's-street there are numerous slaughter-houses, where men are daily consumed by the operation of cards and dice; and where they are caught by the same bait, at which Quin said he should have infallibly bitten. A similar process is likewise carried on in 'Change Alley, on a great scale; not to speak of that snare especially set for widows and children, called a "joint stock speculation." But your cannibal of cannibals is a parliament patron. Here, a great borough proprietor swallows a regiment at a single gulp; and there, the younger son of a lord ruminates over a colony till the very crows cannot find a dinner in it; and there again, a duke or a minister, himself and his family, having first "supped full of horrors," casts a diocese to the side-table, to be mumbled at leisure by his son's tutor. The town is occasionally very indignant and very noisy against the gouls of Surgeons' Hall, because they live upon the dead carcasses of their fellow-creatures; while, strange to say, it takes but little account of the hordes of wretches who openly, and in the face of day, hunt down living men in their nefarious dealings as porter brewers, quack doctors, informers, attorneys, manufacturers of bean flour, alum, and Portland stone; and torture their subjects like so many barbacued pigs, in the complicated processes of their cookery.—*New Month. Mag.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"They say this town is full of cozenage,
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin."

SHAKSPEARE.

Caveat Emptor! This is the age of fraud, imposture, substitution, transmutation, adulteration, abomination, contamination, and many others of the same sinister ending, always excepting purification. Every thing is debased and sophisticated, and "nothing is but what is not." All things are mixed, lowered, debased, deteriorated, by our cozening dealers and shopkeepers; and, bad as they are, there is every reason to fear that they are "mox daturos progeniem vitiosiorem." We wonder at the increase of bilious and dyspeptic patients, at the number of new books upon stomach complaints, at the rapid fortunes made by practitioners who undertake (the very word is ominous) to cure indigestion; but how can it be otherwise, when Accum, before he took to quoting with his scissors, assured us there was

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"poison in the pot;" when a recent writer has shown that there are still more deleterious ingredients in the wine-bottle; and when we ourselves have all had dismal intestine evidence that our bread is partly made of ground bones, alum, plaster of Paris; our tea, of sloe-leaves; our beer, of injurious drugs; our milk, of snails and chalk; and that even the water supplied to us by our companies is any thing rather than the real Simon Pure it professes to be. Not less earnestly than benevolently do our quack doctors implore us to beware of spurious articles; Day and Martin exhort us not to take our polish from counterfeit blacking: every advertiser beseeches the "pensive public" to be upon its guard against suppositious articles—all, in short, is knavery, juggling, cheating, and deception.—*Ibid.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

SONNET

BY HENRY TEONGE, A SEA CHAPLAIN IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Composed October the First, over against the East part of Candia.

O! GINNEE was a bony lasse,
Which maks the world to woonder
How ever it should com to passe
That wee did part a sunder.

The driven snow, the rose so rare,
The glorious sunne above thee,
Can not with my Ginnee compare,
She was so woonderous lovely.

Her merry lookes, her forhead high,
Her hayre like golden-wyer,
Her hand and foote, her lipe or eye,
Would set a saint on fyre.

And for to give Ginnee her due,
Thers no ill part about her;
The turtle-dove's not half so true;
Then whoe can live without her?

King Solomon, where ere he lay,
Did nere imbrace a kinder;
O! why should Ginnee gang away,
And I be left behind her?

Then will I search each place and roome
From London to Virginny,
From Dover-peere to Scanderoone,
But I will finde my Ginny.

But Ginny's turned back I feare,
When that I did not mind her;
Then back to England will I steare,
To see where I can find her.

And haveing Ginnee once againe,
If shee'l doe her indeavour,
The world shall never make us twaine—
Weel live and dye together.

SONG BY KING CHARLES II.

On the Duchess of Portsmouth leaving England.

(For the Mirror.)

BRIGHT was the morning, cool the air,
Serene was all the skies;
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my joys;
Heav'n and nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy field their odours spread
All fragrant was the shore;
Each river God rose from his bed,
And sighing own'd her pow'r;
Curling the waves they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

Glide on ye waves, bear these lines,
And tell her my distress;
Bear all these sighs, ye gentle win
And waft them to her breast;
Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,
I never shall have rest.

The Anecdote Gallery.

VOLTAIRE.

(From various Authorities.)

THE Chateau of Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, six miles from Geneva, is a place of very little picturesque beauty: its broad front is turned to the high road, without any regard to the prospect, and the garden is adorned with cut trees, parapet walls with flower-pots, jets d'eaux, &c. Voltaire's bed-room is shown in its pristine state, just as he left it in 1777, when, after a residence of twenty years, he went to Paris to enjoy a short triumph and die. Time and travellers have much impaired the furniture of light-blue silk, and the Austrians, quartered in the house during the late war, have not improved it; the bed-curtains especially, which for the last forty years have supplied each traveller with a precious little bit, hastily torn off, are of course in tatters. The bedstead is of common deal, coarsely put together; a miserable portrait of Le Kain, in crayons, hangs inside of the bed, and two others, equally bad, on each side, Frederic and Voltaire himself. Round the room are bad prints of Washington, Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, and several other celebrated personages; the ante-chamber is decorated with naked figures, in bad taste; each of these rooms may be 12 feet by 15.

Such is the narrative of an intelligent traveller, who recently visited Ferney. "Very few," says he, "remain alive, of those who saw the poet: a gardener who conducted us about the grounds had that advantage; he showed us the place where the theatre stood, filling the space on the left-hand side in entering, between the chateau and the chapel, but the inscription on the last, *Voltaire à Dieu*, was removed during the reign of terror. The *old* gardener spoke favourably of his *old* master, who was, he said, *bon homme tout-a-fait, bien charitable*, and took an

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airing every morning in his coach and four.

In the sitting-room, adjoining the bed-room, which he was accustomed to occupy, besides some good ancient paintings, is a very singular picture, which was painted according to Voltaire's direction. The principal personages are Voltaire, holding in his hand a roll of paper inscribed La Henriade; next him is a female personification of this favourite poem, whom he is presenting to Apollo crowned with rays of glory; Louis XIV. with his queen and court, are observing these chief figures. In another part, the Muses are crowning the burst of Voltaire with wreaths of flowers, and proposing to place it with those of other immortal authors in the Temple of Fame. The bottom of the picture is occupied by his enemies, who are being torn to pieces by wild beasts, or burning in flames of fire.

In the bed-room is a marble cenotaph, on which is an urn that formerly contained the heart of Voltaire, which was removed several years ago, and placed in the church of Les Invalides at Paris. In this room also is an engraving of Voltaire's monument in the church-yard of Ferney. In this, four figures, representing the four quarters of the world, are preparing to honour his bust with wreaths of laurel and palms. Ignorance, meanwhile, with the wings of a fiend, armed with rods, is driving them away in the midst of their pacific employment, and extinguishing a lamp which burns above the tomb. It is a singular circumstance that Voltaire caused the church of Ferney to be built, as well as several houses in the village, and on an iron vane on the top of the former is inscribed, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*"

After his escape from the court of Frederic, Voltaire went first to Lausanne, were he resided some years, and where he fitted up a private theatre; his acquaintances there supplied him with performers, of whom it seems he was proud, and who acted for him Zaire, Alzira, and several other plays. Some spirited drawings of Huber represent him behind the scene teaching, scolding, encouraging the actors; you might have thought you heard his loud *bravo!* The part of Lusignan was frequently filled by the poet himself, who was so much taken with it as to be seen in the morning at the door of his house already dressed for the stage. Voltaire had a hollow wooden voice, and his declamation had more pomp in it than nature; yet in the part of Trissotin, in the Femmes Savantes, he performed very well.

From Lausanne, where he quarrelled with several persons, he went, in 1755, to St. Jean, close to Geneva, and gave to the house he occupied the name of *Les Délices*, which it retains to this day. Ferney, which he bought soon after, became his permanent residence for twenty years.

Strangers of distinction made a point of calling on the philosopher of Ferney, who for some years received their visits very willingly, giving them *fêtes* and plays; but he became tired of this, and at last would only see those who could amuse him while he amused them. A quaker from Philadelphia, called Claude Gay, travelling in Europe, stayed some time at Geneva; he was known as the author of some Theological works, and liked for his good sense, moderation, and simplicity. Voltaire heard of him, his curiosity was excited, and he desired to see him. The quaker felt great reluctance, but suffered himself at last to be carried to Ferney, Voltaire having promised before hand to his friends that he would say nothing that could give him offence. At first he was delighted with the tall, straight, handsome quaker, his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab suit of clothes; the mild and serene expression of his countenance; and the dinner promised to go off very well; yet he soon took notice of the great sobriety of his guest, and made jokes, to which he received grave and modest answers. The patriarchs, and the first inhabitants of the earth were next alluded to; by and by he began to sneer at the historical proofs of Revelation; but Claude was not to be driven away from his ground, and while examining these proofs, and arguing upon them rationally, he overlooked the light attacks of his adversary, when not to the point, appeared insensible to his sarcasms and wit, and remained always cool and serious. Voltaire's vivacity at last turned to downright anger; his eyes flashed fire whenever they met the benign and placid countenance of the quaker, and the dispute went so far at last, that the latter, getting up, said, "Friend Voltaire! perhaps thou mayst come to understand these matters rightly; in the meantime, finding I can do thee no good, I leave thee, and so fare thee well!" So saying he went away on foot, notwithstanding all entreaties, back again to Geneva, leaving the whole company in consternation. Voltaire immediately retired to his own room. M. Huber,* who

* M. Huber was the father of the author of a work on the economy of bees, and the grandfather of the author of a work on the economy of ants. The first M. Huber had a very peculiar talent for drawing; with his scissors he could cut a piece of paper into a representation of

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was present at this scene, made a drawing of the two actors. PHILO.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SIR W. JONES AND MR. DAY.

ONE day, upon removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

BISHOP.

IN Cambridge, this title is not confined to the dignitaries of the church; but *port* wine, made *copiously potable* by being mulled and burnt, with the *addenda* of roasted lemons all bristling like angry hedge-hogs (studded with cloves,) is dignified with the appellation of *Bishop:*

Beneath some old oak, come and rest thee, my hearty;
Our foreheads with roses, oh! let us entwine!
And, inviting young Bacchus to be of the party,
We'll drown all our troubles in oceans of wine!

And, perfumed with *Macassar* or *Otto* of roses,
We'll pass round the BISHOP, the spice-breathing cup,
And take of that medicine such wit-breeding doses,
We'll knock *down* the god, or he shall knock us *up.*

GAZETTED AND IN THE GAZETTE.

THESE terms imply very different things. The son of a nobleman is *gazetted*, as a cornet in a regiment, and all his friends rejoice. John Thomson is *in the Gazette*, and all his friends lament.

anything, as accurately, and as fast, and with as much spirit, as he might have delineated with his pencil either figures or landscapes. Voltaire was his favourite subject: and he is known to have taught his dog to bite off a piece of crumb of bread, which he held in his hand, so as to give it at last the appearance of Voltaire.

UNFORTUNATE CASE.

A ZEALOUS priest in the north of Ireland missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which schism had already made depredations. "What keeps our friend Farmer B—— away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by the vigilant minister to his assistant, "I have not seen him among us," continued he, "these three weeks; I hope it is not Protestantism that keeps him away." "No," was the reply, "it is worse than that." "Worse than Protestantism? God forbid it should,—Deism?" "No, worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism." "No, worse than Atheism!'" "Impossible, nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour—*it is Rheumatism!*"

LIQUIDATING CLAIMS.

DURING a remarkable wet summer, Joe Vernon, whose vocal taste and humour contributed for many years to the entertainment of the frequenters of Vauxhall Gardens, but who was not quite so good a *timist* in money matters as in music, meeting an acquaintance who had the misfortune to hold some of his unhonoured paper, was asked by him, not uninterestedly, how the gardens were going on? "Oh, *swimmingly!*" answered the jocose Joe. "Glad to hear it," retorted the creditor, "their *swimming* state, I hope, will cause the singers to *liquidate their notes.*"

MR. SAMUEL DEACON, a most respectable Baptist minister, who resided at Barton in Leicestershire, was not peculiarly happy in his cast of countenance or general appearance; conscious of the silly ridicule his unprepossessing *tout ensemble* occasionally excited, he made the following good-humoured, quaint remark:—

"The carcass that you look at so,
Is not Sam Deacon, you must know,
But 'tis the carriage—the machine,
Which Samuel Deacon rideth in."

ADVANTAGES OF LOQUACITY

A VERY pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigné, that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. "Oh, Madame," said Madame de Sevigné to her, with a smile, "it is very easy to get rid of them, you have only to speak."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 325.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1828. [Price 2*d*.

All-Souls' Church, Langham Place.

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ALL-SOULS' CHURCH,
LANGHAM PLACE.

"Whoever walks through London streets,"
Said Momus to the son of Saturn,
"Each day new edifices meets,
Of queer proportion, queerer pattern:
If thou, O cloud-compelling god,
Wilt aid me with thy special grace,
I, too, will wield my motley rod,
And build a church in Langham-place."

"Agreed," the Thunderer cries; "go plant
Thine edifice, I care not how ill;
Take notice, earth, I hereby grant
Carte blanche of mortar, stone, and trowel.
Go Hermes, Hercules, and Mars,
Fraught with these bills on Henry Hase,
Drop with you jester from the stars,
And build a church in Langham-place."

London Lyrics—New Monthly Mag.

AMONG all our specimens of contemporary church-building, none has excited more animadversion than *All-Souls'*, Langham-place, erected in 1822—1825, from the designs of Mr. Nash. Its general effect is extraordinary and objectionable; but, unfortunately for what merit it really possesses, many of its assailants have so far disregarded the just principles of taste and criticism, as to go laboriously out of their way to be profanely witty on its defects. Song and satire, raillery and ridicule, pun and pasquinade, and even the coarseness of caricature, have thus been let off at this specimen of NASH-*ional* architecture; whilst their authors have wittingly kept out any redeeming graces which could be found in its architectural details.

The principal features of the exterior were suggested by its situation, it being placed on an angular plot of ground, between Langham-place and Regent-street. To afford an advantageous view from either point, the tower, which is circular, is nearly detached from the body of the church, and is surrounded by columns of the modern Ionic order, supporting an entablature, crowned by a balustrade, which is continued along the sides of the church. Above the portico is a Corinthian peristyle, the base of which is also that of a fluted cone, which forms the spire, and is terminated in an acute point. The steeple is complete in itself, and adapted to its situation, having the same appearance which ever way it is viewed. This portion of the edifice has, however, been more stigmatized than any other, although it has been pronounced by persons of taste and accredited judgment to be the best steeple recently erected. To our eye, the church itself, *apart* from the tower, (for such it almost is) is perhaps, one of the most miserable structures in the metropolis,—in its starved proportions more resembling a manufactory, or warehouse, than the impressive character of a church exterior; an effect to which the Londoner is not an entire stranger. Here, too, we are inclined to ascribe much of the ridicule, which the whole church has received, to its puny proportions and scantiness of decoration, which are far from being assisted by any stupendousness in their details, the first impression of which might probably have fixed the attention of the spectator. Indeed, the whole style of the tower and steeple appears peculiarly ill-adapted for so small a scale as has here been attempted.

As we love "a jest's prosperity," we recommend such of our readers as are partial to innocent pasquinade, to turn to the "Lyric," in a recent volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, commencing as above. It is too long for entire insertion here, but its raciness will doubtless gratify those who may be induced to refer to it.

TREMENDOUS RAINS.
(For the Mirror.)

Like a low-hung cloud, *it rains so fast*,
That all at once it falls.—DRYDEN.

THERE are two English proverbs relative to rain; the first is, "*It rains by Planets.*" "This the country people (says Ray) use when it rains in one place and not in another; meaning that the showers are governed by planets, which being erratic in their own motions, cause such uncertain wandering of clouds and falls of rain. Or it rains by planets—that is, the falls of showers are as uncertain as the motions of the planets are imagined to be." The second—"*It never rains but it pours:*" which appears to be the case at present. In the year 553 it rained violently in Scotland for five months; in 18 there was a continual rain in that country for five months; a violent one in London 1222; again 1233, so violent that the harvest did not begin till Michaelmas; 1338, from Midsummer to Christmas, so that there was not one day or night dry together; in Wales, which destroyed 10,000 sheep, September 19th, 1752; in Languedoc, which destroyed the village of Bar le Duc, April 26th, 1776; and in the Island of Cuba, on the 21st of June, 1791, 3,000 persons and 11,700 cattle of various kinds perished by the torrents occasioned by the rains.

P. T. W.

CURIOUS SCRAPS.
(For the Mirror.)

THE first dissection on record, is one in which Democritus of Obdera, was engaged, in order to ascertain the sources and course of the bile.—It was the cus-

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tom among the Egyptians, to carry about at their feasts a skeleton, least their guests, in the midst of feasting and merriment, should forget the frail tenure of life and its enjoyments.

The most ancient eclipse upon record, was observed by the Chaldeans 721 years before the Christian era, and recorded by Ptolemy. The observation was made at Babylon the 19th of March.—In ancient days, for want of parchment to draw deeds upon, great estates were frequently conveyed from one family to another only by the ceremony of a turf and a stone, delivered before witnesses, and without any written agreement.—It is singular, that by the Doomsday Book, as quoted by Camden, there appears to have been in Lincoln, when that survey was taken, no less than 1070 "inns for entertainment."—Henry I., about the year 1125, caused to be made a standard yard, from the length of his own arm, in order to prevent frauds in the measurement of cloth. This standard is supposed to have been deposited, with other measures, &c. in Winchester; he likewise (it is said) ordered halfpence and farthings to be made round, which before his time were square.—The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were first called "studia," or "studies."—Edward the Confessor received yearly, from the manor of Barton, near Gloucester, 3,000 loaves of bread for the maintenance of his dogs.—In the reign of Edward III., only three taverns might sell sweet wines in London; one in Cheape, one in Wallbrook, and the other in Lombard Street.—Lord Lyttleton, in his Life of Henry II., vol. i. p. 50, says, "Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince, but his religion was, after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms, that threw him on his knees before a relic or a cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind:" again, "his government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that institution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign that he took care to maintain a good *police* in his realm; which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work." How well he performed it, we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, "during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom, with his bosom full of gold; nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people."—Towards the close of the life of Henry IV., he kept the regal diadem always in his sight by day, and at night it shared his pillow. Once the Prince of Wales, whom Henry always suspected more than he loved, seeing his father in a most violent paroxysm of disease, removed the crown from his bed. The king on his recovery missed it, sent for his son, and taxed him with his impatience and want of duty, but the prince defended his conduct with such rational modesty, that Henry, convinced of his innocence, embraced and blessed him. "Alas!" said Henry to his son, "you know too well how I gained this crown. How will you defend this ill-gotten possession?" "With my sword," said the prince, "as my father has done."

Henry V. was, perhaps, the first English monarch who had ships of his own. Two of these, which sailed against Harfleur, were called "The King's Chamber," and "The King's Hall." They had purple sails, and were large and beautiful.

Party rage ran so high in 1403, that an act of parliament was found necessary to declare, "Pulling out of eyes and cutting out of tongues to be felony."—Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, in his "Inquiry into the effects of spirituous liquors on the human body, and their influence on the happiness of society;" says, "Among the inhabitants of cities, spirits produce debts, disgrace, and bankruptcy. Among farmers, they produce idleness with its usual consequences, such as houses without windows, barns without roofs, gardens without enclosures, fields without fences, hogs without yokes, sheep without wool, meagre cattle, feeble horses, and half clad, dirty children, without principles, morals, or manners." P. T. W.

Shower of Sugar Plums.—Charles XI., attended by his court, had been hunting in the neighbourhood of Carcassone. After the stag had been taken, a gentleman of the neighbourhood invited the king to a splendid dinner which he had prepared for him. At the conclusion of the banquet the ceiling of the hall *suddenly opened*, a thick cloud descended and burst over their heads like a thunder storm, pouring forth a shower of *sugar-*

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plums instead of hail, which was succeeded by a gentle rain of rose-water.

The Coin Guinea.—In the reign of king Charles II., when Sir Robert Holmes, of the Isle of Wight, brought gold-dust from the coast of Guinea, a guinea first received its name from that country.

A Motto.—A constant frequenter of city feasts, having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "*Widened at the expense of the corporation of London.*"

Sedan-chairs and Hackney-coaches.—Sir S. Duncombe, predecessor to Duncombe Lord Feversham, and gentleman pensioner to King James and Charles I., introduced sedan-chairs into this country, anno 1634, when he procured a patent that vested in him and his heirs the sole right of carrying persons up and down in them for a certain sum. Sir Saunders had been a great traveller, and saw these chairs at Sedan, where they were first invented. It is remarkable that Capt. Bailey introduced the use of hackney-coaches in this year; a tolerable ride might then be obtained in either of these vehicles for four pence.

Heroism.—Seward, "the brave Earl of Northumberland," feeling in his sickness that he drew near his end, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying, "That it became not a man to die like a beast," on which he died standing; an act as singular as it was heroic.

Epigram on Epigrams.

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

W. H. H.

"THE MOUSE TOWER,"

A GERMAN LEGEND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth—
But he had not charitie!

He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
Or lift them both to *pray*:
But alack! to lighten man's distress,
They moved no other way.

A famine came! but his heart was still
As hard as his pride was high;
And the starving poor but throng'd his door
To curse him and to die.

At length from the crowd rose a clamour so loud,
That a cruel plot laid he;
He open'd one of his granaries wide,
And bade them enter free.

In they rush'd—the maid and the sire,
And the child that could barely run—
Then he clos'd the barn, and set it on fire,
And burnt them every one!

And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
And cried to his archer-train,
"The merry mice!—how shrill they squeak!—
They are fond of the bishop's grain!"

But mark, what an awful judgment soon,
On the cruel bishop fell;
With so many mice his palace swarm'd,
That in it he could not dwell.

They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They eat each savoury dish up;
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the bishop!

He flew to his castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair;
But they found the road to his new abode,
And came in legions there.

He built him, in haste, a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance;
But they swam the river, and scal'd the wall,
And worried him past endurance.

One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter;
They had picked his bones uncommonly clean,
And eaten his very mitre!

Such was the end of the bishop of Mentz,
And oft at the midnight hour,
He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
And sits on his old "Mouse-Tower."

C. K. W.

PRUSSIC ACID.

(For the Mirror.)

THE circumstance of Montgomery's recent suicide in Newgate, has led me to send you the following remarks upon the nature and properties of that most violent poison, Prussic acid, with which the unfortunate man terminated his existence.

Were we to consider the constituent parts and properties of the most common things we are in the habit of daily using, and their poisonous and destructive natures, we should recoil at the deadly potion, and shrink from the loathsome draught we are about to take. That which we consider the most delicious and exhilarating portion of our common beverage, porter, contains carbonic acid gas, commonly known by the "spirit," and which the poor miners dread with the utmost horror, like the Arabian does the destructive blast of the simoon. Oxalic acid, so much the fear of those accustomed to the medicine—Epsom salts, is made from that useful article, *sugar*, by uniting with it a smaller portion, more than it has naturally, of oxygen gas. The air we breathe contains a most deadly poison, called by chemists azotic gas, which, by its being mixed with what is called vital air, (oxygen gas,) becomes necessary to our existence, as much as the one (vital air or oxygen gas) would be prejudicial

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without the other; and *Prussic acid*, the most violent of all poisons, is contained in the common bitter-almond. But these most destructive substances are always found combined with others, which render them often perfectly harmless, and can be separated only by the skill of the chemist.

The Prussic acid (by some called hydrocyanic acid) is a liquid, extracted from vegetables, and contains one part of cyanogen and one part of hydrogen. It is extracted from the bitter-almond, (as has been stated,) peach-blossom, and the leaves of the laurocerasus. It may also be obtained from animal substances, although a vegetable acid. If lime be added to water, distilled from these substances, a Prussiate of lime is formed; when, if an acid solution of iron be added to this mixture, common Prussian blue (or Prussiate of iron) is precipitated. The acid may be obtained from Prussiate of potash, by making a strong solution of this salt, and then adding as much tartaric acid as will precipitate the potash, when the acid will be left in solution, which must be decanted and distilled.

Its properties are a pungent odour, very much resembling that of bitter-almonds, with a hot but sweetish taste, and extremely volatile. It contains azote, with which no other vegetable acid is combined; it is largely used in the manufacture of Prussian blue. It is the most violent of all poisons, and destroys animals by being applied to the skin only. It is stated by an able chemist, that a single drop applied to the tongue of a mastiff dog caused death so instantaneously, that it appeared to have been destroyed by lightning. One drop to the human frame destroys life in two minutes.

But when chemically combined with other substances, its power is in a great measure neutralized, and it becomes a valuable article, both to the chemist as a test, and to the physician as a medicine. The Prussiate of potash and iron will enable the chemist to discover nearly the whole of the metals when in solution, by the colours its combination produces. Dr. Zollekoffer says, that in intermittent fevers the Prussiate of iron is in its effects superior to Cinchona bark, and says it never disagrees with the stomach, or creates nausea even in the most irritable state, while bark is not unfrequently rejected; a patient will recover from the influence of intermitting and remitting fevers, in the generality of cases, in much less time than is usual in those cases in which bark is employed. S. S. T.

The Anecdote Gallery.

VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 64.)

A CERTAIN Hungarian traveller, a man of consequence in his country, but not particularly wise, had fruitlessly tried to be introduced, without finding any one at Geneva, willing to undertake the task, as they were all afraid Voltaire would be rude to him. A young man, who heard of this, engaged to procure the stranger an interview with Voltaire; and on the day appointed, contrived to have him conveyed out of town to a good-looking residence, where well-dressed servants received him at the door, and ushered him up stairs in due form. Here then at last he found himself, as he thought, *tête-à-tete* with Voltaire. The *malade de Ferney*, personated by our young friend, was lying down on a sofa, wrapped up in a damask robe-de-chambre, a night-cap of black velvet, with gold lace, on his head, or rather on the top of an immense periwig, *a la Louis XIV.*, in the midst of which his little, sallow and deeply-wrinkled visage seemed buried; a table was near him, covered with papers, and the curtains being drawn, made the room rather dark. The philosopher apologized in a hollow voice, interrupted by occasional fits of coughing; he was ill, *bien malade*, could not get up, begged the stranger to be seated, asked questions about the countries he had visited, made him tell his adventures, those of gallantry particularly, and was himself most facetious, and most profanely witty. The Hungarian delighted, and far more at ease than he had imagined possible, casting a glance on the papers, ventured to inquire what new work? "Ah, nothing!"—*le faible Enfant de ma Vieillesse—a tragedy.*" "May I ask the subject?" "The subject is wholly Genevan," replied Voltaire. "the name, *Empro-Giro*, and the dramatis personæ *Carin-Caro*, *Dupins-Simon*, and *Carcail Briffon*, *&c.* He then began to repeat, with great animation, a number of passages, to which his visitor listened in perfect raptures, but drew, meanwhile, a snuff-box from his pocket, and began to look attentively on him and on a picture on the lid; thus confronted with a portrait of Voltaire, and compared face to face, was a trial for which our mimic was not prepared, and his courage nearly forsook him, yet he kept up appearances, only coughing more, and ranting on the high-sounding lines of his *Empro-Giro*. The Hungarian, not undeceived by this close examination, replaced the snuff-box in his pocket, de-

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claring it to be the best likeness he had ever seen. He rose at last, thanked his friend Voltaire, kissed his hand respectfully, and went away, distributing to the servants he met on the stairs liberal tokens of his satisfaction. These servants were the intimate friends and companions of the chief actor, and one of them, his brother, unwilling to carry the joke to the length of pocketing the money of their dupe, they contrived to give him a dinner at a tavern, where he was made to tell the story of his visit to Voltaire, and express his admiration of the great man. The latter heard of this, was much amused, and desired to see his double, told him he would make a bargain with him—half his fame for half the tiresome visitors it procured him.

The poet lived like a prince, but kept his accounts like a citizen; knowing to a sous where his money went: a good deal of it was bestowed charitably, for he was munificent, and certainly much loved in his neighbourhood. One night, when *Tancrede* was acting, and the court of the chateau was full of carriages and servants, there arrived, as ill luck would have it, a cask of the best chambertin that ever came from Burgundy; his own people could not attend to it, and the cask remained at his cellar door; the servants contrived to get at it, and while their masters and mistresses were shedding tears at the tragedy, they sipped the poet's wine. There was generally a supper after the play, where more than once two hundred people sat down, and Voltaire had something to say to every one of his guests. As the gates of the town are shut at night, many of them usually remained in the *château*, poorly accommodated with beds. One night as M. de B———, was groping in the dark, for a place where he might lie down to sleep, he accidently put his finger into the mouth of M. de Florian, who bit it.

Voltaire kept company only with the aristocracy of Geneva; neither his liberality nor his wit secured him the good-will of the patriots placed out of the sphere of his influence; they only saw him a sham philosopher, without principles and solidity; a courtier, the slave of rank and fashion; the corrupter of their country, of which he made a jest. *Quand je secoue ma perruque*, he used to say, *je poudre toute la republique!*

Whatever might be Voltaire's antipathy to the visits of strangers at his *château*, he seems to have met with an equal specimen of that temper from an Englishman. When in London, he waited upon Congreve, the poet, and passed him some compliments as to the reputation and merit of his works. Congreve thanked him; but at the same time told Voltaire *he did not choose to be considered as an author, but only as a private gentleman, and in that light expected to be visited.* Voltaire answered, *that if he had never been any thing but a private gentleman, in all probability he had never been troubled with that visit.* He also observes, in his own account of this affair, he was not a little disgusted with so unseasonable a piece of vanity.

The memory of Voltaire and Rousseau is still cherished by the French people with great fondness; their busts or figures in bronze or plaster are frequently met with, and remind one of *Penates*, or household gods.

PHILO.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT.

(For the Mirror.)

——WHY should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant;
And like a bow, buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself:
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues,
To fall and run into? some call me witch:
And, being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse;
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it. *Witch of Edmonton.*

THE belief in witchcraft may be considered as forming a prominent and important feature in the history of the human mind. It is certainly one link of the degrading chain of superstitions which have long enslaved mankind, but which are now quivering to their fall. The desire for power to pry into hidden things, and more especially events to come, is inherent in the human race, and has always been considered as of no ordinary importance, and rendered the supposed possessors objects of reverence and fear. The belief in astrology, or the power to read in the stars the knowledge of futurity, from time immemorial has been considered as the most difficult of attainment, and important in its results. And by the aid of a little supernatural machinery, both magicians and astrologers exercised the most unlimited influence over the understandings of their adherents. An astrologer, only two or three centuries since, was a regular appendage to the establishments of princes and nobles. Sir Walter Scott has drawn an interesting portrait of one in *Kenilworth;* and the eagerness with which the Earl of Leicester listened

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to his doctrines and predictions, affords a good specimen of the manners of those times. The movements of the heavenly bodies, (imperfectly as they were then understood,) seemed to afford the most plausible vehicle for these "oracles of human destiny;" and even now, while we are tracing these lines, the red and glaring appearance of the planet Mars, shining so beautifully in the south-east, is considered by the many as a forerunner and sign of long wars and much bloodshed:

> These dreams and terrors magical,
> These miracles and witches,
> Night walking sprites, *et cetera*,
> Esteem them not two rushes.

Mankind are universally prone to the belief in omens, and the casual occurrence of certain contingent circumstances soon creates the easiest of theories. Should a bird of good omen, in ancient times, perch on the standard, or hover about an army, the omen was of good import, and favourable to conquest. Should a raven or crow accidentally fly over the field of action, the spirits of the combatants would be proportionably depressed. Should a planet be shining in its brilliancy at the birth of any one whose fortunes rose to pre-eminence, it was always thought to exert an influence over his future destiny. Such was the origin of many of our later superstitions, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," till the more extensive introduction of the art of printing partly dissipated the illusion.

It has been remarked, therefore, that the existence of the parent stock of the subject more immediately under our consideration, witchcraft, may be traced to a very remote period indeed. It is, however, needless to enter into any remarks on those witches mentioned in the Scriptures.

The earliest dabbler of the *genus*, as a contemporary writer observes, is said to be Zorosster, thought to be the king of the Bactrians, who flourished about 3,800 years ago, or A. M. 2000. He is supposed to have been well versed in the arts of divination and astrology, and was the origin of the Persian *magi*. "At his birth," remarks an old writer, "he laughed; and his head did so beat, that it struck back the midwife's hand—a good sign of abundance of spirits, which are the best instruments of a ready wit." The *magi* in Persia, the Brahmins in India, the Chaldæ in Assyria, the magicians of Arabia, the priesthood of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and the Druids of Britain, were all members of a class which comprised astrology, omens, divination, conjuration, portents, chiromancy, and sorcery; and all united in the pursuit of enslaving mankind for the purposes of gain and power, with artfully devised schemes, and a skilful series of impostures; and we can easily imagine the influence they must have exercised over the minds of their proselytes, when we bear in mind the effect produced by similar contrivances in later days.

The enchantress Theoris of Athens seems to have been the first witch that had recourse to charms. Demosthenes uses the terms both of witchery and imposture in speaking of her. This witch was put to death by the Athenians—an accomplice having displayed to them the charms, &c., by which she wrought her miracles. Our Saviour's words, that *faith* can remove mountains, are applicable particularly to the supposed powers of witchcraft; and the influence of charms and amulets in averting disease is well known.

We have alluded, in our first paper, to the trial of Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, at Norwich, for witchcraft; and we now give the speech of Sir Thomas Browne, the celebrated physician of that period, (1664,) to whom, in consequence of defect in the proof, the case was referred, which was the cause of their conviction. Sir Thomas Browne offered it as his opinion, "that the devil, in such cases, did work upon the bodies of men and women, upon a natural foundation, (that is) to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did, in an extraordinary manner, afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in the children of Dorothy Dunent, (one of the indictments against the prisoners being for their bewitchment;) for he conceived that these swooning fits were natural, and nothing else but that they call the mother, but *only heightened to a great excess by the subtility of the devil co-operating with the malice of these, which we term witches, at whose instance he doth the villanies.*"

The ceremony of initiation to the dreadful vocation and great powers of witchcraft was attended with considerable form and mystery:—

> ———They call me nag and witch.
> What is the name? When, and by what art
> learned?
> With what spell, what charm or invocation,
> May the thing call'd *familiar* be purchas'd?

The older and more ugly the performer in these appalling ceremonies, the better. Some witches seem to have had the devil quite at their beck; but his visits to most of them appear to have been "few and far between." The convention (remarks

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John Gaule, an old writer) for such a solemn initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on some great holy or Lord's day, they meet in some church, either before the consecrated bell hath tolled, or else very late, after all the services are past and over. "The party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented by some confederate or familiar to the prince of devills, sitting now in a throne of infernall majesty, appearing in the form of a man, only labouring to hide his cloven foot. To whom, after bowing and homage done, a petition is presented to be received into his association and protection; and first, if the witch be outwardly Christian, baptism must be renounced, and the party must be re-baptised in the devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him, and here must be godfathers too.....But above all he is very busie with his long nails, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. Instead of both which, he impresses or inures the mark of the beast (the devill's flesh brand) upon one or other part of the body. Further, the witch (for her part) vows, either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, (and that in her owne bloode,) to give both body and soul to the devill, to deny and defy God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other; to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse; to spurn at the crosse, and tread saints' images under feet; and as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c.; to be sure to fast on Sundays, and eat flesh on Fridays; not to confess their sins, whatsoever they do, especially to a priest; to separate from the Catholic church, and despise his vicar's primacy; to attend the devill's nocturnal conventicles, sabbaths, and sacrifices; to take him for their god, worship, invoke, and obey him; to devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the devill, for his part, promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck; that they shall have their wills upon any body; that they shall have what riches, honours, and pleasures they can imagine; and if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be princes ruling in the aire, or shall be but turned into impes at worst. Then he preaches to them to be mindful of their covenant, and not to fail to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for this purpose) an imp, or familiar in the shape of a cat, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in arms, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the devill hath provided in imitation of the supper. Nay, ofttimes he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or to their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer, as a pretender to witch-finding told me, in the presence of many." After this they part, and a general meeting is held thrice a year, on some holy day; they are "conveyed to it as swift as the winds from the remotest parts of the earth, where they that have done the most execrable mischiefe, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devill;" while the "indiligent" are jeered and derided by the devil and the others. Non-attendance was severely punished by the culprits being beaten on the soles of the feet, whipped with iron rods, "pinched and sucked by their familiars till their heart's blood come—till they repent them of their sloth, &c."

Many regulations were, however, to be observed after the above initiatory ceremony, which we have given at length in consequence of its singularity. There existed a community or commonwealth of "fallen angels" or spirits, with the various titles of kings, dukes, &c., prelates and knights, of which the head was *Baal*, "who, when he was conjured up, appeared with three heads, one like a man, one like a toad, and one like a cat." The title of king conferred no extra power; indeed, *Agares*, "the first duke, came in the likeness of a faire old man, riding upon a crocodile, and carrying a hawk on his fist"—*Marbas*, who appeared in the form of a "mightie lion"—*Amon*, "a great and mightie marques, who came abroad in the likeness of a wolf, having a serpent's taile, and breathing out and spitting flames of fire," and was one of the "best and kindest of devills," with sixty-five more of these master-spirits, enumerated in *Scot*, "appeared to be entirely and exclusively appropriated to the service of witches," were alike possessed of nearly similar power, and had many hundreds of legions of devils (each legion 6,666 in number) at their command.

There were stated times for each rank of devils to be called on, for they ought not to be invoked "rashly or at all seasons;" and the following extracts from Reginald Scot are fully explanatory of the formalities to be observed on these occasions:—

"*The houres wherein the principal devills may be raised.*—A king may be

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raised from the third houre till noone, and from the ninth hour till evening. Dukes may be raised from the first hour till noon, and clear weather is to be observed. Marquesses may be raised from the ninth hour till compline, and from compline till the end of day. Countes, or earles, may be raised at any hour of the day, so it be in the woodes or fieldes, where men resort not. Prelates likewise may be raised at any houre of the day. A president may not be raised at any hour of the day, except the king, whom he obeyeth, be invocated; nor at the shutting in of the evening. Knights from day-dawning till sun-rising, or from evensong till sun-set.

"*The forme of adjuring and citing the spirits aforesaid to appeare.*—When you will have any spirit, you must knowe his name and office; you must also fast and be cleane from all pollution three or foure days before; so will the spirit be more obedient unto you. Then make a circle, and call up the spirit with great intention, rehearse in your owne name, and your companion's, (for one must alwaies be with you,) this prayer following; and so no spirit shall annoy you, and your purpose shall take effect. And note how this prayer agreeth with popish charmes and conjurations."

The prayer alluded to (see *Scot's Discovery*, b. 15, c. 2) is of the most diabolical and blasphemous nature. A contemporary writer observes, that there is not the least doubt but that the witches of the olden time observed all the formalities of these ridiculous and disgusting ceremonies to the very letter. In later times, however, though the formalities were quite simple, yet the hag of the sixteenth century exercised her vocation with all its ancient potency.

The broomstick has been the theme of many a story connected with this subject:—

As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,
Fledged by a dream, believe they mount and fly;
So witches some enchanted wand bestride
And think they through the airy regions ride.

But the reason of its possessing such extensive powers of locomotion, or rather aërostation, is not generally understood. The witches either steal or dig dead children out of their graves, which are then seethed in a cauldron, and the ointment and liquid so produced, enables them, "observing certain ceremonies, to immediately become a master, or rather a mistresse, in the practise or faculty" of flying in the air:—

High in air, amid the rising storm
————wrapt in midnight
Her doubtful form appears and fades!
Her spirits are abroad! they do her bidding!
Hark to that shriek

In addition to the above, they possessed another very useful faculty, for the transfer of the patent of which, I doubt not scores of adventurers would have given a tolerable consideration. It is briefly that of "sailing in an egg-shell, a cockle, or a muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

From the length to which this article has extended, I must reserve an account of witch-finders, charms, dreams, and confessions, &c. for the next and concluding paper. VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

Paper from Straw.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, there were exhibited some specimens of paper manufactured from straw, by a new process.

Hardening Steel.

From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the time when the north winds occurred, M. Anozoff made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments, by putting them, when heated, into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water. From the experiments already made, he expects ultimate success. He finds that, for very sharp-edged instruments, this method is much better than the ordinary one; that the colder the air and the more rapid its stream, the greater is the effect. The effect varies with the thickness of the mass to be hardened. The method succeeds well with case-hardened goods.—*From the French.*

Detection of Blood.

A controversy has recently taken place in Paris, relative to the efficacy of certain chemical means of ascertaining whether dried spots or stains of matter suspected to be blood, are or were blood, or not. M. Orfila gives various chemical characters of blood under such circumstances, which he thinks sufficient to enable an accurate discrimination. This opinion is opposed by M. Raspail, who states, that all the indications supposed to belong to true blood, may be obtained from linen rags, dipped, not into blood, but into a mixture of white of egg and infusion of madder, and that, therefore, the indications are injurious rather than useful.

Cedars of Lebanon.

Mr. Wolff, the missionary, counted on Mount Lebanus, thirteen large and an-

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cient cedars, besides the numerous small ones, in the whole 387 trees. The largest of these trees was about 15 feet high, not one-third of the height of hundreds of English cedars; for instance, those at Whitton, Pain's Hill, Caenwood, and Juniper Hall, near Dorking.

Leeches.

In the *Medical Repository*, a case is quoted, where some leeches, which had been employed first on a syphilitic patient and afterwards on an infant, communicated the disease to the latter.

Stinging Flies.

There is a fly which exteriorly much resembles the house-fly, and which is often very troublesome about this time; this is called the stinging fly, one of the greatest plagues to cattle, as well as to persons wearing thin stockings.

Mont Blanc.

The height of Mont Blanc and of the Lake of Geneva has lately been carefully ascertained by M. Roger, an officer of engineers in the service of the Swiss Confederation. The summit of the mountain appears to be 4,435 metres, or 14,542 English feet above the Lake of Geneva, and the surface of the Lake 367 metres, or 1,233 English feet above the sea. The mountain is, therefore, 15,775 feet above the level of the sea.

Bird Catching.

The golden-crested wren may be taken by striking the bough upon which it is sitting, sharply, with a stone or stick. The timid bird immediately drops to the ground, and generally dead. As their skins are tender, those who want them for stuffing will find this preferable to using the gun.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Shower of Herrings in Ross-shire.

In April last, as Major Forbes, of Fodderty, in Strathpfeffer, was traversing a field on his farm, he found a considerable portion of the ground covered with herring fry, of from three to four inches in length. The fish were fresh and entire, and had no appearance of being dropped by birds—a medium by which they must have been bruised and mutilated. The only rational conjecture that can be formed of the circumstance is, that the fish were transported thither in a water-spout—a phenomenon that has before occurred in the same county. The Frith of Dengwall lies at a distance of three miles from the place in question; but no obstruction occurs between the field and the sea, the whole is a level strath or plain, and water spouts have been known to travel even farther than this.—*Inverness Courier.*

Spanish Asses.

The Duke of Buckingham has, at his seat at Avington, a team of Spanish asses, resembling the zebra in appearance, which are extremely tractable, and take more freely to the collar than any of our native species.

Drawing Instrument.

An ingenious invention of this description was recently exhibited at the Royal Institution. A pencil and a small bead are so connected together by means of a thread passing over pullies, that if a person, looking through an eye-piece, will hold the pencil upon a sheet of paper, and then, watching the bead, will move his hand, so that the bead shall trace the lines of any object that is selected or looked at, he will find that, whilst he has been doing this, he has also made a drawing of the subject upon the paper; for the pencil and the bead describe exactly the same lines, though upon different planes. Thus, a drawing is made, without even looking at the paper, but solely at the object.

White Cats.

In a recent number we quoted from *Loudon's Gardener's Magazine*, that "white cats with blue eyes are always deaf," of which extraordinary fact there is the following confirmation in the *Magazine of Natural History*, No. 2, likewise conducted by Mr. Loudon:—"Some years ago a white cat of the Persian kind (probably not a thorough-bred one) procured from Lord Dudley's at Hindley, was kept in my family as a favourite. The animal was a female, quite white, and perfectly deaf. She produced, at various times, many litters of kittens, of which, generally, some were quite white, others more or less mottled, tabby, &c. But the extraordinary circumstance is, that of the offspring produced at one and the same birth, such as, like the mother, were entirely white, were, like her, invariably deaf; while those that had the least speck of colour on their fur, as invariably possessed the usual faculty of hearing.—*W. T. Bree, Allersley Rectory, near Coventry.*

Ultramarine:

A French journal announces a discovery of the method of making Ultramarine, by which means the public are supplied with the article at one guinea per ounce, the colour having hitherto been sold from two guineas to two pounds ten shillings per ounce.

Indication of Storms.

Professor Scott, of Sandhurst College, observed in Shetland, that drinking-

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glasses placed in an inverted position upon a shelf in a cupboard, on the ground floor of Belmont House, occasionally emitted sounds as if they were tapped with a knife, or raised up a little, and then let fall on the shelf. These sounds preceded wind, and when they occurred, boats and vessels were immediately secured. The strength of the sound is said to be proportional to the tempest that follows.—*Brewster's Jour.*

To preserve Wine in draught.

M. Imery, of Toulouse, gives the following simple means of preserving wine in draught for a considerable time; it is sufficient to pour into the cask a flask of fine olive oil. The wine may thus continue in draught for more than a year. The oil spread in a thin layer upon the surface of the wine, hinders the evaporation of its alcoholic part, and prevents it from combining with the atmospheric air, which would not only turn the wine sour, but change its constituent parts.

Union of the Atlantic and Pacific.

A letter from Amsterdam states, that the project of cutting a canal, to unite the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean, is about to be revived.

Vesuvius.

An eruption took place on the morning of last March 22nd. An eye-witness writes "the cone of the mountain puts you in mind of an immense piece of artillery, firing red-hot stones, and ashes, and smoke into the atmosphere; or, of a huge animal in pain, groaning, crying, and vomiting; or, like an immense whale in the arctic circle, blowing after it has been struck with several harpoons."

Bees in Mourning.

A correspondent in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*, states that in the neighbourhood of Coventry, there *is* a superstitious belief, that in the event of the death of any of the family, it is necessary to inform the bees of the circumstance, otherwise they will desert the hive, and seek out other quarters.

Rare Insects.

There exists in Livonia, a very rare insect, which is not met with in more northern countries, and whose existence was for a long time considered doubtful, called the *Furia Infernalis*. It is so small that it is very difficult to distinguish it by the naked eye; and its sting produces a swelling, which, unless a proper remedy be applied, proves mortal.

During the hay harvest, other insects named *Meggar*, occasion great injury both to men and beasts. They are of the size of a grain of sand. At sunset they appear in great numbers, descend in a perpendicular line, pierce the strongest linen, and cause an itching, and pustules, which if scratched, become dangerous. Cattle, which breathe these insects, are attacked with swellings in the throat, which destroy them, unless promptly relieved.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MEN AND MONKEYS.

MONKEYS are certainly, there is no denying it, very like men; and, what is worse, men are still more like monkeys. Many worthy people, who have a high respect for what they choose to call the Dignity of Human Nature, are much distressed by this similitude, approaching in many cases to absolute identity; and some of them have written books of considerable erudition and ingenuity, to prove that a man is not a monkey; nay, not so much as even an ape; but truth compels us to confess, that their speculations have been far from carrying conviction to our minds. All such inquirers, from Aristotle to Smellie, principally insist on two great leading distinctions—speech and reason. But it is obvious to the meanest capacity, that monkeys have both speech and reason. They have a language of their own, which, though not so capacious as the Greek, is much more so than the Hottentottish; and as for reason, no man of a truly philosophical genius ever saw a monkey crack a nut, without perceiving that the creature possesses that endowment, or faculty, in no small perfection. Their speech, indeed, is said not to be articulate; but it is audibly more so than the Gaelic. The words unquestionably do run into each other, in a way that, to our ears, renders it rather unintelligible; but it is contrary to all the rules of sound philosophising, to confuse the obtuseness of our own senses with the want of any faculty in others; and they have just as good a right to maintain, and to complain of, our inarticulate mode of speaking, as we have of theirs—indeed much more—for monkeys speak the same, or nearly the same, language all over the habitable globe, whereas men, ever since the Tower of Babel, have kept chattering, muttering, humming, and hawing, in divers ways and sundry manners, so that one nation is unable to comprehend what another would be at, and the earth groans in vain with vocabularies and dictionaries. That monkeys and men are one and the same animal, we shall not take upon ourselves absolutely to assert, for the truth is, we,

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for one or two, know nothing whatever about the matter; all we mean to say is, that nobody has yet proved that they are not, and farther, that whatever may be the case with men, monkeys have reason and speech.

The monkey has not had justice done him, we repeat and insist upon it; for what right have you to judge of a whole people, from a few isolated individuals,—and from a few isolated individuals, too, running up poles with a chain round their waist, twenty times the length of their own tail, or grinning in ones or twos through the bars of a cage in a menagerie? His eyes are red with perpetual weeping—and his smile is sardonic in captivity. His fur is mouldy and mangy, and he is manifestly ashamed of his tail, prehensile no more—and of his paws, "very hands, as you may say," miserable matches to his miserable feet. To know him as he is, you must go to Senegal; or if that be too far off for a trip during the summer vacation, to the Rock of Gebir, now called Gibraltar, and see him at his gambols among the cliffs. Sailor nor slater would have a chance with him there, standing on his head on a ledge of six inches, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, without ever so much as once tumbling down; or hanging at the same height from a bush by the tail, to dry, or air, or sun himself, as if he were flower or fruit. There he is, a monkey indeed; but you catch him young, clap a pair of breeches on him, and an old red jacket, and oblige him to dance a saraband on the stones of a street, or perch upon the shoulder of Bruin, equally out of his natural element, which is a cave among the woods. Here he is but the ape of a monkey. Now if we were to catch you young, good subscriber or contributor, yourself, and put you into a cage to crack nuts and pull ugly faces, although you might, from continued practice, do both to perfection, at a shilling a-head for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, and sixpence for children and servants, and even at a lower rate after the collection had been some weeks in town, would you not think it exceedingly hard to be judged of in that one of your predicaments, not only individually, but nationally—that is, not only as Ben Hoppus, your own name, but as John Bull, the name of the people of which you are an incarcerated specimen? You would keep incessantly crying out against this with angry vociferation, as a most unwarrantable and unjust Test and Corporation Act. And, no doubt, were an Ourang-outang to see you in such a situation, he would not only form a most mean opinion of you as an individual, but go away with a most false impression of the whole human race.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

How heavenly o'er my frame steals the life-breath
Of beautiful Spring! who with her amorous gales
Kissing the violets, each stray sweet exhales
Of May-thorn, and the wild flower on the heath.
I love thee, virgin daughter of the year!
Yet, ah! not cups,—dyed like the dawn, impart
Their elves' dew-nectar to a fainting heart!—
Ye birds! whose liquid warblings far and near
Make music to the green turf-board of swains;
To me, your light lays tell of April joy,—
Of pleasures—idle, as a long-loved toy;
And while my heart in unison complains,
Tears like of balm-tree flow in trickling wave,
And white forms strew with flowers a maid's untimely grave!

New Monthly Mag.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"
Coleridge's Wallenstein.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed:
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave:
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one hope was our's—one path:
Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro where is *thine?*
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

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"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown:
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath,
Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother?—where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
"My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!"

Mrs. Hemans.—Monthly Magazine.

A SUMMER TOUR.

If called upon to propose any summer's journey for a young English traveller, (and it is a call often made with reference to continental tours,) we might reasonably suggest the coasts of Great Britain, as affording every kind of various interest, which can by possibility be desired. Such a scheme would include the ports and vast commercial establishments of Liverpool, Bristol, Greenock, Leith, Newcastle, and Hull; the great naval stations of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, and Milford; the magnificent estuaries of the Clyde and Forth, and of the Bristol Channel, not surpassed by any in Europe; the wild and romantic coasts of the Hebrides and Western Highlands; the bold shore of North Wales; the Menai, Conway, and Sunderland bridges; the gigantic works of the Caledonian Canal and Plymouth Breakwater; and numerous other objects, which it is beyond our purpose and power to enumerate. It cannot be surely too much to advise, that Englishmen, who have only slightly and partially seen these things, should subtract something from the length or frequency of their continental journeys, and give the time so gained to a survey of their own country's wonders of nature and art.

To the agriculturist, and to the lover of rural scenery, England offers much that is remarkable. The rich alluvial plains of continents may throw out a more profuse exuberance and succession of crops; but we doubt whether agriculture, as an art, has anywhere (except in Flanders and Tuscany alone) reached the same perfection as in the less fertile soils of the Lothians, Northumberland, and Norfolk. Still more peculiar is the rural scenery of England, in the various and beautiful landscape it affords—in the undulating surface—the greenness of the enclosures — the hamlets and country churches—and the farm houses and cottages dispersed over the face of the country, instead of being congregated into villages, as in France and Italy. We might select Devonshire, Somersetshire, Herefordshire, and others of the midland counties, as pre-eminent in this character of beauty, which, however, is too familiar to our daily observation to make it needful to expatiate upon it.

Nor will our limits allow us to dwell upon that bolder form of natural scenery which we possess in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, Cumberland, and Derbyshire, and which entitles us to speak of this island as rich in landscape of the higher class. In the scale of objects, it is true that no comparison can exist between the mountain scenery o. Britain, and that of many parts of the continent of Europe. But it must be remembered, that magnitude is not essential to beauty; and that even sublimity is not always to be measured by yards and feet. A mountain may be loftier, or a lake longer and wider, without any gain to that picturesque effect, which mainly depends on form, combination, and colouring. Still we do not mean to claim in these points any sort of equality with the Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees; or to do more than assert that, with the exception of these, the more magnificent memorials of nature's workings on the globe, our own country possesses as large a proportion of fine scenery as any part of the continent of Europe.—*Q. Rev.*

Notes of a Reader.

HERODOTUS.

Perhaps few persons are aware how often they imitate this great historian. Thus, says the *Edinburgh Review*, "Children and servants are remarkably *Herodotean* in their style of narration. They tell every thing dramatically. Their *says hes* and *says shes* are proverbial. Every person who has had to settle their disputes knows that, even when they have no intention to deceive, their reports of conversation always require to be carefully sifted. If an educated man were giving an account of the late change of administration, he would say, 'Lord Goderich resigned; and the king, in consequence, sent for the Duke of Wellington.' A

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porter tells the story as if he had been behind the curtains of the royal bed at Windsor: 'So Lord Goderich says, 'I cannot manage this business; I must go out.' So the king, says he, 'Well, then, I must send for the Duke of Wellington —that's all.' This is in the very manner of the father of history."

SPLENDOUR OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

"In the days of her power and importance, the church of Rome numbered amongst her vassals and servants the most renowned spirits of the earth. She called them from obscurity to fame, and to all who laboured to spread and sustain her influence, she became a benefactress. Her wealth was immense, for she drew her revenue from the fear or superstition of man, and her spirit was as magnificent as her power. The cathedrals which she every where reared are yet the wonders of Europe for their beauty and extent; and in her golden days, the priests who held rule within them were, in wealth and strength, little less than princes. For a time her treasure was wisely and munificently expended; and the works she wrought, and the good deeds she performed, are her honour and our shame. She spread a table to the hungry; she gave lodgings to the houseless; welcomed the wanderer; and rich and poor, and learned and illiterate, alike received shelter and hospitality. Under her roof the scholar completed his education; the historian sought and found the materials for his history; the minstrel chanted lays of mingled piety and love for his loaf and raiment; the sculptor carved in wood, or cast in silver, some popular saint; and the painter gave the immortality of his colours to some new legend or miracle."—All who have visited the cathedrals and churches of the continent, or who have studied their history at home, must acknowledge the truth and force of these excellent observations. They are copied from an ably-written article on the History of Italian Painting, in the second number of the *Foreign Review*.

FREDERICK the Great, in a letter to Voltaire, says, "I look on men as a herd of deer in a great man's park, whose only business is to people the enclosures."—This is one of the *great men* of history.

POTATOES.

A FEW years after the discovery, potatoes were carried to Spain at first as sweetmeats and delicacies. Oviedo says that "they were a dainty dish to set before the king." Labat describes potatoes a hundred years ago, as cultivated in Western Africa, and says of them, "*Il y en a en Irlande, et en Angleterre*," and that he had seen very good ones at Rochelle.

PAINTING

REPRESENTS nature, or poetic nature at the most, and, therefore, addresses itself as much as poetry does to the feeling and imagination of man. Though it deals in nature exalted by genius, embellished by art and purified by taste, still it is nature, still it makes its appeal to the men of this world, and by them it is applauded or condemned. It works for men, and not for gods; therefore every man, as far as his taste is natural and sound, is a judge of its productions.—*For. Rev.*

LAVER.

SUCH of our readers as are not addicted to epicurism may have been somewhat puzzled at the display of "*Fine Fresh Laver*" in the Italian warehouses and provision shops of the metropolis. The truth is, laver is a kind of reddish seaweed, forming a jelly when boiled, which is eaten by some of the poor people in Angus with bread instead of butter; but which the rich have elevated into one of the greatest dainties of their tables. In Scotland, laver is called *slake;* and Dr. Clarke mentions that it is used with the fulmar to make a kind of broth, which constitutes the first and principal meal of the inhabitants. It is curious to know that what is eaten at a duchess's table in Piccadilly as a first-rate luxury, is used by the poor people of Scotland twice or thrice a day. It is an expensive dish; but knowledge of this fact may perhaps abate its cost.

GARDENS.

FERDINAND I. of Naples prided himself upon the variety and excellence of the fruit produced in his royal gardens, one of which was called Paradise. Duke Hercules, of Ferrara, had a garden celebrated for its fruits in one of the islands of the Po. The Duke of Milan, Ludovico, carried this kind of luxury so far, that he had a travelling fruit-garden; and the trees were brought to his table, or into his chamber, that he might with his own hands gather the living fruit.

SNUFF.

EVEN among the rudest and poorest of the inhabitants of Scotland, and at a period when their daily meal must have been always scanty, and frequently precarious, one luxury seems to have established itself, which has unaccountably found its

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way into every part of the world. We mean tobacco. The inhabitants of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, are notorious for their fondness for snuff; and many were the contrivances by which they formerly reduced the tobacco into powder. Dr. Jamieson, the etymologist, defines a *mill* to be the vulgar name for a snuff-box, one especially of a cylindrical form, or resembling an inverted cone. "No other name," says he, "was formerly in use. The reason assigned for this designation is, that when tobacco was introduced into this country, those who wished to have snuff were wont to toast the leaves before the fire, and then bruise them with a bit of wood in the box; which was therefore called a *mill*, from the snuff being *ground* in it." This, however, is said to be not quite correct; the old snuff-machine being like a nutmeg-grater, which made snuff as often as a pinch was required.

ESTIMATING the population of London and its environs at 1,200,000, its proportion of paupers would amount to 100,000!

SCOTCH LIVING.

ROAST meat was formerly seldom seen among farmers in Scotland; and is even now rare, compared with its use among the same class in England. Less than half a century ago, a *mart* was regularly bought or fattened by the most respectable farmers, and even by many citizens. This was a cow or ox killed and salted at Martinmas for winter provision; a custom which, though not uncommon in England, perhaps, one hundred years ago, has certainly not been followed, except in remote and sequestered districts, or by very old-fashioned farmers within that period.

FALSTAFF'S "Buck-Basket" has puzzled the commentators; but Dr. Jamieson thus explains it:—*Bouk* is the Scotch word for a lye used to steep foul linen in, before it is washed in water; the buck-basket, therefore, is the basket employed to carry clothes, after they have been bouked, to the washing-place.

PLEASURES OF EGYPT.

SWEET are the songs of Egypt on paper. Who is not ravished with gums, balms, dates, figs, pomegranates, circassia, and sycamores, without recollecting that amidst these are dust, hot and fainting winds, bugs, mosquitos, spiders, flies, leprosy, fevers, and almost universal blindness.—*Ledyard's Travels.*—The same writer also says the people are poorly clad, the youths naked, and that they rank infinitely below any savages he ever saw.

THERE cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation, than when the people, to avoid hardships at home, are forced by heaps to forsake their native country.—*Milton.*

TOBACCO.

AS the devil is a deceiver, and hath the knowledge of the virtue of herbs, so he did show the virtue of this herb, that by the means thereof they might see their imaginations and visions that he hath represented unto them.

WHISKY.

FROM official documents it appears that long previous to 1690, there had been a distillery of *aqua vitæ*, or whisky, on the lands of Farintosh, belonging to Mr. Forbes, of Culloden.

TRAVELLING INCENTIVES

IF there be a sudden accession of fortune, the earliest use of it is in passing over to the continent; if misfortunes occur, the first suggestion is that of seeking solace in another land. The assumption of the *toga virilis* by our youth, may be practically translated, the putting on of the travelling cloak. Marriage, instead of being the means of more extended family union, is the plea for immediate separation; and the newly-married pair drive from the church to the packet-boat. If the elders of a family are snatched away by death, the first idea which occurs to their successors, is that of distant removal from home. Sorrows are not endured, but fled from; and misfortune becomes the signal for dispersion to those who survive it.—*Q. Rev.*

CHRISTOVAL ACOSTA, speaking of the *pine-apple*, says that "no medicinal virtues have been discovered in it, and it is good for nothing but to eat."

SMOKING.

JOSHUAH SILVESTER questioned whether the devil had done more harm in latter ages by means of fire and smoke, through the invention of guns, or of tobacco-pipes; and he conjectured that Satan introduced the fashion, as a preparatory course of smoking for those who were to be matriculated in his own college:

As roguing Gipsies tan their little elves,
To make them tann'd and ugly, like themselves.

LAW

MUST be kept as a garden, with frequent digging, weeding, turning, &c., for that which was in one age convenient, and, perhaps, necessary, becomes in another prejudicial.—*Roger North.*

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The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

HAVARD, the actor, (better known from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Havard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. "No, no," said her husband; "that will not do, my dear; Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great *compluint lies in his rib.*"

HOW TO SECURE A COACH.

A FACETIOUS friend of Dr. Kitchiner's, on a very wet night, after several messengers, whom he had despatched for a coach, had returned without obtaining one; at last, at "past one o'clock, and a rainy morning," the wag walked himself to the next coach-stand, and politely advised the waterman to mend his inside lining with a pint of beer, and go home to bed; for said he, "there will be nothing for you to do to night, I'll lay you a shilling that there's not a coach out." "Why, will you, your honour? then done," cried Mr. Waterman; "but are you really serious, 'cause, if so be as you be, I must make haste and go and get one." Being assured he would certainly touch the twelvepenny if he did, he trotted off on his "nag a ten toes," and in ten minutes returned with a leathern conveyance.

EPICURE Quin used to say, it was "not safe to sit down to a *Turtle Feast* at one of the City Halls, without a *basket-hilted knife and fork.*"—Another of his quips was, "Of all the banns of marriage I ever heard, none gave me half such pleasure as the union of ANN-CHOVY with good JOHN-DORY."

ONION SOUP

Is thought highly restorative by the French. It is considered peculiarly grateful, and gently stimulating to the stomach, after hard drinking or night-watching, and holds among soups the place that champagne, soda-water, or ginger-beer, does among liquors.

LOBSTERS and crabs are in season from March till October; so that they supply the place of oysters, which come in about the time lobsters go out of season. Lobsters are held in great esteem by gastrologers for the firmness, purity, and flavour of their flesh. When they find refuge in the rocky fastnesses of the deep from the rapacity of sharks and fishermen, they sometimes attain an immense size, and have been found from eighteen inches to upwards of two feet in length. Apicius, who ought to be the patron saint of epicures, made a voyage to the coast of Africa on hearing that lobsters of an unusually large size were to be found there, and, after encountering much distress at sea, met with a disappointment. Very large lobsters are at present found on the coasts of Orkney. Some naturalists affirm (Olaus Magnus and Gesner,) that in the Indian seas, and on the wild shores of Norway, lobsters have been found twelve feet in length, and six in breadth, which seize mariners in their terrible embrace, and, dragging them into their caverns, devour them. However this may be, the lobsters and crabs for being devoured are best when of the middle size, and when found on reefs or very rocky shores.

THE INVISIBLE HAIR.

A MONK was showing the relics of his convent before a numerous assembly; the most rare, in his opinion, was a hair of the Holy Virgin, which he appeared to show to the people present, opening his hands as if he were drawing it through them. A peasant approached with great curiosity, and exclaimed, "but, reverend father, I see nothing." "Egad, I believe it," replied the monk, "for I have shown the hair for twenty years, and have not yet beheld it myself."

CURIOSITY CURED.

A SERVANT travelling, was bothered by a super-curious person, who, after several indirect attempts to discover whence he came, or whither he was going, at last popt the question plainly, "Are your family *before* ?"—"No."—"Oh! you left them *behind*, I suppose?"—"No"—"*No?*"—"No, they are on *one side!*"

TO GROW A SHOULDER OR LEG OF MUTTON.

THIS art is well known to the London bakers. Have a very small leg or shoulder; change it upon a customer for one a little larger, and that upon another for one better still, till by the dinner hour you have a heavy, excellent joint in lieu of your original small one.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 326.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1828. [Price 2d.

Regent Bridge, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, "the Queen of the North," abounds in splendid specimens of classical architecture. Since the year 1769, when the building of the New Town commenced, its improvement has been prosecuted with extraordinary zeal; consequently, the city has not only been extended on all sides, but has received the addition of some magnificent public edifices, while the access to it from every quarter has been greatly facilitated and embellished. Of the last-mentioned improvement our engraving is a mere vignette, but it deserves to rank among the most superb of those additions.

The inconvenience of the access to Edinburgh by the great London road was long a subject of general regret. In entering the city from this quarter, the road lay through narrow and inconvenient streets, forming an approach no way suited to the general elegance of the place. In 1814, however, a magnificent entrance was commenced across the Calton Hill, between which and Prince's-street a deep ravine intervened, which was formerly occupied with old and ill-built streets. In order to connect the hill with Prince's-street, all these have been swept away, and an elegant arch, called *Regent Bridge*, has been thrown over the hollow, which makes the descent from the hill into this street easy and agreeable. Thus, in place of being carried, as formerly, through long and narrow streets, the great road from

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the east into Edinburgh sweeps along the side of the steep and singular elevation of the Calton Hill; whence the traveller has first a view of the Old Town, with its elevated buildings crowning the summit of the adjacent ridges, and rising upon the eye in imposing masses; and, afterwards, of the New Town finely contrasted with the Old, in the regularity and elegance of its general outline.

Regent Bridge was begun in 1816, and finished in 1819. The arch is semicircular, and fifty feet wide. At the north front it is forty-five feet in height, and at the south front sixty-four feet two inches, the difference being occasioned by the ground declining to the south. The roadway is formed by a number of reverse arches on each side. The great arch is ornamented on the south and north by two open arches, supported by elegant columns of the Corinthian order. The whole property purchased to open the communication to the city by this bridge cost 52,000*l.*, and the building areas sold for the immense sum of 35,000*l.* The street along the bridge is called Waterloo-place, as it was founded in the year on which that memorable battle was fought.

The engraving* is an interesting picture of classic beauty; and as the "approaches" and proposed "dry arches" to the New London Bridge are now becoming matters of speculative interest, we hope this entrance to our metropolis will ultimately present a similar display of architectural elegance. LONDON, with all her opulence, ought not to yield in comparison with any city in the world; and it is high time that the march of taste be quickened in this quarter.

ON THE DEATH OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

WEEP, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken,
And the master's hand is cold!
Romance hath lost her minstrel,
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter spell around,
The legends of Almaine.

His fame had flown before him
To many a foreign land,
His lays are sung by every tongue
And harp'd by every hand!
He came to cull fresh laurels,
But fate was in their breath,
And turn'd his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death.

O! all who knew him lov'd him,
For with his mighty mind
He bore himself so meekly,
His heart it was so kind!

His wildly warbling melodies,
The storms that round them roll,
Are types of the simplicity
And grandeur of his soul.

Though years of ceaseless suffering
Had worn him to a shade,
So patient was his spirit,
No wayward plaint he made.
E'en death itself seem'd loath to scare
His victim pure and mild;
And stole upon him quietly
As slumber o'er a child.

Weep, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken,
And the master's hand is cold!

PLANCHE.

* From an exquisite lithograph by J. Goldicutt.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

(For the Mirror.)

IT is impossible at this time of day, to foretell how the future destinies of Europe may be influenced by the subject of these lines. To use the words of the talented author of the *Improvisatrice*, "Poetry needs no preface." However in this instance, a few remarks may not be uninteresting. Until I met with the following stanzas, I was not aware that Napoleon had been a votary of the muses. He has certainly climbed the Parnassian mount with considerable success, whether we take the interest of the subject, or the correctness of the versification into consideration. Memorials like these of such a man, are, in the highest degree, interesting; they serve to display the *man*, divested of the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty. That Napoleon had many faults cannot be disputed, but it is equally clear that he possessed many virtues the world never gave him credit for:—"*Posterity will do me justice.*"

I subjoin two translations of the beautiful lines written by Napoleon at St. Helena, on the portrait of his son. The love he bore to his son was carried to enthusiasm. According to those persons who had access to his society at St. Helena, his young heir was the continual object of his solicitude during the period of seven years, "*For him alone*," he said, "*I returned from the Island of Elba, and if I still form some expectations on earth, they are also for him.*" He has declared to several of his suite, that he every day suffered the greatest anxiety on his account. Since I met with these lines however, I have found that Napoleon had in his youth composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in "Les Annales de l'Europe" a German collection. He was exceedingly anxious in after life to destroy the copies of this poem which had been circulated, and

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bought and procured them by every means in his power for the purpose of destroying them; it is probable not a single copy is in existence at the present period. It has been remarked, that, "it requires nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his son, to inspire him once more. In neither of the original poems is it indicated which he preferred." VYVYAN.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

DELIGHTFUL image of my much loved boy!
Behold his eyes, his looks, his cherub smile!
No more, alas! will he enkindle joy,
Nor on some kindlier shore my woes beguile.

My son! my darling son! wert thou but here,
My bosom should receive thy lovely form:
Thou'dst soothe my gloomy hours with converse dear:
Serenely mild behold the lowering storm.

I'd be the partner of thy infant cares,
And pour instruction o'er thy expanding mind;
Whilst in thy heart, in my declining years,
My wearied soul should an asylum find.

My wrongs—my cares—should be forgot with thee,
My power—imperial dignities—renown—
This rock itself would be a heaven to me;
Thine arms more cherished than the victor's crown.

O! in thine arms, my son! I could forget that fame
Shall give me, through all time, a never dying name.

(Signed.) NAPOLEON.

Another version is subjoined of lines, "To the Portrait of My Son."

O! CHERISHED image of my infant heir!
Thy surface does his lineaments impart:—
But ah! thou liv'st not. On this rock so bare
His living form shall never glad my heart.

My second-self! how would'st thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou should'st warm my age with youthful fire.

In thee, a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own:
Thy kiss would chase past conquests from my mind,
Which raised me demi-god on Gallia's throne.

(Signed.) NAPOLEON.

THE COLOUR—BLUE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

OBSERVING in Number 323 of the MIRROR, an article respecting *blue*, as the appointed colour for the clothes of certain descriptions of persons, it may, perhaps, not be wholly irrelevant to observe that Bentley, in his "Dissertation on Phalaris," page 258, mentions blue as the costume of his guards, and quotes Cicero's "Tusculan Questions," lib. 5, for his authority. I cannot at present turn to the passage in Cicero, but Bentley's quotation may surely be accepted as evidence of the existence of the passage.

Twickenham. H. H.

EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINALS.

(For the Mirror.)

ON the trial of *Henry Marshall*, Dec. 4, 1723, for murder and deer-stealing, a very remarkable circumstance took place. Sentence of death had no sooner been pronounced on this offender, than he was immediately deprived of the use of his tongue; nor did he recover his speech till a few hours preceding his execution.

G. W. N.

July, 1736.—Reynolds, condemned upon the Black Act, for going armed in disguise, in pulling down Lothbury turnpike, with one Baylis, (reprieved, and transported for 14 years,) was carried to Tyburn, where, having prayed and sung psalms, he was turned off, and being thought dead, was cut down by the hangman as usual, who had procured a hole to be dug at some distance from the gallows, to bury him in; but just as they had put him into his coffin, and were about to fasten him up, he thrust back the lid, and to the astonishment of the spectators, placed his hands on the sides of the coffin in order to raise himself up. Some of the people, in their first surprise, were for knocking him on the head; but the executioner insisted upon hanging him up again; when the mob, thinking otherwise, cried, "Save his life," and fell upon the poor executioner, (who stickled hard for fulfilling the law,) and beat him in a miserable manner; they then carried the prisoner to a public-house at Bayswater, where he was put to bed; he vomited about three pints of blood, and it was thought he would recover; but he died soon after. The sheriffs' officers, believing the prisoner dead, had retired from the place of execution before he was cut down.

Sept. 3, 1736.—Venham and Harding, two malefactors, were executed this day at Bristol. After they were cut down, Venham was perceived to have life in him, when put in the coffin; and some lightermen and others, having carried him to a house, a surgeon, whom they sent for, immediately opened a vein, which so far recovered his senses, that he had the use of speech, sat upright, rubbed his knees, shook hands with divers persons he knew

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and to all appearance a perfect recovery was expected. But notwithstanding this, he died about eleven o'clock in great agony, his bowels being very much convulsed, as appeared by his rolling from one side to the other.

It is remarkable also, that Harding came to life again, and was carried to Bridewell, and the next day to Newgate, where several people visited him and gave him money, who were very inquisitive whether he remembered the manner of his execution; to which he replied, he could only remember his having been at the gallows, and knew nothing of Venham being with him. G. K.

LOVE AND JOY.

AN ALLEGORY.

In the happy period of the golden age when all the celestial inhabitants descended upon the earth and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love, and Joy. Wherever they appeared, flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence; they were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them as soon as they arrived at mature years. But in the meantime, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abode; Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forest of Arcadia, where he was brought up amongst the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance, for her features were harsh, her eyes sunken, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples encircled with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unaimable features of her mother were so blended with the sweetness of the father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds gathered round and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew for refuge into her bosom. She had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them and captivate their hearts by her tales of charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress. One day as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the spring; and ever since, the muses' spring has tasted of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for so is her mother; and when she has finished her destined course upon earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

The Contemporary Traveller.

ACCOUNT OF THE VOLCANIC FORMATIONS NEAR THE RHINE.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is a volcanic country on the left bank between Remagen and Andernach, highly interesting to the naturalist, but I believe not visited by the generality of travellers. The late accounts, however, of the formations of a similar kind in Auvergne and Clermont, in the centre of France, and the speculations to which these phenomena have given rise, determined me to explore this district whilst I was in the neighbourhood. Bidding adieu, therefore, to the green little island of Nonnenworth, I made the journey to Brohl, a convenient day's walk of sixteen miles, passing through Oberwinter, Remagen, and Breysig, and the other white and slated villages that enliven the river. It is here the valley of the Rhine narrows, and the succession of ridges and dales which the road skirts, are sometimes entirely barren, at others thickly covered with vines and fruit-trees. Though the former plant is pleasing in the tints of its leaf, and in the idea of cultivation and plenty that its thick plantations present, yet there is a stiffness in the regu-

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larity in which it grows, propped up by sticks; and it is so short, that one's fancy as to its luxuriance, (especially if formed from such poetry as *Childe Harold*,) is certainly disappointed. I made a digression from the road up the little river Aar, which falls into the Rhine near Sinzig. A more striking picture you cannot imagine. The stream is remarkably clear and rapid, the bottom rocky, and its banks, for a considerable distance, are literally perpendicular rocks. The Aar is a perfect specimen of the mountain torrent; it rises in the Eiffel mountains; and, I am told, in the winter does much mischief by inundations. It put me in mind of the Welsh rivulets, particularly some parts of the Dee. This *détour* having taken up more time than I expected, I reached Brohl, late, but in time for the supper at the rustic Gasthoff, which, with a flask of Rhenish wine, and the company of an agreeable German tourist who was staying there, made ample amends for the fatigues of the day.

In setting out from Brohl by the stream of the same name, which runs down from the Lake of Laach, where I was struck with the pieces of pumice-stone, and the charred remains of herbs and stalks of trees scattered over the marshes. I soon came to the valley, the sides of which are composed of what is called, in the language of geology, *tufa*, and in that of the country, *dukstein*, or *trass*. It is a stone, or a hard clay, of a dull blueish colour, and when dry, it assumes a shade of light gray. An immense quantity is quarried throughout the valley, and is sent down the Rhine to Holland, where it is in great request for building. The village of Nippes owes its origin to the trade in trass, having been founded by a Dutchman, who settled there about a century ago for the convenience of exportation. The lower part of the mass is the hardest and most compact, and is therefore preferred by the quarrymen; as it rises, the upper part becomes loose and sandy, and unfit for use. You must not suppose the stream to be clear like the Aar, for it is as thick as pea-soup, and about the same colour, being in fact a river of trass in solution. The banks, however, are picturesque and well wooded, particularly at Schweppenbourg, an old castle of peculiar architecture, built on an elevated rock, and formerly belonging to the family of Metternich, (God save the mark!) The tower is surrounded with caverns and halls, hollowed out of the trass stone, and profusely ornamented with fine oaks, pines, and spreading beech trees. You may almost fancy yourself on magic ground, and looking on a fairy castle, so peculiar is the effect. I next reached Burgbrohl and Wassenach, passing several of the trass mills, for the stone is in many places hard enough for mill-stones, and there is a considerable trade in them to Holland, and thence to England and other countries. Half an hour next brought me to the summit of the Feitsberg, one of the hills forming the circumference of the lake; here I enjoyed a magnificent prospect on the one side of the lake, well clothed with wood, with the old six-towered abbey on its bank, and the heights of the Eiffel chain enclosing it; on the other side, the view was so extensive as to give me a glimpse of Ehrenbreitstein, and of the line of hills from thence to the Siebengebrige. Though my object in climbing the Feitsberg was very different, my surprise and delight in unexpectedly catching Ehrenbreitstein at the distance of twenty-four miles even served to withdraw my attention some time from geologizing, or from the scene close under me. I recollect the same sensation on descrying Gravelines sometime ago from the heights of Dover Castle, not believing the distance to be within the powers of the telescope. True indeed is it that

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

I was now in a rude and barren country, presenting a strong contrast to the soft scenery I had left, and consisting of an elevated mountain plateau, or table land of slate of the Greywacke sort, the heights on the eastern side of the Rhine being of the same level, and the channel of the river appearing as a narrow valley, which the eye overlooks entirely. This table land is studded with isolated hills of volcanic formation, and of a conical form, some of them having central funnels or craters, from which the ancient eruptions have issued. The most complete are the Hirschenberg, near Burgbrohl, the Bousenberg, between that village and Olburg, the Poter, Pellenberg, and the Camillenberg, which last rises about one thousand feet above the level of the surrounding surface. There are many others extending for some distance in the Eiffel chain and in the vicinity, but those I have mentioned are sufficient to guide the footsteps of the inquirer. The basin of the Lake of Laach is nearly circular and crateriform; it is a mile and a half long, and about a mile and a quarter in breadth. Its average depth is two hundred feet, but it is full of holes, the measure of which is very uncertain. Its water is blueish, very cold, and of a nasty brackish taste. It has been examined by several geologists, British and foreign, among whom is the

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famous Humboldt, and there is no doubt that this great reservoir is the crater of an extinct volcano. The fragments and minerals thrown up on the banks are analogous to those found in other volcanic countries; and on one side (that towards Nieder-mennig) is a regular rock of continued lava, which is supposed to have flowed from the crater during the last eruption. Mr. Scrope, whose opinion is entitled to great weight, thinks it not improbable that this may have been the eruption recorded by Tacitus, (13 lib. Annal.,) as having ravaged the country of the Initones, near Cologne, in the reign of Nero. I should not forget to mention that there is a cavern within the basin of the lake, the air of which is so stifling and noxious, that animals die if forced to remain in it, and lights are extinguished by the gas—phenomena precisely similar to those of the well-known Grotto del Cane, near Naples.

While I am on the subject of volcanic phenomena, I may as well add a word on the origin of the trass or tufa, which is so thickly spread over this country. It is similar to that found near Naples, at Mont d'Or, Carbal, and other parts of Italy; and, indeed, all the products of the latter district are pretty nearly the same as these, allowing for the difference of a slate surface in the one case, and a sandy and alluvial soil in the other. The idea of the trass having any connexion with a deluge, is, I believe, now exploded; and geologists have agreed that it is the actual substance ejected by the volcano, subsided into a firm paste. The rain has always been observed to fall heavily after eruptions, and the water running down the sides of the hills, has formed this crust, which makes the bottom and sides of the Laach. The same causes are in action now; and if ever the lake should rise so high as to burst its banks, it would overflow the whole country, and carry terrible destruction with it. Such an event was actually foreseen by the sagacious monks who formerly inhabited the abbey, for they cut a canal nearly a mile long, to give the water vent; and the discharge by it continues to this day. The abbey is now untenanted, and is in a deplorable state of ruin; it was once celebrated for its hospitality and a fine gallery of pictures; all, however, have vanished, and the ruins are now the property of M. Delius, a magistrate of Treves. The situation is so beautiful, surrounded as it is with fine timber, that one would suppose it worth his while to repair the place, particularly as stone is so plentiful in the neighbourhood. It forms, however, as it is, a picturesque addition to the interest of the excursion to the lake. I returned by the mineral spring of Heilbrunn, well satisfied with my inspection of the country. The distance from Brohl to the abbey is little more than five miles, and it is one which I would advise all tourists on the Rhine to make if they have time, whether they be geologists or non-geologists. I fancied I had a clearer conception of Ætna and Vesuvius, and the living fires, from having witnessed the funnels of the extinct ones. At all events, though little is known as to the causes of volcanic phenomena, enough is ascertained to convince us that subterranean fire exists under the whole of Europe, there not being one country or district exempt from occasional earthquakes, or some such signs of terror.

D.

The Sketch-Book.

GARDEN OF BREMHILL PARSONAGE,

The Residence of the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

THE garden contains upwards of two acres, with a gravel-walk under the windows. A Gothic porch has been added, the bow-windows being surmounted with the same kind of parapet as the house, somewhat more ornamental. It lies to the morning sun; the road to the house, on the north, enters through a large arch. The garden is on a slope, commanding views of the surrounding country, with the tower of Calne in front, the woods of Bowood on the right, and the mansion and woods of Walter Heneage, Esq. towards the south. The view to the south-east is terminated by the last chalky cliffs of the Marlborough downs, extending to within a few miles of Swindon. In the garden, a winding path from the gravel-walk, in front of the house, leads to a small piece of water, originally a square pond.

This walk, as it approaches the water, leads into a darker shade, and descending some steps, placed to give a picturesque appearance to the bank, you enter a kind of cave, with a dripping rill, which falls into the water below, whose bank is broken by thorns, and hazels, and poplars, among darker shrubs. Here an urn appears with the following inscription:—"M. S. Henrici Bowles, qui ad Calpen, febre ibi exitiali grassante, publicè missus, ipse miserrimè periit—1804. Fratri posuit."—Passing round the water, you come to an arched walk of hazels, which leads to the green in front of the house, where, dipping a small slope, the path passes near an old and ivied elm. As this seat looks on the magnificent line

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of Bowood park and plantations, the obvious thought could not be well avoided:

" When in thy sight another's vast domain
Spreads its dark sweep of woods, dost thou complain?
Nay! rather thank the God who placed thy state
Above the lowly, but beneath the great;
And still his name with gratitude revere,
Who bless'd the sabbath of thy leisure here."

The walk leads round a plantation of shrubs, to the bottom of the lawn, from whence is seen a fountain, between a laurel arch; and through a dark passage a gray sun-dial appears among beds of flowers, opposite the fountain.

The sun-dial, a small, antique, twisted column, gray with age, was probably the dial of the abbot of Malmesbury, and counted his hours when at the adjoining lodge; for it was taken from the garden of the farm-house, which had originally been the summer retirement of this mitred lord. It has the appearance of being *monastic*, but a more ornate capital has been added, the plate on which bears the date of 1688. I must again venture to give the appropriate inscription:—

" To count the brief and unreturning hours,
This Sun-Dial was placed among the flowers,
Which came forth in their beauty—smiled and died,
Blooming and withering round its ancient side.
Mortal, thy day is passing—see that Flower,
And think upon the Shadow and the Hour!"

The whole of the small green slope is here dotted with beds of flowers; a step, into some rock-work, leads to a kind of hermit's oratory, with crucifix and stained glass, built to receive the shattered fragments, as their last asylum, of the pillars of Stanly Abbey.

The dripping water passes through the rock-work into a large shell, the gift of a valued friend, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory;" and I add, with less hesitation, the inscription, because it was furnished by the author of "The Pains of Memory," a poem, in its kind, of the most exquisite harmony and fancy, though the author has long left the bowers of the muses, and the harp of music, for the severe professional duties of the bar. I have some pride in mentioning the name of Peregrine Bingham, being a near relation, as well as rising in character and fame at the bar. The verses will speak for themselves, and are not unworthy *his* muse whose poem suggested the comparisons. The inscription is placed over the large Indian shell:—

" Snatch'd from an Indian ocean's roar,
I drink the whelming tide no more;
But in this rock, remote and still,
Now serve to pour the murmuring rill.
Listen! Do thoughts awake, which long have slept—
Oh! like his song, who placed me here,
The sweetest song to Memory dear,
When life's tumultuous storms are past,
May we, to such sweet music, close at last
The eyelids that have wept!"

Leaving the small oratory, a terrace of flowers leads to a Gothic stone-seat at the end, and, returning to the flower-garden, we wind up a narrow path from the more verdant scene, to a small dark path, with fantastic roots shooting from the bank, where a grave-stone appears, on which an hour-glass is carved.

A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair. If I cannot welcome some illustrious visiters in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, in this chair have sat some public characters, distinguished by far more noble qualities than "the nobly pensive St. John!" I might add, that this seat has received, among other visiters, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy—poets as well as philosophers, Madame de Stael, Dugald Stewart, and Christopher North, Esq.

Two lines on a small board on this root-house point the application:—

" Dost thou lament the dead, and mourn the loss
Of many friends, oh! think upon the cross!"

Over an old tomb-stone, through an arch, at a distance in light beyond, there is a vista to a stone cross, which, in the seventeenth century, would have been idolatrous!

To detail more of the garden would appear ostentatious, and I fear I may be thought egotistical in detailing so much. I shall, however, take the reader, before we part, through an arch, to an old yew, which has seen the persecution of the loyal English clergy; has witnessed their return, and many changes of ecclesiastical and national fortune. Under the branches of that solitary but mute historian of the pensive plain, let us now rest; it stands at the very extreme northern edge of that garden which we have just perambulated. It fronts the tower, the churchyard, and looks on to an old sun-dial, once a *cross*. The *cross* was found broken at its foot, probably by the country iconoclasts of the day. I have brought the interesting fragment again into light, and placed it conspicuously opposite to an old Scotch fir in the churchyard, which I think it not unlikely was planted by Townson on his *restoration*. The accumulation of the soil of centuries had covered an ascent of four steps at the bottom of this record of silent hours. These steps have been worn in places, from the act of frequent prostration or kneeling, by the forefathers of

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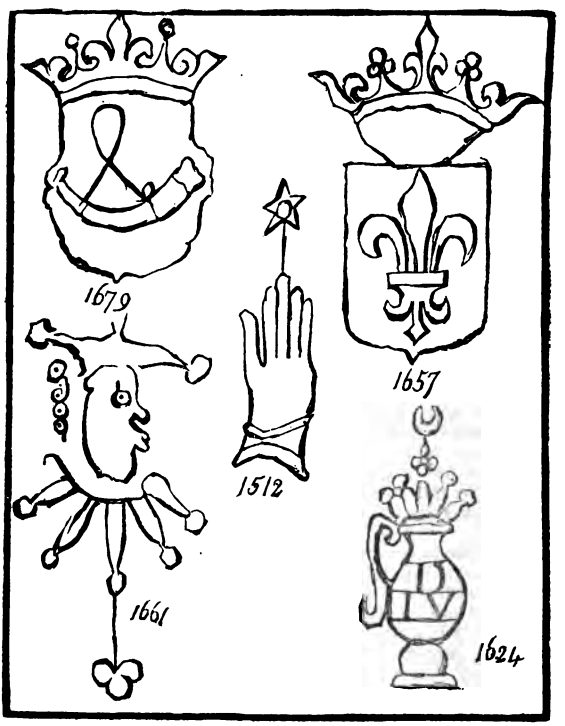
the hamlet, perhaps before the church existed. From a seat near this old yew tree, you see the churchyard, and battlements of the church, on one side; and on the other you look over a great extent of country. On a still summer's evening, the distant sound of the hurrying coaches, on the great London road, are heard as they pass to and from the metropolis. On this spot this last admonitory inscription fronts you :—

" There lie the village dead, and there too I,
When yonder dial points the hour, shall lie.
Look round, the distant prospect is display'd,
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light and shade.
Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode!"

History of Bremhill, by Mr. Bowles.

Retrospective Gleanings.

PAPER MARKS.



PAPER, for the purpose of writing or printing, was first manufactured in this country, according to Anderson, about the year 1598, in the reign of Elizabeth. There is reason, however, to believe, that its manufacture existed here previous to that time. John Tate is recorded to have had a paper-mill at Hertford, in the reign of Henry VII. and the first book printed on English paper, came out in 1495 or 6. It was entitled " Bartholomeus de proprietatibus rerum," and was printed on paper made by John Tate, jun.

The different paper marks are objects of some curiosity. Probably they gave the names to the different sorts, many of which names are retained, though the original marks of distinction have been relinquished. *Post* paper originally bore the wire mark of a postman's horn, as appears on specimens of paper of the date 1679. The fleur de lis was the peculiar mark of demy, most likely originating in France. The open *hand* is a very ancient mark, giving name to a sort, which though still in use, is considerably altered in size and texture.

Fool's-Cap—the name is still continued though the original design of a fool's cap is relinquished.

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Pot Paper.—There were various designs of pots or drinking vessels; this paper retains its proportions and size according to early specimens, but the mark is exchanged for that of the arms of England.

The original manufacturer in this country, John Tate, marked his paper with a star of eight points, within a double circle. The device of John Tate, jun. was a wheel; his paper is remarkably fine and good.

Various other paper marks were in use, adopted most likely at the will or caprice of the manufacturer. Thus we have the unicorn and other non-descript quadrupeds, the bunch of grapes, serpent, and ox'head surmounted by a star, a great favourite; the cross, crown, globe, initials of manufacturers' names; and, at the conclusion of the 17th century and commencement of the last, arms appear in escutcheons with supporters.

SINGULAR REGULATIONS OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY VIII.

THE only alteration in the following is the difference of the orthography which I have made for the benefit of your readers. They are extracts from a curious manuscript, containing directions for the household of Henry VIII.

"His highness' baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same, and if detected, he shall be put into the stocks.

"His highness' attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses, where he goes to visit.

"Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

"No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

"Dinners to be at ten, and suppers at four.

"The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, or talking of the king's pastime.

"The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

"There shall be no romping with the maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken!

"The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen maids.

"The grooms shall not steal his highness's straw for bed, sufficient being allowed to them.

"Coal only to be allowed to the king's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers.*

"The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

"Twenty-four loaves a-day for his highness' greyhounds.

"Ordered—that all noblemen and gentlemen at the end of the session of parliament, depart to their several counties, on pain of the royal displeasure."

The following items contain nothing very remarkable, and if they did, perhaps I have copied enough already for a specimen of this ludicrous manuscript.

W. H. H.

FOUR THIEVES' VINEGAR.

IN an old tract printed in the year 1749, it is stated that one Richard *Forthave*, who lived in Bishopsgate-street Without, sold and invented "*a vinegar*," which had a great run, and he soon became noted; and from this it may be concluded that the length of time has caused the above corruption. The article in the pamphlet is headed "Forthave's Vinegar."

W. H. H.

FISH.

PHILIP II. of Spain, the consort of our Queen Mary, gave a whimsical reason for not eating fish. "They are," said he, "nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water."

It is related of Queen Aterbates, that she forbade her subjects ever to touch fish, "lest," said she, with calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign."

A GENTLEMAN'S FASHION.

IN the reign of Henry VII. Sir Philip Calthorpe, a Norfolk knight, sent as much cloth of fine French tawney, as would make him a gown, to a tailor in Norwich. It happened, one John Drakes, a shoemaker, coming into the shop, liked it so well, that he went and bought of the same, as much for himself, enjoining the tailor to make it of the same fashion. The knight was informed of this, and therefore commanded the tailor to cut his gown as full of holes as his shears could make. John Drakes's was made "of the same fashion," but he vowed he would never be of the *gentleman's* fashion again.

C. F E.

CONVEYANCING.

THE oldest conveyance of which we have any account, namely, that of the Cave

* Hence it was found necessary for the pages and servants to run about to warm themselves with different diversions before going to bed.

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of Macpelah, from the sons of Heth to Abraham, has many unnecessary and redundant words in it. "And the field of Ephron, which was in Macpelah, which was before Manire, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham." The parcels in a modern conveyance cannot well be more minutely characterized.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

"Will she thy linen wash and hosen darn?"
GAY.

I'm utterly sick of this hateful alliance
Which the ladies have form'd with impractical Science.
They put out their washing to learn hydrostatics,
And give themselves airs for the sake of pneumatics.

They are knowing in muriate, and nitrate, and chlorine,
While the stains gather fast on the walls and the flooring—
And the jellies and pickles fall wofully short,
With their chemical use of the still and retort.

Our expenses increase, (without drinking French wines,)
For they keep no accounts, with their tangents and sines—
And to make both ends meet they give little assistance,
With their accurate sense of the squares of the distance.

They can name every spot from Peru to El Arish,
Except just the bounds of their own native parish;
And they study the orbits of Venus and Saturn,
While their home is resign'd to the thief and the slattern.

Chronology keeps back the dinner two hours,
The smoke-jack stands still while they learn motive powers;
Flies and shells swallow up all our every-day gains,
And our acres are mortgaged for fossil-remains.

They cease to reflect with their talk of refraction—
They drive us from home by electric attraction—
And I'm sure, since they've bother'd their heads with affinity,
I'm repuls'd every hour from my learned divinity.

When the poor, stupid husband is weary and starving,
Anatomy leads them to give up the carving:
And we drudges the shoulder of mutton must buy,
While they study the line of the *os humeri*.

If we 'scape from our troubles to take a short nap,
We awake with a din about limestone and trap;
And the fire is extinguished past regeneration,
For the women were wrapt in the deep-coal formation.

'Tis an impious thing that the wives of the laymen,
Should use Pagan words 'bout a pistil and stamen,
Let the heir break his head while they foster a Dahlia,
And the babe die of pap as they talk of mammalia.

The first son becomes half a fool in reality,
While the mother is watching his large ideality;
And the girl roars uncheck'd, quite a moral abortion,
For we trust her benevolence, order, and caution.

I sigh for the good times of sewing and spinning,
Ere this new tree of knowledge had set them a sinning:
The women are mad, and they'll build female colleges,—
So here's to plain English!—a plague on their ologies!
London Mag.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

July 28, 1828.

AND so, most tasteful and provident public, you are going out of town on Saturday next?—We envy you. Mars is gone, and Sontag is gone, and Pasta is going—and Velluti is out of voice—and they are playing tragedies at the Haymarket—and Vauxhall will never be dry again—and the Funny Club are drenched to their skins every day—and "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" is a forgotten blessing. You will be dull in the country if this weather continue—but not so dirty as upon the Macadam. So go.

We shall stay behind, with the Duke of Wellington, to look after business. It would not do for either of us to be gadding, while Ireland, and Turkey, and Portugal want watching. The times are getting ticklish. The stocks are rising most dreadfully, as the barometer falls; and the Squirearchy are beginning to dread that the patridges will be drowned. That will be a sad drawback from the delights of a two-shilling quartern-loaf. For ourselves, we have plenty of work cut out for us, in this our abiding place. The fewer the books which are published, the more we shall have to draw upon our own genius; and the duller the season, the more vivacious must we be to put our readers in spirits. But we have consolation approaching in the shape of amusing work. Immediately that parliament is up, the newspapers will begin to lie, "like thunder," Tom Pipes would say. What mysterious murders, what heart-rending accidents, what showers of bonnets in the Paddington Canal, what legions of unhappy children dropped at honest men's doors! We have got a file of the "Morning Herald" for the last ten years;—and we give the worthy labourers in the accident line, fair notice, that if they hash up the old stories with the self-same sauce, as they are wont to do, without substituting the pistol for the razor, and not even changing the Christian name of the young ladies who always drown themselves when parliament is up, we shall take the matter into our own hands, and write a "Chapter of Accidents" that will drive these poor pre-

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tenders to the secrets of hemp and ratsbane fairly out of the field.—*Ibid.*

AWKWARDNESS.

MAN is naturally the most awkward animal that inhales the breath of life. There is nothing, however simple, which he can perform with the smallest approach to gracefulness or ease. If he walks,—he hobbles, or jumps, or limps, or trots, or sidles, or creeps—but creeping, sidling, limping, hobbling, and jumping, are by no means walking. If he sits,—he fidgets, twists his legs under his chair, throws his arm over the back of it, and puts himself into a perspiration, by trying to be at ease. It is the same in the more complicated operations of life. Behold that individual on a horse! See with what persevering alacrity he hobbles up and down from the croupe to the pommel, while his horse goes quietly at an amble of from four to five miles in the hour. See how his knees, flying like a weaver's shuttle, from one extremity of the saddle to another, destroy, in a pleasure-ride from Edinburgh to Roslin, the good, gray kerseymeres, which were glittering a day or two ago in Scaife and Willis's shop. The horse begins to gallop—Bless our soul! the gentleman will decidedly roll off. The reins were never intended to be pulled like a peal of Bob Majors; your head, my friend ought to be on your own shoulders, and not poking out between your charger's ears; and your horse ought to use *its* exertions to move on, and not you. It is a very cold day, you have cantered your two miles, and now you are wiping your brows, as if you had run the distance in half the time on foot.

People think it a mighty easy thing to roll along in a carriage. Step into this noddy. That creature in the corner is evidently in a state of such nervous excitement that his body is as immovable as if he had breakfasted on the kitchen poker; every jolt of the vehicle must give him a shake like a battering-ram; do you call this coming in to give yourself a rest? Poor man, your ribs will ache for this for a month to come! But the other gentleman opposite: see how flexible he has rendered his body. Every time my venerable friend on the coach-box extends his twig with a few yards of twine at the end of it, which he denominates "a whupp," the suddenness of the accelerated motion makes his great, round head flop from the centre of his short, thick neck, and come with such violence on the unstuffed back, that his hat is sent down upon the bridge of his nose with a vehemence which might well nigh carry it away. Do you say that man is capable of taking a *pleasure* ride? Before he has been bumped three miles, every pull of wind will be jerked out of his body, and by the time he has arrived at Roslin, he will be a dead man. If that man prospers in the world, he commits suicide the moment he sets up his carriage.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself in motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to the place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert confirmation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our souls thrill to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love?

People seem even to labour to be awkward. One would think a gentleman might shake hands with a familiar friend without any symptoms of cubbishness. Not at all. The hand is jerked out by the one with the velocity of a rocket, and comes so unexpectedly to the length of its tether, that it nearly dislocates the shoulder bone. There it stands swaying and clutching at the wind, at the full extent of the arm, while the other is half poked out, and half drawn in, as if rheumatism detained the upper moiety and only below the elbow were at liberty to move. After you have shaken the hand, (but for what reason you squeeze it, as if it were a sponge, I can by no means imagine,) can you not withdraw it to your side, and keep it in the station where nature and comfort alike tell you it ought to be? Do you think your breeches' pocket the most proper place to push your daddle into? Do you put it there to guard the solitary half-crown from the rapacity of your friend; or do you put it across your breast in case of an unexpected winder from your apparently peaceable acquaintance on the opposite side?

Is it not quite absurd that a man can't

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even take a glass of wine without an appearance of infinite difficulty and pain? Eating an egg at breakfast, we allow, is a difficult operation, but surely a glass of wine after dinner should be as easy as it is undoubtedly agreeable. The egg lies under many disadvantages. If you leave the egg-cup on the table, you have to steady it with the one hand, and carry the floating nutriment a distance of about two feet with the other, and always in a confoundedly small spoon, and sometimes with rather unsteady fingers. To avoid this, you take the egg-cup in your hand, and every spoonful have to lay it down again, in order to help yourself to bread; so, upon the whole, we disapprove of eggs, unless, indeed, you take them in our old mode at Oxford; that is two eggs mashed up with every cup of tea, and purified with a glass of hot rum.

But the glass of wine—can anything be more easy? One would think not—but if you take notice next time you empty a gallon with a friend, you will see that, sixteen to one, he makes the most convulsive efforts to do with ease what a person would naturally suppose was the easiest thing in the world. Do you see, in the first place, how hard he grasps the decanter, leaving the misty marks of five hot fingers on the glittering crystal, which ought to be pure as Cornelia's fame? Then remark at what an acute angle he holds his right elbow as if he were meditating an assault on his neighbour's ribs; then see how he claps the bottle down again as if his object were to shake the pure ichor, and make it muddy as his own brains. Mark how the animal seizes his glass,—by heavens he will break it into a thousand fragments! See how he bows his lubberly head to meet half way the glorious cargo; how he slobbers the beverage over his unmeaning gullet, and chucks down the glass so as almost to break its stem after he has emptied it of its contents as if they had been jalap or castor-oil! Call you that taking a glass of wine? Sir, it is putting wine into your gullet as you would put small beer into a barrel,—but it is not—oh, no! it is not taking, so as to enjoy, a glass of red, rich port, or glowing, warm, tinted, beautiful caveza!

A newly married couple are invited to a wedding dinner. Though the lady, perhaps, has run off with a person below her in rank and station, see when they enter the room, how differently they behave.—How gracefully she waves her head in the fine recover from the withdrawing curtsy, and beautifully extends her hand to the bald-pated individual grinning to her on the rug! While the poor spoon, her husband, looks on, with the white of his eyes turned up as if he were sea-sick, and his hands dangle dangle on his thighs as if he were trying to lift his own legs. See how he ducks to the lady of the house, and simpers across the fire-place to his wife, who, by this time is giving a most spirited account of the state of the roads, and the civility of the postilions near the Borders.

Is a man little? Let him always, if possible, stoop. We are sometimes tempted to lay sprawling in the mud fellows of from five feet to five feet eight, who carry the back of their heads on the extreme summit of their back-bone, and gape up to heaven as if they scorned the very ground. Let no little man wear iron heels. When we visit a friend of ours in Queen-street we are disturbed from our labours or conversation by a sound which resembles the well-timed marching of a file of infantry or a troop of dismounted dragoons. We hobble as fast as possible to the window, and are sure to see some chappie of about five feet high stumping on the pavement with his most properly named cuddy-heels; and we stake our credit, we never yet heard a similar clatter from any of his majesty's subjects of a rational and gentlemanly height—We mean from five feet eleven (our own height) up to six feet three.

Is a man tall? Let him never wear a surtout. It is the most unnatural, and therefore the most awkward dress that ever was invented. On a tall man, if he be thin, it appears like a cossack-trouser on a stick leg; if it be buttoned, it makes his leanness and lankness still more appalling and absurd; if it be open, it appears to be no part of his costume, and leads us to suppose that some elongated habit-maker is giving us a specimen of that rare bird, the flying tailor.

We go on a visit to the country for a few days, and the neighbourhood is famous for its beautiful prospects. Though, for our own individual share, we would rather go to the catacombs alone, than to a splendid view in a troop, we hate to balk young people! and as even now a walking-stick chair is generally carried along for our behoof, we seldom or ever remain at home when all the rest of the party trudge off to some "bushy bourne or mossy dell." On these occasions how infinitely superior the female is to the male part of the species! The ladies, in a quarter of an hour after the proposal of the ploy, appear all in readiness to start, each with her walking-shoes and parasol, with a smart reticule dangling from her wrist. The gentlemen, on the other hand, set off with their great, heavy Welling-

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tons, which, after walking half a mile, pinch them at the toe, and make the pleasure excursion confine them to the house for weeks. Then some fool, the first gate or stile we come to, is sure to show off his vaulting, and upsets himself in the ditch on the opposite side, instead of going quietly over and helping the damosels across. And then, if he does attempt the polite, how awkwardly the monster makes the attempt! We come to a narrow ditch with a plank across it—He goes only half way, and standing in the middle of the plank, stretches out his hand and pulls the unsuspecting maiden so forcibly, that before he has time to get out of the way, the impetus his own tug has produced, precipitates them both among the hemlock and nettles, which, you may lay it down as a general rule, are to be found at the thoroughfares in every field.

We hold that every man behaves with awkwardness when he is in love, and the want of the one is a presumption of the absence of the other. When people are fairly engaged, there is perhaps less of this directly *to* the object, but there is still as much of it in her presence; but it is wonderful how soon the most nervous become easy when marriage has concluded all their hopes. Delicate girl! just budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart, for the last ten minutes, has been trembling behind the snowy wall of thy fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at a tall and much-be-whiskered young man for the *mauvaise honte* with which he hands to thee thy cup of half-watered souchong? Laugh not at him again, for he will assuredly be thy husband.

Love, when successful is well enough, and perhaps it has treasures of its own to compensate for its inconveniences; but a more miserable situation than that of an unhappy individual before the altar, it is not in the heart of man to conceive. First of all, you are marched with a solitary male companion up the long aisle, which on this occasion appears absolutely interminable; then you meet your future partner dressed out in satin and white ribbons, whom you are sure to meet in gingham gowns or calico prints, every morning of your life ever after. There she is, supported by her old father, decked out in his old-fashioned brown coat, with a wig of the same colour, beautifully relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears; and the mother, puffed up like an overgrown bolster, encouraging the trembling girl, and joining her maiden aunts of full fifty years, in telling her to take courage, for it is what they must all come to. Bride's-maids and mutual friends make up the company; and there, standing out before this assemblage, you assent to everything the curate, or, if you are rich enough, the rector, or even the dean, may say, shewing your knock-knees in the naked deformity of white kerseymeres, to an admiring bevy of the servants of both families, laughing and tittering from the squire's pew in the gallery. Then the parting!—The mother's injunctions to the juvenile bride to guard herself from the cold, and to write within the week. The maiden aunts' inquiries, of, "My dear, have you forgot nothing?—the shaking of hands, the wiping and winking of eyes! By Hercules!— there is but one situation more unpleasant *in* this world, and that is, bidding adieu to your friends, the ordinary and jailor, preparatory to swinging from the end of a halter *out* of it. The lady all this time seems not half so awkward. She has her gown to keep from cressing, her vinaigrette to play with; besides, that all her nervousness is interesting and feminine, and is laid to the score of delicacy and reserve.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS.

(*From the "Canton Register," the first English Newspaper published in China.*)

BURIAL.

No corpse is allowed to enter the gates of Pekin without an imperial order; because, it is said, a rebel entered in a coffin during the reign of Kienlung. However, even at Canton, and in all other cities of the empire, no corpse is permitted to enter the southern gate, because the Emperor of China gets on his throne with his face towards the south.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE Chinese make their new year commence on the new moon, nearest to the time when the sun's place is in the 15th degree of Aquarius. It is the greatest festival observed in the empire. Both the government and the people, rich and poor, take a longer or shorter respite from their cares and their labours at the new year.

The last day of the old year is an anxious time to all debtors and creditors, for it is the great pay-day, and those who cannot pay are abused and insulted, and often have the furniture of their house all smashed to pieces by their desperate creditors.

On the 20th of the twelfth moon, by an order from court, all the seals of office,

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throughout the empire, are locked up, and not opened till the 20th of the first moon. By this arrangement there are thirty days of rest from the ordinary official business of government. They attend, however, to extraordinary cases.

During the last few days of the old year, the people perform various domestic rites. On one evening they sweep clean the furnace and the hearth, and worship the god of their domestic fires.

On new-year's eve, they perfume hot water with the leaves of Wongpe and Pumelo trees, and bathe in it. At midnight they arise and dress in the best clothes and caps they can procure; then towards heaven kneel down, and perform the great imperial ceremony of knocking the forehead on the ground thrice three times. Next they illuminate as splendidly as they can, and pray for felicity towards some domestic idol. Then they visit all the gods in the various surrounding temples, burn candles, incense, gilt paper, make bows, and prostrate pray.

These services to the gods being finished, they sally forth about daylight in all directions, to visit friends and neighbours, leaving a red paper card at each house. Some stay at home to receive visiters. In the house, sons and daughters, servants and slaves, all dress, and appear before the heads of the family, to congratulate them on the new year.

After new year's day, drinking and carousing, visiting and feasting, idleness and dissipation, continue for weeks. All shops are shut, and workmen idle, for a longer or shorter period, according to the necessities, or the habits, of the several parties. It is, in Canton, generally a month before the business of life returns to its ordinary channel.

MEETING THE SPRING.

FEBRUARY 4, is a great holiday throughout the empire. It is called Yingchun, that is, meeting the spring, to-morrow, when the sun enters the 15° of Aquarius, being considered the commencement of the spring season. It is a sort of Lord Mayor's day. The chief magistrate of the district goes forth in great pomp, carried on men's shoulders, in an open chair, with gongs beating, music playing, and nymphs and satyrs seated among artificial rocks and trees, carried in procession.

He goes to the general parade-ground, on the east side of Canton, on the following day, being Lapchun, the first day of spring, in a similar style. There a buffalo, with an agricultural god made of clay, having been paraded through the streets, and pelted by the populace, to impel its labours, is placed on the ground, in solemn state, when this official priest of spring gives it a few strokes with a whip, and leaves it to the populace, who pelt it with stones till it is broken to pieces; and so the foolish ceremony terminates. The due observance of this ancient usage is supposed to contribute greatly to an abundant year.

PAWNBROKING

Is carried on to a very great extent in China. The system seems divided into two parts; one branch affording aid to those in the very inferior walks of life, and chiefly confined to very small advances; the other granting loans upon deposits of higher value, and corresponding with similar establishments in England. These are authorized by the government; but there are others, we are informed, that exist without this sanction, and are directed to the relief of the mercantile interest. These assimilate very nearly to the late project in London of an Equitable Loan Company, making advances upon cargoes and large deposits of goods.

These houses are as conspicuously indicated, by an exterior sign over the door, as our shops in England are by the three golden balls; but, whether they indicate the same doctrine of chance as to the return of property, we will not pretend to say. Three years are allowed to redeem, with a grace of three months.

TORTURE.

IN China, the laws still permit torture, to a defined extent, and the magistrate often inflicts it, contrary to law. Compressing the ancles of men between wooden levers, and the fingers of women with a small apparatus, on the same principle, is the most usual form. But there are many other devices suggested and practised, contrary to law; and in every part of the empire, for some years past, there have been many instances of suspected persons, or those falsely accused, being tortured till death ensued. From Hoopih province, an appeal is now before the emperor, against a magistrate who tortured a man to death, to extort a confession of homicide; and we have just heard, from Kwang-se province, that on the 24th of the 11th moon, one Netseyuen, belonging to Canton, having received an appointment for his high literary attainments, to the magistracy of a Heen district, in a fit of drunkenness, subjected a young man, on his bridal day, to the torture, because he would not resign the band of music which he had engaged to accompany, according to law and usage, his intended wife to his father's house. The young

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man's name was Kwanfa. He died under the torture, and the affrighted magistrate went and hanged himself.

CHINESE PRISON.

PRISONERS who have money to spend, can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs; after that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers, are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy "burnt-offerings" (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night, they are fettered down to a board, neck, wrists, and ancles, amidst ordure and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to gnaw their limbs! This place of torment is proverbially called, in ordinary speech, "Te-yuk," a term equivalent to the worst sense of the word "hell."

TOUR ROUND THE CITY WALLS.

IT is well known that the Chinese consider their walled towns in the same light as fortifications are regarded in Europe, and disallow foreigners entering them, excepting on special occasions. But there is no law against walking in the suburbs. Usage has, however, limited the Europeans in China to very small bounds. Some persons occasionally violate them, and attempt a longer walk. Once round the city walls has frequently been effected, but always at the risk of a scuffle, an assault and battery, from the idle and mischievous among the native population. On former occasions, some of the foreign tourists have returned to the factories relieved of the burden of their watches and clothes. An English baronet was once, on his passage round, robbed of his watch, and stripped either almost, or entirely naked.

A few days ago, a party of three started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed the circuit at about eight, with impunity. The distance round the walls they estimated to be nine miles. A few days afterwards, two persons set off in the evening for a walk under the city walls; but they were not so fortunate. They were violently assaulted by a rabble of men and boys, the former of whom pursued them with bludgeons, brickbats, and stones, which not only inflicted severe contusions, but really endangered their lives. The two foreigners were obliged to face about, and fight and run alternately the distance of several miles.

We, who know the hostile feelings of the population, are not surprised at the occurrence, and rather congratulate the tourists that they effected their escape so well. We notice the affair to put others on their guard; and (as the Chinese say) if they should get into a similar scrape, they cannot blame us for not warning them of their danger

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

BAPTISMAL PROMISES.

ONE of the subjects for confirmation at a bishop's recent visitation, on being asked by the clergyman to whom she applied for her certificate of qualifications, what her godfathers and godmothers promised for her, said, with much *naiveté*, "I've a yeard that they promised to give me hafe a dozen zilver spoons, but I've never had em though."

A GOOD WIFE.

THE real portrait of a fine lady, wife to one of the ancient and noble family of the Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland, drawn by her husband, and inscribed in old characters upon a wall of a room in Buxton Place, a seat belonging to the noble family, near Maidstone, in Kent.—*Taken rom Mist's Journal.*

"Shee feared God, and knew how to serve him; Shee assigned times for hir devotions and kept them; She was a perfect wife and a true friend, and shee joyed most to affect those nearest and dearest unto me; She was still the same: ever kind and never troublesome; oft preventing my desires, disputing none; providently managing all was mine; living in apparence above my state; yet advanced it; Shee was of a great spirit, sweetly tempered; of a sharp wit, without offence; of excellent speech, blest with silence; of a cheerfull temper modestly governed; of a brave fashion to win respect to daunt boldness; pleasing to all of hir sex; entyre with few, delighting in the best; ever avoiding all places and persons in the honours blemished; and was as free from doing ill as giving the occasion: Shee dyed as she lived, well and blessed; in hir greatest extremity most patient, sending up hir pure soule with many zealous prayers and hymnes to hir maker; powring forth hir passionate heart with affectionate streams of love to hir"——

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"Husband" should have followed, but tradition tells us that by this time his grief swelled to such a height that he could not proceed any further. T. H.

At the recent sale of a provincial theatre and its appurtenances, one article was to be included in the purchase, of which a short lease is by no means desirable—*a new drop.*

BRITISH TARS,

Who are so fond of harmony among themselves, have a great dislike to concord as applied to their enemies, and find even a disagreeable association in the very sound of the word, as the following anecdote will exemplify:—Among the illuminations for the last peace, were some of a very grand description, and on the door of a foreign ambassador in London, the words "*Peace and Concord*" figured at full length in characters of flame. "What say you, Mounsier, *Conquered!*" exclaimed an honest sailor, to whom a stander-by was explaining the mystic words; "shiver my timbers, who ever dared to call us '*Conquered*' yet?" and so saying, was proceeding to extinguish the unlucky blaze, when a civil explanation, to which British bravery is ever ready to yield, restored Peace, and allowed Concord to continue.

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very goodnatured, dull fellow, "'Tis a thousand pities that man is not illnatured! that one might kick him out of company."

NATIONAL COMPLAINTS.

The Englishmen at Paris find fault with the *French roast beef*; the Frenchmen in London complain of the *British brandy.*

The English who visit Paris, imagine that the tavern-keepers have served in the *cavalry*, as they are so expert in *making a charge.*

A foreigner inquiring the way to a friend's lodging, whom he said lived at *Mr. Bailey's, senior*, was shown to the *Old Bailey*, by a Bow-street officer. When he entered the court he imagined that it was his friend's levee.

BENEFIT OF CORRECTION.

A certain bishop declared one day, that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable; it was insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow it made a boy *smart.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"*C'est la Soupe*," says one of the best of proverbs, "'*qui fait le Soldat*;" "It is the soup that makes the soldier." Excellent as our troops are in the field, there cannot be a more unquestionable fact, than their immense inferiority to the French in the business of cookery. The English soldier lays his piece of ration beef at once on the coals, by which means, the one and the better half is lost, and the other burnt to a cinder. Whereas six French troopers fling their messes into the same pot, and extract a delicious soup, ten times more nutritious than the simple *Rôti* could ever be.

THE FAMILY SUIT.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit," exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife, and with the exercise of common prudence it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grand-children."

PORK CHOPS.

It is related, that Fuseli, the celebrated artist, when he wished to summon Nightmare, and bid her sit for her picture, or any other grotesque or horrible personations, was wont to prime himself for the feat by supping on about three pounds of half-dressed pork-chops.

ARDUOUS BAPTISM.

An infant was brought for baptism into a country church. The clergyman, who had just been drinking with his friends a more than usual quantum of the genial juice, could not find the place of the baptism in his ritual, and exclaimed, as he was turning over the leaves of the book, "How difficult this child is to baptize!"

DULL READING.

St. Jerome says, that there is no book so dull, but it meets a suitable dull reader. "*Nullus est imperitus scriptor, qui lectorem non invenial.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 327.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Rosamond's Well, at Woodstock.

FOR the original of the annexed engraving we are indebted to the sketch-book of our esteemed correspondent.* The site is so consecrated, or we should rather say perpetuated, in history, and the fates and fortunes of Rosamond Clifford are so familiar to our readers, that we shall add but few words on the locality of the Well and Bower. Their existence is thus attested by Drayton, the poet, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth:—"Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her *Well*, being paved with square stones in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, being vaults arched and walled with stone and brick, almost inextricably wound within one another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues, take the air abroad, many furlongs about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire."

Sir Walter Scott (of whom, as of Goldsmith, it may hereafter be said, he "left no species of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen") has resuscitated the interest attached to this spot, in his masterly novel of *Woodstock*.† It is here that the beautiful Alice meets the facetious Charles in his disguise of an old woman; and on the bank over the Well is the spot where tradition relates fair Rosamond yielded to the menaces of Eleanor.

The bower consists of fine tall trees, whose branches hang entwined over the front of the well. The spring is contained in a large basin, formed by a plain stone wall, which serves as a facing and support to the bank; the water flows from hence through a hole of about five inches

* SAGITTARIUS.

† For an abstract of "Woodstock," an engraving, and much valuable information respecting the palace, see our vol. vii. pp. 289—316—372—327—338, &c.

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in diameter, and is conveyed by a channel under the pavement into another basin of considerable dimensions, fenced with an iron railing. Hence it again escapes by means of a grating into the beautiful lake of Woodstock Park, or, as it is more modernly termed, Blenheim.

As there is a vulgar error on Rosamond's being buried in the labyrinth, we subjoin the following by another correspondent :—

"Many readers of the MIRROR, perhaps, have hitherto been only acquainted with the fictitious part of Fair Rosamond's history. The few subjoined facts, relative to the eventful life of that lady, may be implicitly relied on, as they are very carefully gleaned from the *most authentic sources*.

"The first mistress to king Henry II. was Rosamond, daughter of Walter Clifford, Baron of Hereford. She was esteemed the greatest beauty in England, and her intrigue with Henry was most probably began when he was not much above sixteen years of age. Very soon after his amorous acquaintance with this lady, the state of political affairs in England required his absence, and he did not again return to this country until the year 1153; so that there must have been a lapse of nearly six years from the period of his first intimacy with Rosamond, to the renewal of that intimacy at his return.

"About the year 1157, king Henry took extraordinary precautions to conceal his intrigue from the knowledge of queen Eleanor, a woman of wonderful spirit and penetration, to whom he had been espoused at the period of his accession to the throne in 1155. This circumstance has given rise to the romantic tradition of his forming a sort of labyrinth at Woodstock Palace, for the purpose of concealing his fond mistress from the vengeance of Eleanor; but the story of her being murdered in that palace by the queen is perfectly false, for it is sufficiently evident that she retired to the nunnery of Godstow, where she ended her days in peace, though in what year it is difficult to decide. After Rosamond's decease, the king bestowed large revenues on the convent; in return for which, he required that lamps should be kept continually burning about the lady's remains, which were interred near the high altar, in a tomb covered with silk.

"We may naturally conclude from these circumstances, that, as long as the connexion between king Henry and Rosamond continued, the former had no other object in his affections; yet we are informed by a writer of Thomas à Becket's life, that there lived a remarkably handsome girl at Stafford, with whom king Henry was said to cohabit. However, observes the same writer, Rosamond *might* have been dead before the second intrigue was commenced."

In these days of "hobgoblin lore," it may not be incurious to add, that Woodstock is distinguished in Dr. Plot's *History of Oxfordshire* (the *title* of which is well known to all readers of the marvellous) as the scene of a series of hoax and disturbance played off upon the commissioners of the Long Parliament, who were sent down to dispark and destroy Woodstock, after the death of Charles I.; and Sir Walter Scott thinks it "highly probable" that this "piece of phantasmagoria was conducted by means of the secret passages and recesses in the Labyrinth of Rosamond"—it must be admitted, a very convenient scene for such a farce.

Here are a few specimens of these absurdities :—

The Commissioners, *October* 13, 1646, with their servants, being come to the manor-house, they took up their lodging in the king's own rooms, the bedchamber, and withdrawing-room; the former whereof they also made their kitchen, the council-hall their brewhouse, the chamber of presence their place of sitting to dispatch business, and a wood-house of the dining-room, where they laid the wood of that ancient standard in the high-park, known of all by the name of the King's Oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots.

October 17.—Something, to their thinking, removed all the wood of the king's oak out of the dining-room into the presence-chamber, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down that room.

October 20.—The curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and much shaken, and eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen of trenchers, thrown about the bedchamber again. This night they also thought whole armfuls of the wood of the king's oak thrown down in their chambers, but of that in the morning they found nothing had been moved.

November 1.—At night the windows were all broken by throwing of stones, and there were most terrible noises in the three several places together, to the extraordinary surprise of all that lodged near them; nay, the very coney-stealers that were abroad that night, were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that in haste they left their ferret in the coney-burroughs behind them, beyond *Rosamond's Well*.

If our present reference should kindle the curiosity of the reader, and he may

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not be disposed to await our time, we beg to recommend him to Glanville's well-known work on witchcraft, which not only contains Dr. Plot's narrative of the Woodstock disturbances, but a multitude of argument for all who are sceptical of this and similar mysteries. This is an age of inquiry, and we do not see why such follies should be left unturned—from Priam's shade to the murderous dreams and omens of our own times.

THE "NAPOLEON" CHILD.

On Friday the 8th inst. we paid a visit to the Bazaar in Oxford-street, to witness this extraordinary sport of Nature, about which the French and English newspapers have lately been so communicative.

The child is an engaging little girl, about three years old. The colour of her eyes is pale blue, and on the iris, or circle round their pupils, the inscriptions on

Left Eye.	*Right Eye.*
NAPOLEON	EMPEREUR
EMPEREUR.	NAPOLEON.

may be traced in the above sized letters, although all the letters are not equally visible, the commencement "NAP" and "EMP" being the most distinct. The colour of the letters is almost white, and at first sight of the child they appear like *rays*, which make the eyes appear vivacious and sparkling. The accuracy of the inscriptions is much assisted by the stillness of the eye, on its being directed upwards, as to an object on the ceiling of the room, &c.; and with this aid the several letters may be traced with the naked eye.

This effect is accounted for by the child's mother earnestly looking at a franc-piece of Napoleon's, which was given to her by her brother previous to a long absence; and this operating during her pregnancy, has produced the appearance in question. It was visible at the child's birth, and has increased with her growth. She has been seen by Sir Astley Cooper and other leading members of the profession, and probably before our Number is published, she will have been shown to the King. She is an interesting little creature, prattles playfully, and will doubtless receive the caresses of thousands of visiters.

Our contemporaries are, we perceive, somewhat divided as to the distinctness of the inscription; but we have given our opinion fairly—and, as the proverb runs, "seeing is believing." One of them describes the child as "a little *boy*, about two years old." This reminds us of the man in the *Critic*, "give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it."

PORTUGUESE PRISONS.

(For the Mirror.)

Most of the Portuguese prisons are horrible in the extreme; and it is utterly impossible for the most hardy individuals, who have the misfortune to be long confined within them, to preserve their health from ruin.

The famous prison of the *Limoeiro*, at Lisbon, is a dreadful place of durance. It is situated on one of the mountaincus streets in the Portuguese metropolis, and was formerly the archbishop's palace. A vast proportion of the crimes committed in the city are plotted between the persons confined within, and those without, the prison; for there is nothing to prevent constant communication with the street through the double iron-bars, so that an unchecked and unobserved intercourse is maintained, much to the furtherance of crime. Through these bars all sorts of food, liquors, raiment, weapons, &c. can be conveyed from the street; and, indeed, through these bars the meals of the prisoners are served. The prison is capable of containing about 700 people; the usual number, however, is 400. The state of the apartments in which the criminals pass their time is truly distressing. The stench is overpowering; and though visiters remain in the rooms only a few minutes, they often retire seriously indisposed. The expense of maintaining the prisoners is 8,000 cruzados, or about 1,000*l.* per annum. Of this sum, one-half is paid by the city, and the other by the *Misericordia*, a benevolent association, possessing large funds from various bequeathed estates. Nevertheless, the food appears insufficient; it consists chiefly of a soup made of rice. The allowance of bread is one pound and a half per day for four persons.

G. W. N.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STREET.

(For the Mirror.)

In London's variegated streets
The eye, whatever pleases, meets;
For like another Street, I know,
Those Streets each day more charming grow.

As if by magic's changeful wand,
Taste, beauty, order, strength combine;
And shew a mighty master's hand
In every graceful curve and line.

But meaner temples strive in vain
Perfection's envied height to gain;
For in our matchless Street alone,
The charm of perfect beauty's known.

How blest, if at that living shrine,
With deepest feeling, warm and true,
The nameless happiness were mine,
To bend in form—and spirit too.

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But no—though in my ardent breast,
The fires of love must ever rise,
Th' adverse circles of my fate,
Forbid the outward sacrifice.

My spirit breathes its inmost breath,
In this my first—my last confession:—
The passion will survive till death,
But never more can know expression.

W.

CHILDE'S TOMB.

(For the Mirror.)

FROM "time out of mind" a tradition has existed in Dartmoor, Devon, and is noticed by several writers, that one *John Childe*, of Plymstock, a gentleman of large possessions, and a noted hunter, whilst enjoying that sport during a very inclement season, was benighted, lost his way, and perished through cold and fear, in the south quarter of the forest, near Fox-tor, after taking the precaution to kill his horse, (which he much valued,) as a last resource, and for the sake of warmth and prolonging life, to creep into its bowels, leaving a paper, denoting, that whoever should find and bury his body, should have his lands at Plymstock.

"The fyrste that fyndes and bringes me to my grave,
The landes of Plymstoke they shal have."

This couplet was found on his person afterwards. Childe, having no issue, had previously declared his intention of bestowing his estates upon the church wherein he might be buried, which coming to the knowledge of the monks of Tavistock, they eagerly seized the body, and were conveying it to that place; but learning on the way, that some people of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept the prey, they cunningly ordered a bridge to be built out of the usual track, thence pertinently called *Guile*-bridge, and succeeding in their object, became possessed of the lands until the dissolution, when the Russell family received a grant of them, and still retain it.

In memory of Childe, a tomb was erected to him in a place a little below Fox-tor, where he perished, which stood perfect till about fifteen years since; but it has been destroyed by some ignorant "landlord or tenant," for building materials, and it is now in a ruinous condition. It was composed of hewn granite, the under basement comprising four stones, six feet long by four square, and eight stones more, growing shorter as the pile ascended, with an octagonal basement, above three feet high, and a cross affixed to it. The whole, when perfect, wore an antique and impressive appearance, and it may now, as it is, be looked upon as an object of antiquity and curiosity.

A socket and groove for the cross, and the cross itself, with its shaft broken, are the only remains of this venerable tomb, on which Risdon says there was an inscription, but now no traces of it are visible.

W. H. H.

REMEMBER THEE.

(For the Mirror.)

REMEMBER thee thou wouldst not cherish—
breathe,
One claim for Memory in a heart like mine;
Yet, all it—all its hopes for Heaven, or Earth
beneath,
Were worthless, if unshared by thee and
thine!

Remember thee! yes, bound in strongest ties
Are those blest ones, that at thy feet may
fall,—
The heart whom Fortune such dear bonds denies,
Is proud to love thee dearer than them all!

Remember thee! there is no shame in this,
Though oft my heart may wander, and my eye,
Picturing fair shapes of too ideal bliss,
Forgets the "cold world of reality."

Remember thee! there is no error here—
To love the gay, the beautiful, the bright,
With fondest passion, then to turn with fear
To sterner duties—tasks forgotten quite.

Remember thou: that one, who loved thee well
Though scorned, and broken-hearted, and undone,
When, without shame, thy ruby lips may tell
How deep the passion of that nameless one!

Remember! oh, remember! in those years
Which fleet so fast—which I may never see;
Then, whilst I linger in this "vale of tears,"
What should I think upon, but God and thee!

THOMAS M——s.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

AUGUST.

(For the Mirror.)

THE *Portumnalia* was a festival in honour of *Portumnus*, who was supposed to preside over ports and havens, celebrated on the 17th of August, in a very solemn and lugubrious manner on the borders of the Tiber.

The *Vinalia* were festivals in honour of Jupiter and Venus. The first was held on the 19th of August, and the second on the 1st of May. The Vinalia of the 19th of August were called *Vinalia Rustica*, and were instituted on occasion of the war of the Latins against Mezentius; in the course of which war, that people vowed a libation to Jupiter of all the wine in the succeeding vintage. On the same day likewise fell the dedication of a temple to Venus; whence some authors

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have fallen into a mistake, that these Vinalia were sacred to Venus.

The *Consuales Ludi*, or *Consualia*, were festivals at Rome in honour of *Consus*, the god of counsel, whose altar Romulus discovered under the ground. This altar was always covered, except at the festival, when a mule was sacrificed, and games and horse-races exhibited in honour of Neptune. It was during these festivals (says Lempriere) that Romulus carried away the Sabine women, who had assembled to be spectators of the games. They were first instituted by Romulus. Some say, however, that Romulus only regulated and re-instituted them after they had been before established by Evander. During the celebration, which happened about the middle of August, horses, mules, and asses were exempted from all labour, and were led through the streets adorned with garlands and flowers.

The *Volturnalia* was a festival kept in honour of the god Volturnus, on the 26th of August.

The *Ambiturvalia* were festivals in honour of Ceres, in order to procure a happy harvest. At these festivals they sacrificed a bull, a sow, and a sheep, which, before the sacrifice, were led in procession thrice around the fields; whence the feast is supposed to have taken its name, *ambio, I go round*, and *arvum, field*. These feasts were of two kinds, *public* and *private*. The *private* were solemnized by the masters of families, accompanied by their children and servants, in the villages and farms out of Rome. The *public* were celebrated in the boundaries of the city, and in which twelve *fratres arvales* walked at the head of a procession of the citizens, who had lands and vineyards at Rome. These festivals took place at the time the harvest was ripe.

The *Vulcanalia* were festivals in honour of Vulcan, and observed at the latter end of August. The streets of Rome were illuminated, fires kindled every where, and animals thrown into the flames as a sacrifice to the deity.

P. T. W.

The Novelist.

BEBUT THE AMBITIOUS

"Hear this true story, and see whither you may be conducted by ambition."
HAFIZ, *the Persian Poet.*

In one of the suburbs of Ispahan, under the reign of Abbas the First, there lived a poor, working jeweller. In his neighbourhood he was known by the name of Bebut the Honest. Numberless were the proofs of probity and disinterestedness which had gained for him this title.

In all disputes and quarrels, he was the chosen arbiter. His decisions were generally as conclusive as those of the Kazi himself. Laborious, active, and intelligent, and esteemed by all who knew him, Bebut was happy; and his happiness was still enhanced by love. Tamira, the beautiful daughter of his patron, was the object of his attachment, which she returned. One thought alone disturbed his felicity; he was poor, and the father of Tamira would never accept a son-in-law without a fortune. Bebut, therefore, often meditated upon the means of getting rich. His thoughts dwelt so much on this subject, that ambition at length became a dangerous rival to the softer sentiment.

There was a grand festival in the harem. In the midst of it, the great Schah Abbas dropped the royal aigrette, called jigha, the mark of sovereignty among the Mussulmans. In changing his position, that it might be sought for, he inadvertently trod upon it, and it was broken. The officer who had charge of the crown jewels, knew the reputation of Bebut; to him he applied to repair this treasure. None but the most honest could be trusted with an article of such value, and who was there so honest as Bebut? Bebut was enraptured with the confidence. He promised to prove himself deserving of it.

Now Bebut holds in his hands the richest gems of Persia and the Indies. Ambition has already stolen into his bosom. Could it be silent on an occasion like this? It ought to have been so, but it was not.

"A single one of these numerous diamonds," said Bebut to himself, "would make my fortune and that of Tamira! I am incapable of a breach of trust; but were I to commit one, would Abbas be the worse for it? No, so far from it, he would have made two of his subjects happy without being aware. Now, any body else situated as I am, would manage to put aside a vast treasure out of a job like this; but one, and that a very small one, of these many gems will be enough for me. It will be wrong, I confess, but I will replace it by a false one, cut and enchased with such exquisite taste and skill, that the value of the workmanship shall make up for any want of value in the material. It will be impossible to see the change; God and the Prophet will see it plainly enough, I know; but I will atone for the sin, and it shall be my only one. Sometime or other I will go a pilgrimage to Mashad, or even to

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Mecca, should my remorse grow troublesome.

Thus, by the power of a "but," did Bebut the Honest contrive to quiet his conscience. The diamond was removed: a bit of crystal took its place, and the jigha appeared more brilliant than ever to the courtiers of Abbas, who, as they never spoke to him but with their foreheads in the dust, could, of course, form a very accurate estimate of the lustre of his jewels.

One day during the spring equinox, as the chief of the sectaries of Ali, according to the custom of Persia, was sitting at the gate of his palace to hear the complaints of his people, a mechanic from the suburb of Julfa broke through the crowd; he prostrated himself at the feet of the Abbas, and prayed for justice; he accused the kazi of corruption, and of having condemned him wrongfully. "My adversary and I," said he, "at first appealed to Bebut the Honest, who decided in my favour." Being informed who this Bebut was whose name for honesty stood so high in the suburb of Julfa, the Schah ordered the kazi into his presence. The monarch heard both sides and weighed the affair maturely. He then pronounced for the decision of Bebut the Honest, whom he ordered the kalantar, or governor of the city, immediately to bring before him.

When Bebut saw the officer and his escort halt before the shop where he worked, a sudden tremor ran through his frame; but it was much worse when, in the name of the Schah, the officer commanded him to follow. He was on the point of offering his head at once, in order to save the trouble of a superfluous ceremony which could not, he thought, but end with the scimitar. However, he composed himself, and followed the kalantar.

Arrived before Abbas, he did not dare lift his eyes, lest he should see the fatal aigrette, and the false diamond rise up in judgment against him. Half dead with fright, he thought he already beheld the fierce rikas advancing with their horrid hatchets.

"Bebut, and you, Ismael-kazi," said Abbas to them, "listen. Since, of the two, it is the jeweller who best administers justice, let the jeweller be a judge, and the judge be a jeweller. Ismael, take Bebut's place in the workshop of his master: may you acquit yourself as well in his office, as he is sure to do in yours."

The sentence was punctually executed; and I am told that Ismael turned out an excellent jeweller.

Bebut-kazi, on his side, took possession of his place. He was quite determined to limit his ambition to becoming the husband of Tamira, and living holily. He immediately asked her in marriage, and was immediately accepted. Bebut thought himself at the summit of his wishes. He was forming the most delightful projects, when again the kalantar of Ispahan appeared at his door. Still, full of the fright into which this worthy person's first visit had thrown him, he received him with more flurry than politeness. He inquired, confusedly, to what he was indebted for the honour of this second visit. The kalantar replied, "When I went to the house of your patron to transmit to you the mandate of the magnanimous Abbas, I saw there the beautiful Tamira with the gazelle eyes, the rose of Ispahan, brilliant as the azure campac which only grows in Paradise. Her glance produced on me the magical effect of the seal of Solomon, and I resolved to take her for my wife. I went this very morning to her father, but his word was given to you; and Bebut-kazi is the only obstacle to my happiness. Listen! I possess great riches, and have powerful friends; give up to me your claim on Tamira, and, ere long, I will get you appointed divan-beghi; you shall be the chief sovereign of justice in the first city in the universe; I will give you my own sister for a wife, she who was formerly the nightingale of Iran, the dove of Babylon. I leave you to reflect on my offer; to-morrow I return for the answer."

The new kazi was thunderstruck. "What! yield my Tamira to him for his sister! Why, she may be old and ugly; 'tis like exchanging a pearl of Bahrein for one of Mascata; but he is powerful. If I do not consent, he will deprive me of my place; and I like my place; and yet I would freely sacrifice it for Tamira. But were I no longer kazi, would her father keep his promise? Doubtful. I love Tamira more than all the world; but we must not be selfish; we must forget our own interest, when it injures those we love. To deprive Tamira of a chance of being the wife of a kalantar would be doing her an injury. How could I have the heart to force her to forego such a glory, merely for the sake of the poor insignificant kazi that I am! I should never get over it; 'tis done! I will immolate my happiness to hers! I shall be very wretched; but—but—I shall be divan-beghi.

If Bebut the Honest, misled by dawning avarice, fancied he committed his first fault for the sake of love, and not of ambition, he must have been undeceived

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when these two rival passions came into competition, and he could only banish the first. If his eyes were not opened, those of the world began to be; for, from that moment, he lost (when he had more need of them than ever) the esteem and confidence he had hitherto inspired, and became known by the name of Bebut the Ambitious.

Not yet aware that the higher we rise in rank, the harder we find it to be virtuous, he was for ever flattering himself with the future. Now, his conduct was to be such as should edify the whole body of the magistracy of Ispahan, of which he was become the head. He would not be satisfied with going to Mecca to visit the black stone, the temple of Kaaba, and purifying himself in the waters of Zimzim, the miraculous spring which God caused to issue from the earth for Agar, and her son Ismael. He would do more; he would distribute a double zekath* to the poor, and win back for the divan-beghi the noble title which the people gave to the mechanic of the suburb of Julfa.

The first judgment which he pronounced as divan-beghi, bore evidence of this excellent resolution; but an unfortunate event occurred, which proved the truth of the following verse of the renowned Ferdusi, in his poem of the "Schah-nameh."†

"*Our first fault, like the prolific poppy of Aboutige, produces seeds innumerable. The wind wafts them away, and we know not where they fall, or when they may rise; but this we know, they meet us at every step upon the path of life, and strew it with plants of bitterness,*"

The royal aigrette of Schah Abbas was again broken, and immediately confided to an old comrade of Bebut. He had not, however, the sirname of "Honest," and his work was consequently subjected to a cautious scrutiny. Now, it was discovered that a very fine diamond had been taken from the jigha and fraudulently replaced; the unfortunate jeweller was arrested and dragged to the tribunal of the divan-beghi. The ambitious Bebut felt that there was no chance for him if he did not hurry the affair to an immediate close. He forthwith condemned his innocent fellow-labourer to the punishment due to his own iniquity, and the sentence was executed on the instant.

His conscience told him that a man like him was unworthy to administer justice to his fellow-citizens. A pilgrimage to Mecca would now no longer suffice to appease his remorse; his ambition told him it could be lulled by nothing but luxury and splendour. By severe exactions, he amassed large sums; and by gifts contrived to gain over the most influential members of the divan; he thus got appointed Khan of Schamachia, and, from the modest distinctions of the judicature, he passed to the turbulent honours of military power—a change by no means rare in Persia.

Abbas was then collecting all his forces to march against the province of Kandahar, and to reduce the Afghans, who have since ruled over his descendants. In the battles fought on this occasion, Bebut the Ambitious gained the signal favour of one equally ambitious; for Abbas was an indefatigable conqueror, whom fortune, with all her favours, could never satisfy.

The Khan of Schamachia was so thoroughly devoted to his master, so blindly subservient to his will, that he presently became his confidant. He was the very man for the favour of a despot; he had no opinion of his own, and could always find good reasons for those to which he assented. This, in the eyes of Abbas, constituted an excellent counsellor.

The monarch triumphed. Conqueror of the Kurdes, the Georgians, the Turks, and the Afghans, he re-entered Ispahan in triumph. He had already made it the capital of his dominions, and now proposed to himself to enjoy there quietly, in the midst of his glory, the fruits of his vast conquests; but the heart of the ambitious can never know repose. The grandeur of the sovereign crushed the people; Abbas felt this; he knew that, though powerful, he was detested; he trembled even in the inmost recesses of his palace. In pursuance of the Oriental policy which has of late years been introduced into Europe, he resolved to give a diversion to the general hatred, which, in concentrating itself towards a single point, endangered the safety of his throne. With this design, he established, in the principal towns, numerous colonies from the nations he had conquered, and gave them privileges which excited the jealousy of the original inhabitants. The nation immediately divided into two powerful factions, the one calling itself the Polenks, the other the Felenks party. Abbas took care to keep up their strength; by alternately exciting and moderating their violence, he distracted

* *Zekath* is the Persian name for the tithe of alms which the Koran enjoins to be distributed among the poor.

† *Schah-nameh* signifies the royal book. It was composed by order of Mahmoud the Gaznevide, and contains 60,000 distichs, the history of the ancient sovereigns of Persia.

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their attention from the affairs of government. The disputes between them sometimes looked very serious; but they were kept under until the festival of the birth-day of the Schah; on that occasion, the contenders were at last permitted to show their joy by a general fight. Armed with sticks and stones, they strewed the streets with bodies of the dying and the dead. Then the royal troops suddenly appeared, and proclaimed the day's amusements at an end, with slashes of the sabres drove back the Polenks and the Falenks to their homes.

But no sooner had this great politician ceased to fear his people, than he began first to dread his court, and next, his own family. Of his three sons, two had, by his command, been deprived of sight. By the laws of Persia, they were consequently declared incapable of reigning, and imprisoned in the castle of Alamuth.* He had only one now remaining. This was the noble and generous Safi Mirza—the delight of his father, and the hope of the people. His brilliant qualities, however, were destined only to be his destruction.

Abbas was one day musing, with some uneasiness, on the valour and popular virtues of his son, when the young prince suddenly appeared. He threw himself at his father's feet. He presented him a note which he had just received, and in which, without discovering their names, the nobles of the kingdom declared their weariness of his tyranny. They proposed to the youth to ascend the throne, and undertook to clear his way to it. Safi Mirza, indignant at a project which tended to turn him into a parricide, declared all to the Schah, and placed himself entirely at his disposal. Abbas embraced him, covered him with caresses, and felt his affection for him increase; but, from that moment, his fears redoubled. His anxiety even prevented him from sleeping. In order to get at the conspirators, he caused numbers of really innocent persons to die in tortures; and, feeling that every execution rendered him still more odious, he feared that his son would be again solicited, and would not again have virtue to resist.

This state of terror and suspicion becoming insupportable to him, he resolved to rid himself of it at any cost. A slave was ordered to murder the prince. He refused to obey, and presented his own head. "Have I, then, none but ingrates and traitors about me, to eat my bread and salt?" cried Abbas, — "I swear by my sabre and by the Koran, that, to him who will remove Safi Mirza, my generosity and gratitude shall be boundless." Bebut the Ambitious advanced, and said,—"It is written, that what the king wills cannot be wrong. To me thy will is sacred—it shall be obeyed." He went immediately to seek the prince. He met him coming out of the bath, accompanied by a single akta or valet. He drew his sabre, and presenting the royal mandate,—"Safi Mirza," said he, "submit! Thy father wills thy death!"—"My father wills my death!" exclaimed the unfortunate prince, with a tone "more in sorrow than in anger." "What have I done, that he should hate me?" And Bebut laid him dead at his feet.

As a reward for his crime, Abbas sent him the royal vest, called the calaata, and immediately created him his Etimadoulet, or Prime Minister.

Paternal love, however, presently resumed its power. Remorse now produced the same effect upon the king, as terror had done before. His nights seemed endless. The bleeding shade of his son incessantly appeared before him, banishing the peace and slumber to which it had been sacrificed. Shrouded in the garb of mourning, the monarch of Persia dismissed all pleasure from his court; and, during the rest of his life, could not be known by his attire from the meanest of his subjects.

One day he sent for Bebut, who found him standing on the steps of his throne, entirely clothed in scarlet, the red turban of twelve folds around his head,—in short, in the garb assumed by the kings of Persia when preparing to pronounce the decree of death. Bebut shuddered. "It is written," said the Schah, "that what the king wills cannot be wrong. Give me to-day the same proof of thy obedience which thou didst once before. Bebut, thou hast a son—bring me his head!" Bebut attempted to speak. "Bebut, Etimadoulet, Khan of Schamachia—is, then, thy ambition satiated, that thou hesitatest to satisfy my commands? Obey! Thy life depends on it!"

Bebut returned with the head of his only child. "Well," said the father of Mirza, with a horrid smile, "How dost feel?"—"Let these tears tell you how," answered the unhappy Khan: "I have killed with my own hand the being I loved best on earth. You can ask nothing beyond. This day, for the first time, I have cursed ambition, which could subject me to a necessity like this." —"Go," said the monarch: "You can

* That is to say, the *Castle of the Dead*. It was situated in the Mazunderan, (the ancient Hircania), and had been the abode of the Old Man of the Mountain, the Prince of Assassins.

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now judge what you have made me suffer, in murdering my son. Ambition has rendered us the two most wretched beings in the empire. But, be it your comfort, that your ambition can soar no higher; for this last deed has brought you on a level with your sovereign."*

Abbas received from his subjects and posterity the sirname of THE GREAT. Bebut the Ambitious was presently known only by the title of Bebut THE INFAMOUS. It is said, he was a short time after stabbed by the son of the unfortunate jeweller, whom he had so unjustly condemned to death when divan-beghi. Thus were the words of the poet Ferdusi verified. His first fault was the cause of all the others, and their common punishment.—*Oriental Herald.*

* A king coolly ordering one of his subjects to cut off the head of his own child, and being obeyed, is a circumstance so monstrous, that it would appear beyond all possibility, if it were not supported by numerous examples. But, incredible as it may seem, it only paints the common manners of a court, where tyranny, and the vices which it engenders, altogether extinguish the influence of nature.

Notes of a Reader.

MURDER.

WE are not accustomed to study the claptraps of the day, but the following observations, on our first reading of them, came so forcibly on our imagination, that we then resolved to insert them in our columns whenever an opportunity should offer; and as the public are now *alive* on the subject, none can be better than the present. We should add, they are taken from the third edition of a valuable work on Rome, written by a lady:—

"I think," says our authoress, "we are quite mistaken in our estimate of the Italian character, in one respect. Murder is generally committed in the sudden impulse of ungovernable passion, not with the slow premeditation of deliberate revenge. That it is too common a termination of Italian quarrels, it would be vain to deny; and it is equally true, that however Englishmen may fall out, or however angry they may be, drunk or sober, they never think of stabbing, but are always content with beating each other. But in England murders are generally committed in cold blood, and for the sake of plunder. In Italy they are more frequently perpetrated in the moment of exasperation, and for the gratification of the passions. An Italian will pilfer or steal, cheat or defraud you, in any way he can. He would rob you if he had courage; but he seldom murders for the sake of gain. In proof of this, almost all the murders in Italy are committed amongst the lower orders. One man murders another who is as much a beggar as himself. Whereas, our countrymen walk about the unlighted streets of Rome or Naples, at all hours, in perfect safety. I never heard of one having been attacked, although the riches of *Milor' Inglese* are proverbial. Amongst the immense number of English who have lately travelled through Italy, though all have been cheated, a few only have been robbed; and of these, not one has either been murdered or hurt. I am far, however, from thinking that murders are more frequent in England than in Italy. In England they are held in far more abhorrence; they are punished, not only with the terrors of the law, but the execrations of the people. Every murder resounds through the land—it is canvassed in every club, and told by every village fireside; and inquests, trials, and newspapers proclaim the lengthened tale to the world. But in Italy, it is unpublished, unnamed, and unheeded. The murderer sometimes escapes wholly unpunished. Sometimes he compounds for it by paying money, if he has any—and sometimes he is condemned to the gallies, but he is rarely executed."

WINDSOR CASTLE.

WINDSOR CASTLE loses a great deal of its architectural impression (if I may use that word) by the smooth neatness with which its old towers are now chiselled and mortared. It looks as if it was washed every morning with *soap and water*, instead of exhibiting here and there a straggling flower, or creeping weather-stains. I believe this circumstance strikes every beholder; but most imposing, indeed, is its distant view, when the broad banner floats or sleeps in the sunshine, amidst the intense blue of the summer skies, and its picturesque and ancient architectural vastness harmonizes with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed monarchs. The stately, long-extended avenue, and the wild sweep of devious forests, connected with the eventful circumstances of English history, and past regular grandeur, bring back the memory of Edwards and Henries, or the gallant and accomplished Surrey.

On Windsor Castle, written 1825, *not by a* LAUREATE, *but a poet of loyal, old Church-of-England feelings.**

Not that thy name, illustrious dome, recalls
The pomp of chivalry in banner'd halls;
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights;
Not that young Surrey here beguiled the hour,
"With eyes upturn'd unto the maiden's tower;"†

* The author had been chaplain to the Prince Regent.

† Surrey's Poems.

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Oh! not for these, and pageants pass'd away,
I gaze upon your antique towers and pray—
But that my SOVEREIGN here, from crowds with-
drawn,
May meet calm peace upon the twilight lawn;
That here, among these gray, primæval trees,
He may inhale health's animating breeze;
And when from this proud terrace he surveys
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze,
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures
green,)
May he reflect upon the waves that roll,
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,
And feel, (ambition's proudest boast above,)
A KING'S BEST GLORY IS HIS COUNTRY'S LOVE!

The range of cresting towers has a double interest, whilst we think of gorgeous dames and barons bold, of Lely and Vandyke's beauties, and gay, and gallant, and accomplished cavaliers like Surrey. And who ever sat in the stalls at St. George's chapel, without feeling the impression, on looking at the illustrious names, that here the royal and ennobled knights, through so many generations, sat each installed, whilst arms, and crests, and banners, glittered over the same seat?—*Bowles's History of Bremhill.*

THE THREE TEACHERS.

To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers, "every thing might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were, *Necessity*, *Habit*, and *Time*. At his starting in life, *Necessity* had told him, that if he hoped to *live* he must *labour*; *Habit* had turned the labour into an *indulgence*; and *Time* gave every man an hour for every thing, unless he chose to yawn it away."—*Salathiel.*

IRISH POOR.

THE poor of England have suffered much and deeply from the change made in the administration of the poor laws in 1795; but of late years they have suffered still more from the influx of Irish paupers. Great Britain has been overrun by half-famished hordes, that have, by their competition, lessened the wages of labour, and by their example, degraded the habits, and lowered the opinions of the people with respect to subsistence. The facilities of conveyance afforded by steam-navigation are such, that the merest beggar, provided he can command a sixpence, may get himself carried from Ireland to England. And when such is the fact—when what may almost without a metaphor be termed floating bridges, have been established between Belfast and Glasgow, and Dublin and Liverpool—does any one suppose, that if no artificial obstacles be thrown in the way of emigration, or if no efforts be made to provide an outlet in some other quarter for the pauper population of Ireland, we shall escape being overrun by it? It is not conceivable that, with the existing means of intercourse, wages should continue to be, at an average, 20*d.* per day in England, and only 4*d.* or 5*d.* in Ireland. So long as the Irish paupers find that they can improve their condition by coming to England, thither they will come. At this moment, five or six millions of beggars are all of them turning their eyes, and many of them directing their steps to this land of promise! The locusts that "will eat up every blade of grass, and every green thing," are already on the wing.—*Edin. Rev.*

ACCORDING to the parliamentary returns of 1815, the number of paupers receiving parochial relief in England amounts to 895,336, in a population of 11,360,505, or about one-twelfth of the whole community.

THERE are many on the continent who might far better have been treading their turnip-fields, or superintending their warehouses at home, than traversing the Alps, criticising the Pantheon, or loitering through the galleries of the Vatican.

TWENTY years ago there were at Saffet and at Jerusalem but a small number of Polish Jews—some few hundreds at the most; there are now, at the very least, 10,000.

BISHOP WATSON compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide.

IT is the harmony of strong contrasts in which greatness of character truly dwells. As it rises, its variety and rich profusion only remind us of those southern mountains, whose majestic ascent combines the fruits of every latitude, and the temperature of every clime; the vineyard is scattered around its base to gladden, and the corn-field waves above to support, the family of man; mount a little higher, and the traveller is surrounded by the deep, umbrageous forest, whilst the next elevation will place his foot on its magnificent diadem of eternal snows.—*Edin. Rev.*

PSALMODY.

Is it not a melancholy reflection, at the close of a long life, that, after reciting the Psalms at proper seasons, through the greatest part of it, no more should be known of their true meaning and appli-

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cation, than when the Psalter was first taken in hand in school?—*Bishop Horne.*

THE most northern library in the world is that of Reikiarik, the capital of Iceland, containing about 3,600 volumes. That of the Faro Islands has been recently considerably augmented. Another is establishing at Eskefiorden, in the north of Iceland.—*Foreign Q. Rev.*

FRENCH—ENGLISH.

ALL recent works of fiction exhibit the deplorable corruption of the vernacular English. You cannot open a novel or book of travels printed within the present year without stumbling on French or Italian words, and so frequent is their occurrence, that they are often printed in the same type as the rest of the page, not in italic, as of old. In short, some of the authors of the present day seem to have "worn their language to rags, and patched it up with scraps and ends of foreign." This, in great measure proceeds from "some far-journeyed gentlemen, who, at their return home, powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France, will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter."

DEBAUCHERIES OF PARIS.

WE see daily instances giving us cause to lament protracted residence abroad, and also the haunts of incessant transit across the channel, which makes our young men more familiar with the passages, arcades, and cafés of the Palais Royal, than with the streets of our own metropolis. We have seen many who could name each single quay along the borders of the Seine; but who were totally ignorant of those great works of art, the bridges, docks, and warehouses of their native Thames, otherwise than as they were hurried past them in the Calais steam-boat.—*Quarterly Review.*

WE have been somewhat amused with the oddity of a few similes in the article in Phillips's *State Trials*, in the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*. Thus an ordinary reader would lose his way in *Howell's State Trials*, at the second page, "from the number of volumes, smallness of print, &c." "A Londoner might as well take a morning walk through an Illinois prairie, or dash into a back-settlement forest, without a woodman's aid." Mr. Phillips has "enclosed but a corner of the waste, swept little more than a single stall in the Augean stable;" "holding a candle to the back-ground of history," &c.

LORD COLLINGWOOD

Went to sea when eleven years old. He used, himself, to tell as an instance of his simplicity at this time, "that as he was sitting crying for his separation from home, the first lieutenant observed him; and pitying the tender years of the poor child, spoke to him in terms of such encouragement and kindness, which, as Lord C. said, so won upon his heart, that taking this officer to his box, he offered him in gratitude a large piece of plum cake, which his mother had given him.

CHANGES OF SOCIETY.

THE circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind 10,000 counters, at 10,000 fire-sides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows.—*Edinburgh Review.*

BATTLE OF THE HEADS.

Phrenologists.—Anti-Phrenologists. Phrenologists. The bantling which but a few years since we ushered into the world, is now become a giant; and as well might you attempt to smother him as to entangle a lion in the gossamer, or drown him in the morning dew.

Anti-Phrenologists. Your giant is a butterfly; to-day he roams on gilded wings, to-morrow he will show his hideousness and be forgotten.

APF, a Norwegian prince, is stated to have had sixty guards, each of whom, previous to being enrolled, was obliged to lift a stone which lay in the royal courtyard, and required the united strength of ten men to raise. They were forbidden to seek shelter during the most tremendous storms, nor were they allowed to dress their wounds before the conclusion of a combat. What would some of our "Guards" say to such an ordeal?

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

No picture is exactly like the original; nor is a picture good in proportion as it is

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like the original. When Sir Thomas Lawrence paints a handsome peeress, he does not contemplate her through a powerful microscope, and transfer to the canvass the pores of the skin, the blood-vessels of the eye, and all the other beauties which Gulliver discovered in the Brobdignagian maids of honour. If he were to do this, the effect would not merely be unpleasant, but unless the scale of the picture were proportionably enlarged, would be absolutely *false*. And, after all, a microscope of greater power than that which he had employed, would convict him of innumerable omissions.

It is calculated that Rome has derived from Spain, for matrimonial briefs, and other machinery of the Papal court, since the year 1500—no less than 76,800,000*l.* or about three millions and a half per Pope! This is preachee and payee too!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE BACHELOR'S VADE-MECUM.

To obviate the difficulties and remove the perplexing doubts of cautious men, myself and a party of friends, who have a large acquaintance in London and its vicinity, propose publishing a work in monthly parts, which we mean to entitle "The Bachelor's Vade-mecum, or a sure guide to a good match." It will contain a list of all genuine and undoubted heiresses in the metropolis, and within ten miles around it, and of those ladies whose fortune depends on contingencies: as our correspondence and information increase, we shall hope to extend the circle of our inquiries, and we solicit those communications and assistances which the extent and utility of our plan require and deserve. Notices will be given of all who drop off by death and marriage, and of those whose value may be unexpectedly increased by a legacy, or a sister or brother's decease. Particular attention will be paid to rich widows.—The first part of this truly useful work is nearly ready for the press; and we flatter ourselves that its arrangement and execution will excite universal applause. The particulars concerning each lady will be distributed under four heads; the first will be devoted to her fortune and expectations; the second to a description of her person; the third to non-essentials; and under the fourth will be found hints as to the readiest means of approach, cautions against offending peculiar tastes or prejudices, and much interesting and valuable information.—A more clear idea, however, of our scheme will be conveyed by subjoining a few specimens taken at random from our first number, which will contain about seventy-five articles.

No. 14.

Fortune.—10,000*l.* certain, left by a grandfather; two brothers have the same, one of whom is likely to die before he is of age, which would produce 5,000*l.* more. The father in business, supposed to live up to his income. A rich, single aunt, but not on terms, on account of No. 14's love of waltzing. A prudent husband might easily effect a reconciliation.

Person.—Fair, with red hair, and freckled, nose depressed, brow contracted, figure good, two false teeth.

Non-essentials.—Bad-tempered, economical almost to parsimony. Sings a great deal, but has no voice. Dances well; a Roman Catholic.

Miscellaneous Information.—Fond of winning at cards. A particular dislike to large whiskers; disapproves of hunting; makes her own gowns, and likes to have them admired.

No. 26.

Fortune.—16,000*l.* from her father, who is dead, and 10,000*l.* more certain on the death of her mother, who is at present ill. It is hoped that her complaint is dropsy, but more information on this point shall be given in our next Number.

Person.—Fair, with fine blue eyes, good teeth, beautiful light hair. Tall and well made. Hands and feet bad.

Non-essentials.—Weak in understanding, and rather ungovernable in temper. Has been taught all fashionable accomplishments; plays well on the harp; sings Italian. Bites her nails, cannot pronounce her h's, and misplaces her v's and w's. Her father was a but her.

Miscellaneous Information.—Keeps a recipe-book, and is fond of prescribing for colds and tooth-aches. Has a great dislike to lawyers. Eats onions. Fond of bull-finches and canary-birds. Collects seals. Attends lectures on chemistry. Sits with her mouth open.

No. 43.

Fortune.—60,000*l.* in her own disposal.

Person.—Aquiline nose, large dark eyes, tall and thin. Fine teeth and hair, supposed false; but the lady's-maid has high wages, and has not yet been brought to confess.

Non-essentials.—Plays well on the piano. Good-tempered. Aged sixty-three. Evangelical, and a blue-stocking

Miscellaneous Information.—Dislikes military and naval men. Fond of hares and trout. Has a great objection to waltz-

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ing. Aunt to No. 14. A prudent man might easily widen the breach between them. Attends Bible-meetings and charity-schools. Lame of one leg.

No. 61.

Fortune.—An only child; father a widower, with landed property to the amount of 1,500*l.* per annum, and 40,000*l.* in the Three per Cents. It is possible he may marry again, but it is hoped that this may not occur. The daughter lives with a maternal aunt.

Person.—A decidedly handsome brunette. Tall, and well made.

Non-essentials.—Charitable almost beyond her means; from which, and her wishing her father to marry, she is supposed to be extremely weak. Temper excellent; said to be well educated, but of too retiring a disposition to allow of our discovering the fact without more trouble than the matter is worth.

Miscellaneous Information.—Fond of the country. Goes twice to church on Sundays; but this affords no opportunity to a lover, as she never looks about her. Has an uncle a bishop, which may recommend her to a clergyman.

Every person who has directed his attention to the subject, must perceive at a glance the immense utility of a work of this nature, conducted, as it will be, by men who pledge their characters on the correctness of the information they convey. When a bachelor decides on marriage, by running over a few pages of our work, he will, in half an hour, be able to select a desirable match; by applying at our office, and giving testimonials of his respectability, he will receive the lady's name and address; and he may then pursue his object with a calm tranquillity of mind, a settled determination of purpose, which are in themselves the heralds and pledges of success. Or, should he meet in society a lady who pleases his taste, before resigning himself to his admiration, he will make inquiries at our office as to the number under which we have placed her in our list; and should she be of too little value to deserve a place in it, he will vigorously root her from his imagination, and suffer himself no longer to hover round her perilous charms, "come al lume farfalla."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LONDON LYRICS.—TABLE TALK.

To weave a culinary clue,
Whom to eschew, and what to chew,
Where shun, and where take rations,
I sing. Attend, ye diners-out,
And, if my numbers please you, shout
"Hear, hear!" in acclamations.

There are who treat you, once a year,
To the same stupid set; good cheer
Such hardship cannot soften.
To listen to the self-same dunce,
At the same leaden table, once
Per annum's once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
With men I like the meat I hate—
Colman with pig and treacle;
Luttrell with veal-and-pasty join,
Lord Normanby with orange-wine,
And rabbit-pie with Jekyll.

Add to George Lambe a sable snipe,
Conjoin with Captain Morris tripe,
By parsley-roots made denser;
Mix Macintosh with mackerel, with
Calves-head and bacon Sydney Smith,
And mutton-broth with Spencer.

Shun sitting next the wight, whose drone
Bores, *sotto voce*, you alone
With flat colloquial pressure:
Debarr'd from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from orient soup,
To occidental Cheshire.

He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home, and talk with none—
At all events, to strangers,
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry, "Long time I bore,"
To warn them of their dangers.

There are whose kind inquiries scan
Your total kindred, man by man,
Son, brother, cousin joining.
They ask about your wife, who's dead,
And eulogize your uncle Ned,
Who died last week for coining.

When join'd to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
And thus my lee-way fetch up—
"Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
I'd thank you for the ketchup!"

Others there are who but retail
Their breakfast journal, now grown stale,
In print ere day was dawning;
When folks like these sit next to me,
They send me dinnerless to tea;
One cannot chew while yawning.

Seat not good talkers one next one,
As Jacquier beards the Clarendon;
Thus shrouded you undo 'em;
Rathe confront them, face to face,
Like Hollis-street and Harewood-place,
And let the town run through 'em.

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh—
You waft their praises to the sky,
And when you think you're stirring
Their gratitude, they bite you. (That's
The reason I object to cats—
They scratch amid their purring.)

For those who ask you if you "malt,"
Who "beg your pardon" for the salt,
And ape our upper grandees,
By wondering folks can touch Port-wine,
That, reader's your affair, not mine—
I never mess with dandies.

Relations mix not kindly; shun
Inviting brothers; sire and son
Is not a wise selection:
Too intimate, they either jar
In converse, or the evening mar
By mutual circumspection.

Lawyers are apt to think the view
That interests them must interest you;
Hence they appear at table
Or supereloquent, or dumb,
Fluent as nightingales; or mum
As horses in a stable.

When men amuse their fellow guests
With Crank and Jones, or Justice Best's
Harangue in Dobbs and Ryal—
The host, beneath whose roof they sit,
Must be a puny judge of wit,
Who grants them a new trial.

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Shun technicals in each extreme;
Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,
The proper boundary passes:
Nobles as much offend, whose clack's
For ever running on Almack's,
As brokers on molasses.

I knew a man, from glass to delf,
Who talk'd of nothing but himself,
'Till check'd by a vertigo;
The party who beheld him "floor'd,"
Bent o'er the liberated board,
And cried, "Hic jacet ego."

Some aim to tell a thing that hit
Where last they dined; what there was wit
Here meets rebuffs and crosses.
Jokes are like trees; their place of birth
Best suits them: stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process.

Ah! Merriment! when mon entrap
Thy bells, and women steal thy cap,
They think they have trepann'd thee.
Delusive thought! aloof and dumb,
Thou wilt not at a bidding come,
Though Royalty command thee.

The rich, who sigh for thee—the great,
Who court thy smiles with gilded plate,
But clasp thy cloudy follies:
I've known thee turn, in Portman-square,
From Burgundy and Heck, to share
A pint of Port at Dolly's.

Races at Ascot, tours in Wales,
White-bait at Greenwich oftimes fail,
To wake thee from thy slumbers.
E'en now, so prone art thou to fly,
Ungrateful nymph! thou'rt fighting shy
Of these narcotic numbers. *Ibid.*

Select Biography.

LEDYARD THE TRAVELLER.

JOHN LEDYARD, by birth an American, was, in all respects, from the habits of his life, a citizen of the world. He was born at a small village called Groton, in Connecticut, on the banks of the Thames; his father was a captain in the West Indian trade, but died young, leaving a widow and four children, of whom John was the eldest; his mother is described as "a lady of many excellences of mind and character, beautiful in person, well informed, resolute, generous, amiable, kind, and, above all, eminent for piety and the religious virtues." Her little property, it seems, was lost through fraud or neglect, and the widowed mother, with her four infant children, thrown destitute upon the world. In a few years, however, she was again married to Dr. Moor, and John was removed to the house of his grandfather, at Hartford, where, at a very early age, it is said, he showed many peculiarities in his manners and habits, indicating an eccentric, an unsettled, and romantic turn of mind. Having gone through the grammar-school, he was placed with a relative of the name of Seymour, to study the profession of the law; but this dry kind of study was soon found to have no attractions for one of his volatile turn of mind. Something, however, was to be done to rescue from sheer idleness a youth of nineteen, with very narrow means, few friends, and no definite prospects; and, by the kindness of Dr. Wheelock, the pious founder of Dartmouth College, who had been the intimate friend of his grandfather, he was enabled to take up his residence at this new seat of learning, with the ostensible object of qualifying himself to become a missionary among the Indians.

Impatient of restraint, and indignant at remonstrance and admonition, he soon abandoned the missionary scheme that appeared to require too severe initiation, and resolved to make his escape from the college. The mode adopted to carry this project into execution was strongly marked with that spirit of enterprise by which, in after-life, he was so highly distinguished.

On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labour he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and bidding adieu to those haunts of the Muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

With a bear-skin covering, and a good supply of provisions, he launched into the current and floated leisurely down, seldom using the paddle, till, while engaged in reading, the canoe approached Below's Falls, the noise of which, rushing among the rocks, suddenly aroused him; the danger was imminent; had the canoe got into the narrow passage, it must instantly have been dashed in pieces, and himself inevitably have perished.

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By great exertion, however, he escaped the catastrophe and reached the shore; and by the kind assistance of some people in the neighbourhood, had his canoe dragged by oxen around the falls, and again committed to the water. "On a bright spring morning," says his biographer, "just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house, on the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford and empties itself into the Connecticut, when they espied, at some distance, an object of unusual appearance moving slowly up the stream." On a nearer approach it was discovered to be a canoe, in the stern of which something was observed to be heaped up, but apparently without life or motion. At length it struck the shore, and out leapt John Ledyard from under his bear-skin, to the great astonishment of his relatives at this sudden apparition, who had no other idea than that of his being diligently engaged in his studies at Dartmouth, and fitting himself for the pious office of a missionary among the Indians.

Now, it was deemed expedient, both by his friends and by himself, that all further thoughts of his becoming a divine should be abandoned; and in the course of a few weeks we find him a common sailor, on board a vessel bound for Gibraltar. While at this place Ledyard was all at once missing; he had enlisted into the army. The master, being the friend of his late father, went and remonstrated with him for this strange freak, and urged him to return. The commanding officer assented to his release, and he returned to the ship.

The voyage being finished, the only profit yielded by it to Ledyard was a little experience in the hardships of a sailor's life, as his scanty funds were soon exhausted and poverty stared him in the face. At the age of twenty-two he found himself a solitary wanderer, dependent on the bounty of his friends, without employment or prospects, having tried various pursuits, and failed of success in all. But poverty and privation were trifles of little weight with Ledyard; his pride was aroused, and he determined to do something that should exonerate him from all dependence on his American friends.

He had often heard his grandfather descant on his English ancestors, and his wealthy connexions in the old country; it struck him, therefore, while thus hanging loosely on society, that it might be no unwise thing to visit these relatives, and claim alliance with them. With this view he proceeded to New York, and made his terms with the master of a vessel bound for Plymouth. Here he was set down, without money, without friends, or even a single acquaintance. How to get to London, where he made himself sure of a hearty welcome and a home among those connexions, whose wealth and virtues he had heard so often extolled by his grandfather, was a matter not easily settled. As good fortune would have it, he fell in with an Irishman as thoughtless as himself, and whose plight so exactly resembled his own, that, such is the sympathetic power of misfortune, they formed a mutual attachment almost as soon as they came in contact. Both were pedestrians bound to London, and both were equally destitute of money or friends; and one *honest* mode only remained for them to pursue, which was, to address themselves to "the charitable and humane." This point being settled, it was agreed to take their turn in begging along the road; and in this manner they reached London, without having any reason to complain of neglect, or that there was any lack of generous and disinterested feeling in the human species. Ledyard's first object, after arriving in the metropolis, was to find out his rich relations, in which he was so far successful as to discover the residence of a wealthy merchant of the same name, to whose house he hastened. The gentleman was from home; but the son listened to his story, and plainly told him he could put no faith in his representations, as he had never heard of any relations in America. He pressed him, however, to remain till his father's return, but the suspicion of his being an impostor roused his indignation to such a pitch that he abruptly left the house and resolved never to go near it again. It is said that this merchant, on further inquiry, was satisfied of the truth of the connexion, and sent for Ledyard, who declined the invitation in no very gracious manner; that, notwithstanding all this, the merchant afterwards, on hearing of his distressed situation, sent him money; and that the money was also rejected with disdain by the American, who desired the bearer to carry it back, and tell his master that he belonged not to the race of the Ledyards.

The next capacity in which we find Ledyard is that of a corporal of marines, on board the ship of Captain Cook, then preparing for his third and last voyage round the world. Of this voyage Ledyard is said to have kept a minute journal, which, as in all cases of voyages of discovery, went among the rest to the Admiralty, and was never restored. Two years afterwards, Ledyard, with the as-

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sistance of a brief outline of the voyage published in London, and from his own recollection, brought out, in a small duodecimo, his narrative of the principal transactions of the voyage, in which, we hear (for we have never seen it) he blames the officers, and Captain Cook in particular, for several instances of precipitate and incautious conduct, not to say severity, towards the various natives with whom they were brought in contact. It was to this want of caution, and a due consideration for the habits and feelings of the Sandwich Islanders, that he imputed the death of this celebrated navigator. The late Admiral Burney, who served as a lieutenant on the voyage, says that, "with an ardent disposition, Ledyard had a passion for lofty sentiment and description." He adds that, after Cook's death, Ledyard proffered his services to Captain Clarke, to undertake the office of historiographer of the expedition, and presented a specimen descriptive of the manners of the Society Islanders; "but," says this author, "his ideas were thought too sentimental, and his language too florid."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

POLSTEAD.

(For the Mirror.)

THE village of Polstead, though obscurely situate, is not entirely destitute of celebrity, chiefly derived from an abundance of the small, sweet, black cherries,* so common in London, and known for miles round by the exclusive denomination of Polstead cherries. There are here large orchards of cherry-trees; and it is a common observation, that the face of a Polstead man is an index of a good or bad cherry season; if productive, he may be seen with his chin in the air, his hands in his pockets, and a saucy answer on the tip of his tongue; if, on the contrary, the crop of cherries has failed, he hangs his head, folds his hands behind him, and if asked whence he comes, replies, in a subdued tone, "*From poor Poustead.*"

Unhappily, as in the event that has given notoriety to this obscure village, there are some exceptions, but the inhabitants are for the most part peaceable, well conducted, and only remarkable for their orthodox belief in ghosts and witches. An old gentleman, who died there some years ago, lamented till his death a sight he had lost when a boy, only for the want of five pounds—a man having undertaken for that sum to make all the witches in the parish dance on the knoll together; and though he grew up a penurious man, (and lived a bachelor till fifty,) he never ceased to lament that such an opportunity of seeing these weird-sisters collected together, never occurred again. He used to say he had seen a witch *swim* on Polstead Ponds," and "she went over the water like a cork." He had, when a boy, stopped a wizard in his way to Stoke, by laying a line of single straws across the path; and, concealed in a hedge, he had watched an old woman (alias witch) feeding her imps in the form of three blackbirds.

The house in which Mrs. Corder lives is one of the best in the place, where, strictly speaking, there are not above half-a-dozen, including the manor-house and rectory, the remainder being mere cottages; and yet the parish is a rich one. It is singular, that among the peasantry are to be found the names of Montague, Bedford, Salisbury, Mortimer, and Holland, while the cognomens of those who inhabit the houses may be nearly comprised in as many syllables.

In the adjoining village of Stoke is the seat of Sir William Rowley, and detached from it a street, called Thirteen Kingston street, where, according to local tradition, thirteen kings once met. In the same parish is Scotland-hall, and another detached street, called Scotland-street, containing some five or six cottages; and half a mile from thence is a hilly field, of a dark clayey soil, occasioned, says tradition, by the flowing of blood down the hill, during a terrible battle fought there between the Scots and English.

ZETA.

* Black orvones.

CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the gravy of a leg of pork the best gravy in the world? Because there's no Jews like it.—*John Bull.*

POETRY AND PAINTING.

WHAT the monk said of Virgil's *Æneid*, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted!".

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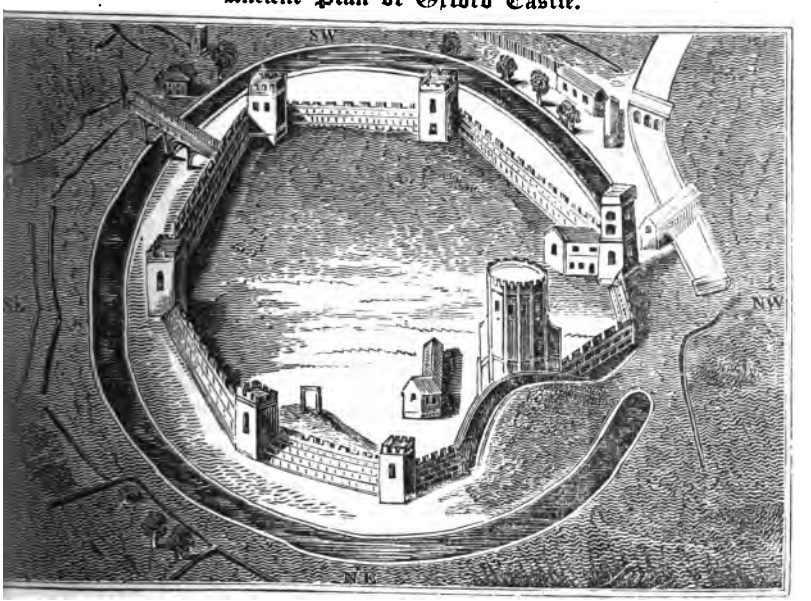
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 328.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1828. [PRICE 2*d*.

Ancient Plan of Oxford Castle.



By these mysterious ties the busy pow'r
Of mem'ry her ideal train preserves
Intire; or, when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion. AKENSIDE

GENTLE, courteous, and *patient* reader—to understand the above plan, it is requisite that you carry your mind's eye back to those troublous times when men enjoyed no protection, but in opposing force to force; and to a period when *every man's house was his castle*, though not in the metaphorical sense we have since been accustomed to apply these words, viz. to the protection and security of British subjects.

Few portions of our island have been more amply illustrated, by antiquarians, than OXFORD; and from one of these we learn that a Keep Tower, or Castle, existed here a considerable time before the conquest; for Alfred lived here; and Harold Harefoot was crowned and resided here; and one of Alfred's sons struck money here. Hearne has likewise identified this fact by the very ancient and original arms of Oxford, which have a castle represented, with a large ditch and bridge. Upon the same authority we learn that Offa "built walls at Oxford," and by him, therefore, a Saxon castle was originally built at Oxford.

Leland, Dugdale, and Camden, on the other hand, affirm that the castle at Oxford was built by Robert D'Oiley, who came into England with William the Conqueror; and the Chronicles of Osney Abbey, preserved in the Cottonian library, even ascertain the precise date of this great baron's undertaking, viz. A.D. 1071. No question, therefore, can remain, but that this illustrious chieftain either repaired or rebuilt the castle; but as we have shown, upon equal authority, there was a Saxon castle, fit for a royal residence at Oxford, long previous to D'Oiley's time. About the year 1794, several Saxon remains were discovered here; but our engraving represents the castle in Norman times, with Robert D'Oiley's magnificent additions, and is a fac-simile of a plan by Ralph Agas, in 1538, which, allowing a little for bad or unskilful drawing, may be taken as a perfect specimen of Norman military architecture, and will, we are persuaded, be received by our readers as

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a popular and interesting illustration of the warlike character of the age in which the castle was erected.

For the description we are indebted to a MS. account of Anthony Wood, in the Bodleian library, who informs us that at one of its entrances was "a large bridge, which led into a long and broad entry, and so to the chief gate of the castle, the entry itself being fortified, on each side, with a large embattled wall; and having several passages above, from one side to the other, with open spaces between them, through which, in times of storm, whenever any enemy had broken through the first gates of the bridge, and was gotten into the entry, scalding water or stones might be cast down to annoy them."

On passing through the gate, at the end of this long entry, the fortification stretched itself, on the left hand, in a straight line, till it came to a *round* tower, that was rebuilt in the 19th of Henry III.* And from thence went a fair embattled wall, guarded for the most part with the mill-stream underneath, till it came to the high tower joining to St. George's-church.†

From hence, says the manuscript, the wall went to another gate, now quite down, opposite to the abovementioned; and leading to Osney, over another bridge; close to which joined that lofty and eminent mount, sometime crowned with an embattled tower. The manuscript adds, that for the greater defence of this castle, there was, on one of the sides of it, *a barbican;* which seems to have not merely been a single tower, but (according to an ancient deed) *a place*, or outwork, containing several habitations; and from other accounts it further appears, that there were more barbicans than one.

The ruins of certain other towers of the castle, besides the barbicans, and those already described, are also said to have been standing till 1649; when they were pulled down to erect new bulwarks for the parliamentary garrison.

This is an abstract of Anthony Wood's manuscript, which agrees with Agas's drawing, except that in his sketch, the tower between the gate-tower and St. George's, is represented square instead of being round. Antiquarians also infer that in the drawing it was intended to represent the great keep-tower as standing upon the top of the mount, and not by the side of it.

Some discoveries made in 1794, throw much light on the history of the castle, and warrant a conclusion that in its area were several buildings. Wells were then cleared out, and among the rubbish were found horses' bones, dogs' bones, horse-shoes, and human skeletons; the appearance of the latter is not easily accounted for, unless they were the bodies of malefactors, who had been executed on the gallows placed near the castle, in later ages, that might have been flung in here, instead of being buried under the gibbet. We must however pass over many interesting facts, and content ourselves with a mere reference to the empress Maud being besieged here in 1141, and her miraculous flight with three knights, all escaping the eyes of the besiegers by the brightness of their raiment; Maud having just previously escaped from the castle of the Devises, as a dead corpse, in a funeral hearse or bier. The reader will not be surprised at the decay of the castle, when he is informed that it was in a dilapidated state in the reign of Edward III.

The castle was situate on the west side of the city of Oxford, on the site of the present county gaol. In 1788 little remained except the tower, which was for some time used as the county prison, and part of the old wall could then be traced 10 feet in thickness. In the castle-yard were the remains of the ancient sessions-house, in which, at the *Black Assise*, in 1577, the lieutenant of the county, two knights, eighty esquires and justices, and almost all the grand jury, died of a distemper, brought thither and communicated by the prisoners; and nearly one hundred scholars and townsmen fell victims to the same disorder.

We have been somewhat minute in the preceding description, but we hope not more so than the exhaustless curiosity of the public on such subjects appears to warrant. Indeed, these interesting details are only a tithe portion of what we might have abridged. The warlike habits of our ancestors are always attractive topics for inquirers into the history of mankind, and their study is not

Dull and crabbed as some fools suppose,

but a treasury or depository of useful knowledge, by enabling the inquirer to

* The sum of 144*l.* 5*s.* was expended in the rebuilding.

† By an odd mode of expression in the MS., it should seem as if this tower itself, or at least some building adjoining it, was formerly made use of as a *royal residence*, for the words are, *from hence went a fair embattled wall, guarded for the most part with the mill-stream underneath, till it came to the high tower, going under St. George's College, and the king's house employed formerly as a campanile belonging to that church.*

‡ Grose fell into an error on this point, in his 3rd volume of Antiquities, for in his copy of Agas's plan, he placed a large keep tower just at the foot of an artificial mount—an anomaly in fortification. The same punster who described *fortification* as *two twenty-fications*, would call this a *Grose* blunder.

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draw many valuable inferences from the comparative states of men in the several ages he seeks to illustrate. The enthusiasm of such pursuits is, likewise, an everlasting source of delight; for who can visit such shrines as Netley, St. Albans, or Melrose, without feeling that he is on holy ground; and although we are equally active in our notice of the architectural triumphs of our own times, we must not entirely leave the proud labours of by-gone ages to be clasped in the ponderous folio, or to moulder and lie neglected on the upper shelves of our libraries.

We have to acknowledge the loan of the original of the engraving, from a lineal descendant of D'OILEY,* the founder or repairer of the Castle at Oxford—a name not altogether unknown to our readers.

THE "INTELLECTUAL CAT."

(For the Mirror.)

THE *cat mania* has hitherto been more popular in France than in England. To be sure, we have the threadbare story of Whittington and his cat; Mrs. Griggs and her 86 living and 28 dead cats; Peter King and his two cats in rich liveries; Foote's concert of cats; and the newspaper story of tortoiseshell male cats—but in France, cats keep better company, or at least are associated with better names. Thus, MOLIERE had his favourite cat; Madame de Puis, the celebrated harp-player, settled a pension on her feline friend, which caused a law-suit, and brought into action all the most celebrated lawyers of France; and M. L'Abbe de Fontenu was in the habit of experimenting on these animals, one of which he found could exist twenty-six months without drinking! which fact is recorded in the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, 1753.

Our present portrait is, however, of more recent date, being a free translation from *Le Furet de Londres*, a French paper published in London, whose columns are an agreeable accompaniment for a cup of coffee. It is a mere *bagatelle*, and as an amusive trifle may not be unacceptable

My pretty little Puss, it is high time that I should pay a just tribute to your merits. We often talk of people who do not esteem you; therefore, why should I blush to give publicity to your perfection?

You are exceedingly well made; your fur boasts of the delicate varieties of the tiger; your eyes are lively and pleasing; your velvet coat and tail are of enviable beauty; and your agility, gracefulness, and docility are, indeed, the admiration of all who behold you! Your moral qualities are not less estimable; and we will attempt to recapitulate them.

In the first place, you love me dearly, or at least you load me with caresses; unless, like the rest of the world, you love me for yourself's sake. I know well that you like me less than a slice of mutton, or the leg of a fowl, but that is very simple; I am your master, and a leg of mutton is as good again as one master, twice as good as two masters, &c.

You possess great sense, and good sense too, for you have precisely such as is most useful to you; for every other kind of knowledge will make you appear foolish.

Nature has given you nails, which men unpolitely call claws; they are admirably constructed, and well jointed in a membrane, which is extended or drawn up like the fingers of a glove; and at pleasure it becomes a terrific claw, or a paw of velvet.

You understand the *physical laws of good and evil*. A cat who strangles another will not be more culpable than a man who kills his fellow men. My dear Cat, the great Hobbes never reasoned more clearly than you do!

You forget the past—you dream not of the future; but you turn the present to account. Time flies not with you, but stands still, and all your moments appear but as one. You know that your muscles will give action to your limbs, and you know no other cause of your existence, than existence itself. My dear Cat, you are a profound *materialist!*

You flatter the master who caresses you, you lick the hand that feeds you, you fly from a larger animal than yourself, whilst you unsparingly prey on the smaller ones. My dear Cat, you are a profound *politician!*

You live peaceably with the dog, who is your messmate; in gratitude to me, you regulate your reception, good or bad, of all the animals under my roof; thus, you raise your claw against such as you imagine mine enemies, while you prick up your tail at the sight of my friends. My dear Cat, you are a profound *moralist!*

When you promenade your graceful

* When Robert D'Oiley, in the reign of Henry V. built the abbey at Osney, for monks and regulars, and gave them the revenues, &c. of the church of St. George, in the Castle, it is said in the Osney chronicle, that *there* "Robert Pulen *began* to read at Oxford the Holy Scriptures, *which had fallen into neglect in England*. And after both the church of England and that of France had profited greatly by his doctrine, he was called away by Pope Lucius II., who made him chancellor of the holy Roman church." This short effort, to which the Pope's preferment put a stop, seems to have been the true origin of the DIVINITY LECTURE, and of the DIVINITY SCHOOLS at Oxford; and of the studies of the SORBONNE at Paris.

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limbs upon a roof, on the edge of a casement, or in some situation equally perilous, you show your dexterity in opposing the bulk of your body to the danger. Your muscles extend or relax themselves with judgment, and you enjoy security where other animals would be petrified with fear. My dear Cat, you perfectly understand the *laws of gravity!*

If through inadvertence, blundering, or haste, you lose your support or hold, then you are admirable; you bend yourself in raising your back, and carry the centre of gravity towards the umbilical region, by which means you fall on your feet. My dear Cat, you are an excellent *natural philosopher!*

If you travel in darkness, you expand the pupil of your eye, which, in forming a perfect circle, describes a larger surface, and collects the greater part of the luminous rays which are scattered in the atmosphere. When you appear in daylight, your pupil takes an elliptic form, diminishes, and receives only a portion of these rays, an excess of which would injure your retina. My dear Cat, you are a perfect *optician!*

When you wish to descend a precipice, you calculate the distance of the solid points with astonishing accuracy. In the first place, you dangle your legs as if to measure the space, which you divide in your judgment, by the motions of your feet; then you throw yourself exactly upon the wished-for spot, the distance to which you have compared with the effect on your muscles. My dear Cat, you are a skilful *geometrician!*

When you wander in the country, you examine plants with judicious nicety; you soon select that kind which pleases you, when you roll yourself on it, and testify your joy by a thousand other gambols; you know also the several grasses, and their medicinal effects on your frame. My dear Cat, you are an excellent *botanist!*

Your voice merits no less eulogium; for few animals have one so modulated. The rhyming pur of satisfaction, the fawning accents of appeal, the vigorous bursts of passion, and innumerable diatonic varieties, proceed from your larynx, according to the order of nature. My dear Cat, you are a *dramatic musician!*

In your amusements, you prefer pantomime to dialogue; and you neglect the pen to study the picture. But then what agility! what dancing! what cross-capers! The difficulty never impairs the grace of the feat. Oh, my dear Cat! you are a *delightful dancer!*

Lastly, my dear Puss, show me a man who possesses as many kinds of knowledge as you do, and I will proclaim him a *living cyclopædia*, or concentration of human wisdom. But, what do I see? I am praising you, and you are fast asleep! This is still greater philosophy.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(For the Mirror.)

Yes, radiant spirit, thou hast pass'd
Unto thy latest home,
And o'er our widow'd hearts is cast
A deep and with'ring gloom!
For when on earth thou wert as bright
As angel form might be:
And mem'ry shall exist in night,
If we think not of thee.

For, oh, thy beauty o'er us came
Like a fair sunset beam,
And the sweet music of thy name
Was pure as aught might deem.
With silent lips we gaz'd on thee,
And awe-suspended breath—
But thine entrancing witchery
Abideth not in death.

And all that we suppos'd most fair
Is but a mockery now;
No beam illumes the silken hair
That traced thy smiling brow.
The cheerless dust upon thee lies,
Death's seal is on thee set,
But the bright spirit of thine eyes
Shines o'er our mem'ry yet!

As in some dark and hidden shell
Lies ocean's richest gem,
So in our hearts shall ever dwell
The spells thou'st breath'd in them!
Why should we weep o'er the young flow'rs
That cluster on thy sod?
Stars like them glow in heav'n's bright bow'rs
To light thee up to God!

R. A.

D * * *

"TROUT BINNING" IN WESTMORELAND.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"Now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout.' Thomson.

I HAVE not yet done with this subject; and as it strikes me you are an angler, I think the article a seasonable *bait* for you.

I was certainly much entertained with your extracts from Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia;* and from your being pleased to mention my name in commenting on its merits, I took the hint, and resolved to send you another leaf from my journal. You will easily imagine the abundance of fish in Westmoreland when I inform you, that they seldom use the line there, except in rivers, since they can take them much easier with their hands as before mentioned. I will now account for the trout frequenting such small brooks. There are frequent floods in that country, at certain periods of the year, which sweep the fish in shoals from the mountain rivulets.

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or perhaps the fish always go down with the flood, for the rivers and rivulets are all well stocked afterwards; and in my opinion it is on account of the rivers being so full, that great quantities are obliged to inhabit the neighbouring brooks, all which empty themselves in the rivers. At the latter end of the year, that is, the spawning season, the large trouts (which are become very loose and flabby) take to the small brooks to deposit their spawn; after which they return to the rivers. At this time there are, in consequence, many young trouts, which remain, I should imagine, till next year, when I believe they go to the rivers; for during that time I have seldom caught trouts weighing more than from half a pound to a pound, though in such a "beck" as "Cannon's," which runs directly into the Eden, I have taken them at all times very large—and this is how I account for the difference. I should observe, that at the "*back end*" of the year, immensely large trouts may be caught, which come up to spawn; but they are generally, when caught, immediately thrown into their element again, as they are worth nothing, on account of the looseness of their flesh.

But to the subject. *Trout binning* is a name given to a peculiar method of taking trout. A man wades any rocky stream (Pot-beck for instance) with a sledge-hammer, with which he strikes every stone likely to contain fish. The force of the blow stuns the fish, and they roll from under the rock half dead, when the "binner" throws them out with his hand.

Night-Fishing.—I have frequently gone out with a fishing party at about ten o'clock at night to spear trout. We supplied ourselves with an eel spear and a lantern, and visited Cannon's "beck." We drew the light gently over the water near the brink. Immediately the light appeared, both trouts and eels were splashing about the lantern in great quantities. We then took the spear, and as they approached, thrust it down upon them, sometimes bringing up with it three or four together. One night we took nearly twenty pounds of trout and eels, which, for the short time we were out, may be considered very fair sport, and some of those were of a very large size.

Should you notice this, I may be led to recur to the subject in a future paper.

W. H. H.

A PROUD MAN is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is.

The Topographer.

AN EXCURSION TO THE RUINS OF RIEVAULX AND BYLAND ABBEYS; AND TO THE RESIDENCE OF LAURENCE STERNE, COXWOLD, YORKSHIRE.

For the Mirror.)

"The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seem'd to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river stream'd away—
Devious as error—deep as love,
And blue and bright as heaven above."

Alaric A. Watts.

THOUGH I am as romantic a being as ever breathed on the face of this beautiful earth; yet, I will promise the reader, that in detailing the events of an interesting day, I will not tinge them with that colouring; yet, such a glorious bard as Wordsworth could, alone, do justice to our excursion. Leave him to wander alone in that woody dell, with the thrilling picture spread around him—the sinking walls of elaborate Gothic, clouded by the hanging woods—the rural dwellings of the illiterate peasantry scattered below the templed mount—and the mourning stream and its rustic bridge—thus entranced, his fairy spirit would pour forth a flood of pensive and philosophic song.

It was on the dawning of a fine morning in August, that I left the brick-and-mortar purlieus of home, and in company with two young friends, commenced this excursion. The diversified chain of the Hambleton Hills, bounding the fruitful valley of Mowbray, rose at the distance of six miles before us; and whose summit we intended reaching before breakfast. The varying aspect of these rocky eminences requires the descriptive charms of Sir Walter Scott, or the pencil of Salvator Rosa, to do them justice. Within two miles of them, you might imagine yourself in the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, whose circular walls reared their dark-gray forms to the heaven; and the inimitable description which Byron has given us of that edifice, occurs to the recollection; though no waving weeds and dew-nurtured trees crown the apparent ruin—

"Like laurel on the bald first Cæsar's head."

On a nearer view, they change their appearance, and you might suppose that the remains of some fortified castle, typical of the feudal system, looked over the heather which clothes their rocky sides; whilst the detached pieces of rock, which rolled from the summit eighty years ago, appear amongst the furze, like the tombs of Jewish patriarchs in the valley of Je-

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hospital at Jerusalem, darkened by the lapse of ages. To the right of our path lay the solitary and frail memorials of the monastery of Hode, founded by Roger de Mowbray, and afterwards attached to the abbey of Byland. Shortly after passing Hode, we arrived at the base of Hambleton, and began to ascend its rocky front; we had climbed half the ascent, when, on cautiously turning ourselves, an indescribable picture presented itself in the vale and its objects below; the solemn silence of the early hour—the first greeting of the morning sun—the glittering and distant lake of Gormire, guarded by towering hills to the right—and, to the left, rocks which have stood whilst generations of heroes and kings have passed away; and, beyond this vivid scene, in dim perspective, arose the western hills, tinged with delicate blue, and scarcely discernible from the clouds which floated over them. Even the enraptured travellers, who stood gazing from the summit of Mont Blanc, were not more delighted than the enthusiastic *trio* who looked from the brow of Hambleton on that memorable morning. But our object was not attained, and we set forward with replenished vigour, to cross the heather-heath, whose bleak aspect prepared us for the paradise which smiled below the other side of the hills. The first prominent object which met our view, was the terrace, with its classical temples at each of its terminations; and next, the wood encircled hamlet of Scawton, at whose little alehouse we enjoyed a hearty breakfast; and then set forward to explore our beloved region of Rievaulx; our path being through a mountainous wood, which nearly kissed the sky, and obscured the rustic road which divided it: after several windings through this leafy labyrinth, we arrived at a point where the wood was more open, and the dell considerably wider. It was after passing a picturesque cottage and bridge, that the first view of Rievaulx Abbey broke upon us. It was then that the first outline of its "Gothic grandeur" was displayed to us. Crossing the little bridge of Rieval, we proceeded along the banks of the Rye, which morosely rolled along, scarcely deigning to murmur its complaints to the woody hills which skirted it, as if in pique for the ruin of its sublime temple, and the disappearance of its monastic lords. The village of Rieval, constructed out of the wreck of the spacious abbey, displays some reverence for the preservation of inscriptions dug out of the building; and the little windows which lit the cells of studious monks five hundred years ago, now grace the cottages of illiterate peasants. We took a fac-simile of one inscription, in Saxon letters, merely denoting the name of the monastery.

The rustic beauty of the hamlet has been copiously eulogized by antiquarians and provincial historians. The beautiful foliage of its trees, varying in colour, appears like fleecy clouds of verdure, rising one above the other, over which a still deeper shadow is cast by the towering woods on each side of the valley; and in the midst of this fairy region, as if conscious of its proud pre-eminence, rises the sacred edifice, clothed in mourning of nature's deepest shade:*

> Oh! many an hour of ecstasy
> I past within its fading towers;
> When life, and love and poesy,
> Hung on my harp their sweetest flowers.

To indulge a little in reverie—"how are the mighty fallen!"—Here was once worshipped the virgin amidst the glittering pomp of monkish solemnity; when burst the beams of morning through the tracery of yon mighty window—

> "Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,"

and threw the glowing emblazonry of the tinted pane upon the Mosaic pavement of the choir; while the loud and slowly-pealing matin reverberated through the sumptuous church. Here was interred with ceremony of waxen taper and midnight requiem, the noble founder of this dilapidated fane, Sir Walter L'Espec, beneath that wreck of pillar and architrave and those carved remains of the chisel's achievement—he who deemed that the sepulchre

> "Should canopy his bones till doomsday;
> But all things have their end."

The ruins of this religious house are more entire and superb than any other in the kingdom. The nave of the church is wholly gone; but the choir, one of its aisles, great part of the tower, and both the transepts, still remain. The church, instead of being east and west, approaches more to the direction of north and south; so that the choir is at the south end, and the aisle which should have been north, is on the east. Some have supposed this anomaly to be produced at the rebuilding of the church; but Drake in his "Evenings in Autumn," thinks it was in consequence of the disposition of the ground, which forms a lofty mount on the east. Adjoining the ruins of the nave on the west, are the remains of the cloisters, measuring one hundred feet each way. On the opposite side stands a splendid building, extending in length towards the west one hundred feet, and in breadth

* For an interesting account of the founding and a view of this abbey, see the Mirror for Sept. 30, 1826.

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thirty; this structure appears to have been the refectory, accompanied by a music gallery. Parallel to this, and in a line with the transept, is another extensive ruin, several feet longer than the refectory, and about the same breadth, which was the dormitory; at the west end of which the walls are ancient, and seem to be coeval with the original abbey.* The form and ground plan of this building are the same with the abbey of Whitby; though the latter is not so copious in its dimensions. Several members of the noble families of Ross, Scroop, Maltbys, and Oryby, were interred in the chapter-house and choir here. Aelred, the third abbot of Rievaulx, was a man of great literary qualifications, and this abbey possessed an extensive library, which was destroyed by the Scots, in one of their lawless incursions—when the studious produce of the holy brotherhood, assembled by years of incessant study was committed to the reckless flames—and doubtless amongst the collection were many works of the learned abbot Aelred; a character from whom we might suppose the "northern magician" had sketched the striking portraiture of the enthusiastic father Eustace, in his "Monastery."

After inspecting this interesting edifice, we left its hallowed precincts, and took the hilly path leading to a beautiful terrace, which overlooks the vale; each end of which is decorated with two modern temples, one in the Grecian and the other in the Roman style of architecture. Here are some gaudy copies of the old masters, with some originals, which adorn the centre and side compartments of the ceiling—Guido's Aurora, (copy;) Hero and Leander; Diana and Endymion; Hercules and Omphale, &c.—the whole by the pencil of Bernini, an Italian artist. From this terrace the view is enchanting; the distant hills of barren Hambleton subsiding into the fruitful vale; and nearer, fertile fields intersected with wood and mossy rocks; and immediately beneath the eye, the pale and ivied ruin, mouldering over the dust of heroes who fought at Cressy, and of noble pilgrims who died in the Holy Land, and were conveyed to this far-famed sanctuary for interment—

"Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather."

Not far from this Elysium is the seat of Lord Feversham, (late Charles S. Duncombe, Esq.) the owner of the estate, called Duncombe Park, where is a piece of fine sculpture, called the Dog of Alcibiades, said to be the work of Myron, and ranked among the five dogs of antiquity. Here is also the famous Discobolus, which is esteemed the first statue in England. Among the splendid collection of paintings is a candle-light scene (woman and child) by Rubens, which cost 1,500 guineas. The mansion was designed by Sir J. Vanbrugh. Leaving this bewitching retreat, we proceeded down the sides of the woody mount; and after some tedious inquiries respecting our road through this wild region, we were directed to take a path through a sloping wood; but useless are all attempts to describe our route through this wilderness. Sometimes our weary feet were relieved from the rough stones and briars by an intervening lawn; and at others we were entirely shrouded from "day's garish eye" by entwining trees. Our rugged pilgrimage was rendered more endurable by the anticipation of shortly seeing Byland abbey; but still my romantic spirit was loitering in the pillared aisles of Rievaulx. By and by we quitted the wood, and having descended a deep ravine, we climbed a barren moor, over which we had proceeded half way, when to my unutterable joy, we discovered the far-off fane of Rievaulx, whose wan towers just peered from out of the hanging woods. Pursuing our way we soon exchanged the trackless moor for a much more grateful domain. A sloping wood on each side of us opened into a wider expanse, and the turrets of Byland abbey appeared in the distance. At this moment we forgot the toil of threading harassing woods and crossing wide heaths. After refreshing ourselves we proceeded to view the ruin.

Byland abbey was founded in 1177, by the famous Roger de Mowbray, who amply endowed it, and was buried here. He retired hither after being perplexed and fatigued with useless crusades, and suffering the deprivation of nearly all his property by Henry II. Martin Stapylton, Esq. the present proprietor of Byland, discovered from some ancient manuscripts the precise situation in the ruin, where were deposited the bones of the illustrious chieftain; and after removing these relics of mortality which had been hid for six hundred years, he conveyed them in his carriage to Myton, and interred them in the church-yard. The abbey of Byland is memorable for having given concealment, (though not a sanctuary!) to Edward II. who, when flying from his enemies in the north, in 1322, took shelter here, and was surprised by them when at dinner, narrowly escaping, by the swiftness of his horse, to York; and leaving his money, plate, and privy seal, a booty to the savage and ex-

* Eastmead's "Historia Rievallensis."

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terminating Scots. Byland abbey has nearly disappeared; the only perfect remains are the west end, a fine specimen of Saxon and Gothic, and a small portion of the choir. The church, its transepts, north and south aisles, and chancel, are gone; and the dormitory, refectory, cloisters, &c. have scarcely left any trace of their gorgeous existence. The lonely ash and sturdy briar vegetate over the ashes of barons and prelates; and the unfeeling peasants intrude their rustic games on the holy place, ignorant of its former importance, and unconscious of the poetical feeling which its remains inspire. We quitted its interior to inspect a gateway situated at a considerable distance from the principal ruin, through which the abbey appears to great advantage about four hundred yards beyond this arch.

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF BYLAND ABBEY THROUGH THE DETACHED GATEWAY ON THE WEST.

Oh! beauteous picture! thou art ruin's theme,
And envious time the Gothic canvass scars;
Thy soft decay now almost wakes my tears,
And art thou mutable? or do I dream?
The transept moulders to its mound again;
The fluted window buries in its fall
The rainbow flooring of the fretted hall;
And long the altar on that earth has lain.
Now could I weep to see each mourning weed
So deeply dark around thy wasting brow;
If life and art are th n so brief—I bow
With less of sorrow to what is decreed:
Ye faded cloisters—ye departing aisles!
Your day is past, and dim your glory smiles!

FOUR miles from Byland is Coxwold, once the residence of the celebrated Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, &c. It is a beautiful and romantic retreat, excelling the "laughing vine-clad hills of France," which attracted the spirit of our English Rabelais to luxuriate amidst them. Here we gained admittance to the little church, an interesting edifice, noted for its sumptuous monuments to commemorate the Fauconbridge and Belasyse families, and for its being the scene of Sterne's curacy. A small barrel organ now graces its gallery, which responded to the morning and evening service in Yorick's day. On prying about the belfry we discovered an old helmet, with the gilding on it still discernible, which we at first supposed to be intended as a decoration to some tomb; but its weight and size precluded that supposition. In the church of Coxwold, the moralist might amass tomes of knowledge, and acquire the most forcible conviction of the fleeting nature of earth and its possessors. On glancing around he would perceive the heraldic honours of a most noble and ancient family now extinct—the paltry remains of the splendid helmet, which had decked, perhaps, the proud hero of feudal power, thrown into a degrading hole with the sexton's spade, and the sacred rostrum where the eloquence of the second Rabelais has astonished the village auditors, and perhaps led them to doubt that such intellect was mutable, now filled by another! Our curiosity was attracted, on leaving the church, to Shandy Hall, once the residence of Sterne, situated at the termination of the village. Two females, elegantly attired in mourning, were parading the garden; immediately I saw them I thought of the beautiful Eliza; she to whom the fickle Yorick swore eternal attachment, and then "lit up his heart at the shrine of another," leaving Eliza to wonder—

"——————— that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures."

Perhaps in this edifice, Eugenius, (the witty Duke of Wharton,*) and his boon companion, have sported their puns and repartees over the glass; while the laughter-moving Sterne, pursuing the dictates of his heart, has wet the dimpling cheek of Eugenius by some random effusion of imagination and sensibility. What two noble spirits have there displayed their intellectual brilliance; and what a gratification to have heard the author of "The Monk at Calais," and "My uncle Toby," eliciting smiles and tears by turns, till the delighted heart could scarcely determine whether joy or sorrow caused the most exquisite feeling.

But to conclude our peregrination—the glory of Hode, Rievaulx, and Byland abbeys has departed—their founders, ecclesiastics and patrons, have become dust—the crumbling arch and tottering pillar alone record "the whereabouts" of the rendezvous of heroes and kings—and rooks construct their dwellings where the silver crucifix once reared its massy form, before crowds of adoring monks—the hoarse croak of the raven is now heard through that valley where pealed the vesper bell; and the melancholy music of the lonely river succeeds the solemn chant of mass;—laugh and jest resound where monkish praise quivered through the Gothic space—the helmet and coronet of blood and birth are fallen from their wearers—and the genius and eccentricity of Sterne, and the wit of Wharton, are for ever extinct:

"And fortress, fane and wealthy peer
Along the tide of time are borne.
And feudal strife, with noble tears
Forgotten in the lapse of years."

* Of Skelton Castle, author of "Crazy Tales," and of the "Continuation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey."

* * H.

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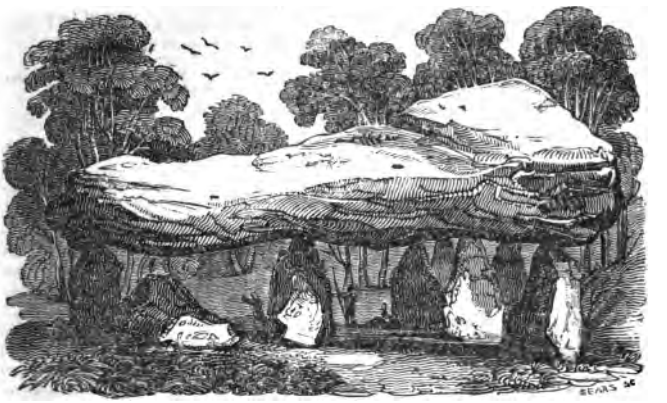
Cromleh, in Anglesea.



CROMLEHS are among the most interesting of all monumental relics of our ancestors; but the question of their original purposes has excited much controversy among the lovers of antiquarian lore. They are immense stones, by some believed to have been the altars, by others, the tombs, of the Druids; but Mr. Toland explains the word *cromleac*, or *cromleh*, from the Irish *crom*, to adore, and *leac*, a stone—stone of adoration. Crom was also one of the Irish names of God; hence cromleac may mean the stone of Crom, or of the Supreme God. The cromleac is also called *Bothal*, from the Irish word *Both*, a house, and *al*, or *Allah*, God; this is evidently the same with *Bethel*, or house of God, of the Hebrews.

The above vignette represents a Cromleh at Plas Newydd, the seat of the Marquess of Anglesea, in the Isle of Anglesea. This part of the island is finely wooded, and forcibly recalls to the mind its ancient state, when it was the celebrated seat of the Druids, the terrific rites of whose religion were performed in the gloom of the thickest groves.

The Cromleh at Plas Newydd is 12 feet 9 inches long, and 13 feet 2 inches broad, in the broadest part. Its greatest depth or thickness is 5 feet. Its contents cannot be less in cubic feet, and decimal parts than 392,878,125. It follows, therefore, from calculating according to the specific gravity of stone of its kind, that it cannot weigh less than 30 tons 7 hundreds. The engraving is copied from "The Celtic Druids," by Godfrey Higgins, Esq. F.S.A. 4to, 1827, one of the most valuable antiquarian volumes it has ever been our good fortune to secure; and by the aid of an esteemed correspondent, we hope shortly to introduce a few of its curiosities more in detail than we are enabled to do at present.

Notes of a Reader.

WOMAN AND SONG.

(From a graceful little volume, entitled, "Poetical Recreations," by C. A. Hulbert.)

OH, who shall say that woman's ear
Thrills to the minstrel's voice in vain?
She hath a balm diffusing tear,
She hath a softer, holier strain—
A cheering smile of hope to give,
A voice to bid the mourner live.

She hath a milder beam of praise,
Her heart a soil where Truth may bloom,
And while her drooping flowers we raise,
They yield us back a rich perfume.
Her influence bids our talents rise
'Neath Love and Fancy's native skies!

I heard an infant's lisping tongue
Address his mother's smiling eye,
And fondly ask his favourite song—
His soul seemed wrapt in harmony;
She sung—and gave the cheering kiss,
Which made the poet's fortune his.

His mother saw his fancies stray
To fragrant poesy, and leave
The dull pursuit of fortune's way,
'Till some would chide and others grieve;
But she had marked the rising flame,
And fed and nourish'd it to fame!

When verse his mind to writing bore,
And genius shed its lustre there,
How proudly did she con it o'er,
Unconscious fell the blissful tear:
'Twas her's to lighten care's control,
And raise the drooping, pensive soul.

Her labour past, another breast,
Still lovely woman's, urged his pen—
Pure love was sent to make him blest,
And bid his fancies flow again:
She yielded to his minstrel pride
The heart, the hand to lips denied!

Quick roll'd the years in tranquil peace,
The peace by harmony begun,
And numbers charm'd each day of bliss,
That flowing verse and concord won:
His Mary's music soothed his woe,
And chased the tear that chanced to flow.

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Death came—and Poetry was o'er,
The chords of song had ceas'd to thrill,
The Minstrel's name was heard no more,
But one true heart was heaving still—
His Mary's voice would nightly weave
Its lone, deep notes around his grave!

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

LANZI, in his *History of Italian Painting*, gives the following exquisite encomium on this prince of landscape painters:

"His landscapes present to the spectator an endless variety; so many views of land and water, so many interesting objects, that, like an astonished traveller, the eye is obliged to pause and measure the extent of the prospect, and his distances of mountain and of sea, are so illusive, that the spectator feels, as it were, fatigued by gazing. The edifices and temples which so finely round off his compositions, the lakes peopled with aquatic birds, the foliage diversified in conformity to the different kinds of trees, all is nature in him; every object arrests the attention of an amateur, every thing furnishes instruction to a professor. There is not an effect of light, or a reflection in water which he has not imitated; and the various changes of the day are nowhere better represented than in Claude. In a word, he is truly the painter who, in depicting the three regions of air, earth, and water, has combined the whole universe. His atmosphere almost always bears the impress of the sky at Rome, whose horizon is, from its situation, rosy, dewy, and warm. He did not possess any peculiar merit in his figures, which are insipid, and generally too much attenuated; hence he was accustomed to remark to the purchasers of his pictures, that he sold them the landscape, and presented them with the figures gratis."

"TINTORETTO," says his biographer, "produced works in which the most captious of critics could not find a shade of defect."

KISSING THE FOOT.

ROLLO, the celebrated Danish hero, (whose stature is said to have been so gigantic, that no horse could carry him) on becoming a feudatory of the French crown, was required, in conformity with general usage, to kiss the foot of his superior lord; but he refused to stoop to what he considered so great a degradation; yet as the homage could not be dispensed with, he ordered one of his warriors to perform it for him. The latter, as proud as his chief, instead of stooping to the royal foot, raised it so high, that the poor monarch fell to the ground, amid the laughter of the assembly

BOHEMIAN BLESSING.

Now sleep in blessedness—till morn
Brings its sweet light;
And hear the awful voice of God
Bid ye—Good Night!
Yet ere the hand of slumber close
The eye of care,
For the poor huntsman's soul's repose
Pour out one prayer.

REVIEWING.

THERE are three ways of reviewing a book. First, to take no more notice of it, or of its author, than if neither the one nor the other had ever been produced—cautiously to avoid the most distant allusions to their names, characters, or professions, thereby avoiding all personality, in their case at least, all intrusion, either into public or private life. Secondly, to select all the good passages, and to comment upon them with such power and vivacity, that beside your pearls they seem paste. Thirdly, to select all the best passages, and to string them all together on a very slight thread—like dew-drops on gossamer—and boldly palm it upon the public as an original article.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MOTTOES FOR SUN DIALS.

By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

MORNING SUN.—*Tempus volat.*

OH! early passenger, look up—be wise,
And think how, night and day, TIME ONWARD FLIES.

NOON.—*Dum tempus habemus, operemur bonum.*

Life steals away—this hour, oh man, is lent thee,
Patient to "WORK THE WORK OF HIM WHO SENT THEE."

SETTING SUN.—*Redibo, tu nunquam.*

Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking now—
He shall return again—but never thou.

THE PINE-APPLE.

OVIEDO extols the pine-apple above all the fruits which grew in the famous gardens of his time, and above all that he had tasted in his travels in Spain, France, England, Germany, the whole of Italy, Sicily, the Tyrol, and the whole of the Low Countries. "No fruit," says he, "have I known or seen in all these parts, nor do I think that in the world there is one better than it, or equal to it, in all those points which I shall now mention, and which are, beauty of appearance, sweetness of smell, taste of excellent savour; so that there being three senses out of the five which can be gratified by fruit, such is its excellence above all other fruits or dainties in the world, that it gratifies those three, and even the fourth also; to wit the touch. As for the fifth, that is to say, the hearing, fruit, indeed, can neither hear nor listen, but in its place the reader may hear and attend to what is said of this fruit, and he will perceive that I do not deceive my-

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self in what I shall say of it. For albeit fruit can as little be said to possess any of the other four senses, in relation to the which I have, as above, spoken, of these I am to be understood in the exercise and person of him who eats, not of the fruit itself, which hath no life, save the vegetative one, and wants both the sensitive and rational, all three of which exist in man. And he, looking at these pines, and smelling to them, and tasting them, and feeling them, will justly, considering these four parts or particularities, attribute to it the principality above all other fruits."

STONE-MASON'S CRITICISM

Mr. Bowles, the vicar of Bremhill, Wilts, is accustomed occasionally to write epitaphs for the young and aged dead among his own parishioners. An epitaph of his, on an aged father and mother, written in the character of a most exemplary son—the father living to eighty-seven years—ran thus :—

" My father—my poor mother—both are gone,
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone,
In memory of your virtues. May it tell
How *long one* parent lived, and *both* how well,"
&c.

When this was shown to the stone-mason critic, (and Mr. Bowles acknowledges he has heard worse public critics in his time,) he observed, that the lines *might* do with a *little* alteration—thus :—

" My father, and my mother too, are dead,
And here I *put* this grave-stone at their head ;
My father lived to eighty-seven, my mother
No quite *so long*—and *one* died after *t'other*."

PLEASURES OF HISTORY.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never retired from their own market-towns. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles, and the genealogies of many noble houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times, as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the master of the staghounds, has seen the guards reviewed, and a Knight of the Garter installed ; has cantered along Regent-street ; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions, and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing.—*Edin. Rev*

CHARMS OF SAVAGE LIFE.

It is remarkable that whites or creoles do not always avail themselves of opportunities to return to civilized society. There seem to be pleasures in savage life, which those who have once tasted, seldom wish to exchange for the charms of more polished intercourse. For example, a creole boy was carried off at the age of 13 ; at 26 he returned to Buenos Ayres, on some speculation of barter. He said that whoever had lived upon horse-flesh would never eat beef, unless driven by necessity or hunger ; he described the flesh of a colt to be the most deliciously flavoured of all viands. This man, having transacted the business which led him to Buenos Ayres, returned voluntarily to his native haunts, and is probably living amongst the Indians to this day.—*Mem. Gen. Miller.*

PATRONS OF ASTRONOMY.

The Emperor of Russia has presented to the Observatory of Dorpat, a magnificent telescope by Franenhofer, with a focal length of 13 feet, and an aperture of 9 inches ; the cost was £1,300. The king of Bavaria followed his example by ordering a still finer instrument for the same purpose ; and the king of France, with a liberality still more patriotic, has had executed in his own capital, an achromatic telescope, surpassing them all in magnitude and power. What a misfortune it is to English science, that the name of the most accomplished prince who has as yet occupied the throne of Charles I. does not appear in the list of sovereigns, who have been thus rivalling each other in the patronage of astronomy! What a mortification to English feeling, that the subject of sidereal astronomy created by the munificence of George III. should thus be transferred to the patronage of foreign monarchs. A slight exception must be made in the case of Edinburgh. During the King's visit, the observatory had permission to take the name of the *Royal Observatory of George IV. ;* and it has received from government £2,000. to purchase instruments.—*Quarterly Rev.*

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DINNERS

A FAMILY DINNER! Pot-luck, as it is called, in Scotland—when the man's wife is in the sulks, the wife's man proportionably savage, the children blear-eyed from the recent blubber in the nursery—the governess afraid to lift her eyes from her plate—the aunt sourer than the vinegar cruet—and we—alas! the stranger, stepping in to take pot-luck—we, poor old Christopher North, thanklessly volunteering to help the cock-y-leekie, that otherwise would continue to smoke and steam unstirred in its truly classical utensil! What looking of inutterable things! As impossible to break the silence with your tongue, as to break pond-ice ten inches thick with your knuckle. In comes the cock that made the cock-y-leekie, boiled down in his tough antiquity to a tatter. He disappears among the progeny, and you are now tied to the steak. You find there employment sufficient to justify any silence; and hope during mastication that you have not committed any crime since Christmas, of an enormity too great to be expiated by condemnation to the sulks.

A LITERARY DINNER! apparently the remains of the Seven Young Men sprinkled along both sides of the table—with here and there "a three-times skimmed sky-blue" interposed; on each side of the Lord of the Mansion, a philosopher—on each hand of the lady, a poet — somewhere or other about the board, a Theatrical Star—a Strange Fiddler—an Outlandish Traveller—and a Spanish Refugee. As Mr. Wordsworth rather naughtily sayeth,

"All silent, and all damn'd!"

Still the roof does not fall, although the chandelier burns dim in sympathy,

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Will not a single soul in all this wide world, as he hopes to be saved, utter so much as one solitary syllable? Oh! what would not the lady and the gentleman of the house give even for a remark on the weather from the mouth of poet, philosopher, sage, or hero! Hermetically sealed! Lo! the author of the very five-guinea quarto, that lay open, in complimentary exposure, at a plate, up stairs on the drawing-room table—with his round unmeaning face "breathing tranquillity"—sound asleep! With eyes fixed on the ceiling, sits at his side the profound Parent of a Treatise on the Sinking Fund. The absent gentleman, who has kept stroking his chin for the last half hour, as if considering how he is off for soap,—would you believe it,—has just returned from abroad, and has long been justly celebrated for his conversational talents in all the coteries and courts of Europe. If that lank-and-leather-jawed gentleman, with complexion bespeaking a temperament dry and adust, and who has long been sedulously occupied in feeling the edge of his fruit-knife with the ball of his thumb—do not commit suicide before September,—Lavater must have been as great a goose as Gall. You might not only hear a mouse stirring—a pin dropping—but either event would rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder. You may have seen Madame Toussaud's images,—Napoleon, Wellington, Scott, Canning, all sitting together, in full fig, with faces and figures in opposite directions, each looking as like himself as possible, so that you could almost believe you heard them speak. You get rather angry—you wonder that they don't speak. Even so with those living images. But the exhibition is over—the ladies leave the room—and after another hour of silence, more profound than that of the grave, all the images simultaneously rise up and—no wonder people believe in ghosts—disappear.

A RETURN DINNER! Thirty people of all sorts and sizes, jammed—glued together—shoulder to shoulder—knee to knee—all with their elbows in each other's stomachs—most faces as red as fire, in spite of all those floods of perspiration—two landed gentlemen from the Highlands—a professor—four officers, naval and military, in his Majesty's and in the Company's service—some advocates—two persons like ministers—abundance of W. S.'s of course—an accoucheur—old ladies with extraordinary things upon their heads, and grey hair dressed in a mode fashionable before the flood—a few fat mothers of promising families—some eldest daughters now nubile—a female of no particular age, with a beard—two widows, the one buxom and blooming, with man-fond eyes, the other pale and pensive, with long, dark eye-lashes, and lids closed as if to hide a tear—there they all sit steaming through three courses—well does the right hand of the one know what the left hand of the other is doing—there is much suffering, mingled with much enjoyment—for though hot, they are hungry—while all idea of speaking having been, from the commencement of the feast, unanimously abandoned—you might imagine yourself at

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an anniversary GAUDEAMUS of the Deaf and Dumb.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

THE SCOLD.

IMITATED FROM BERNI.

To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost sinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter—in the boot
To feel the gravel cut one's foot,
Or a cursed flea within the stocking
Chase up and down—are very shocking:
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen:
To be detain'd when most in hurry,
Might put Griselda in a flurry:—
But these, and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife!

New Monthly Magazine.

Select Biography.

LEDYARD THE TRAVELLER.

Concluded from page 113.

LEDYARD was one of the marines who were present at Cook's death, of which he gives an account (as appears from extracts of his journal already mentioned,) somewhat different from that in the authentic narrative of the voyage—and different, also, we must add, from his own private journal, which, at least the portion of it relating to that event, is still in the Admiralty. It must be mentioned in favour of Ledyard's sagacity, that the visit to Nootka Sound suggested to him the commercial advantages to be derived from a trade between the north-west coast of America and China; and the views which he took of this subject very much influenced the succeeding events of his life.

Towards the end of December, 1782, we find Ledyard serving on board a king's ship in Long Island Sound, from which he obtained leave of absence to visit his mother; but, either from a sense of duty and honour, which obliged him not to act with the enemies of his country, or from a dislike of the service, he never returned. He had conceived, and now began to endeavour to execute, the grand project of a trading voyage to Nootka; for this purpose he went to New York and Philadelphia, and, after addressing himself to various individuals, he prevailed at last on the Honourable Robert Morris to promise him a ship. The projected voyage, however, was ultimately abandoned.

Finding, nevertheless, that they all failed him, and heartily sick of the want of enterprise among his own countrymen, he resolved to try his fortune in Europe. He visited Cadiz, from thence took a passage to Brest, and from Brest to L'Orient, where he was successful in prevailing on some merchants to fit out a ship for his north-west adventure; but this project also failed, and Ledyard became once more the sport of accident.

He now proceeded to Paris, where he was received with great kindness by Mr. Jefferson, the American minister, who so highly approved of his favourite scheme of an expedition to the north-west coast, that, we are told by his biographer, the journey of Lewis and Clarke, twenty years afterwards, had its origin in the views which Jefferson received from Ledyard. Here, also, he met with the notorious Paul Jones, who was looking after the proceeds of the prizes which he had taken and carried into the ports of France. This adventurer entered warmly into his views, and undertook to fit out two vessels for the expedition. It was settled that Jones was to command the vessels, and carry the furs to the China market, while Ledyard was to remain behind and collect a fresh cargo ready for their return, after which he meant to perambulate the continent of America, and show his countrymen the path to unbounded wealth. Jones, it seems, was so much taken with the plausibility of a scheme, which presented at once the prospect of adventure, fame, and profit, that he advanced money to Ledyard to purchase a part of the cargo for the outfit; but, being suddenly called away to L'Orient, to look after his prize concerns, his zeal for this grand scheme began to cool, and, in a few months, the whole fabric fell to the ground.

Ledyard now felt himself a sort of wandering vagabond, without employment, motive, or means of support; the supplies he had received from Jones had ceased, and he was compelled to become a pensioner on the bounty of the American minister and a few friends. It would appear, however, from some lively letters written by him at Paris, that his flow of spirits did not forsake him.

"The two Fitzhughs," he says, "dine with me to-day in my chamber, together with our worthy consul, Barclay, and that lump of universality, colonel Franks. But such a set of moneyless rascals have never appeared, since the epoch of the happy villain Falstaff. I have but five French crowns in the world; Franks has not a sol; and the Fitzhughs cannot get their tobacco money. Every day of my life," he continues, "is a day of expectation, and, consequently, a day of disappointment; whether I shall have a morsel of bread to eat at the end of two

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months, is as much an uncertainty as it was fourteen months ago, and not more so."

While in this state of penury he received a visit, the object of which was so creditable to a gentleman still living, and not unknown in the annals of science, that it gives us pleasure to print the story in Ledyard's own words:—

"Permit me to relate to you an incident. About a fortnight ago, Sir James Hall,* an English gentleman, on his way from Paris to Cherbourg, stopped his coach at our door, and came up to my chamber. I was in bed at six o'clock in the morning, but having flung on my *robe de chambre*, I met him at the door of the ante-chamber. I was glad to see him, but surprised. He observed, that he had endeavoured to make up his opinion of me, with as much exactness as possible, and concluded that no kind of visit whatever would surprise me. I could do no otherwise than remark, that his *opinion* surprised me at least, and the conversation took another turn. In walking across the chamber, he laughingly put his hand on a six livre piece, and a louis d'or that lay on my table, and with a half stifled blush, asked me how I was in the money way. Blushes commonly beget blushes, and I blushed partly because he did, and partly on other accounts. 'If fifteen guineas,' said he, interrupting the answer he had demanded, 'will be of any service to you, there they are,' and he put them on the table. 'I am a traveller myself, and though I have some fortune to support my travels, yet I have been so situated as to want money, which you ought not to do. You have my address in London.' He then wished me a good morning and left me. This gentleman was a total stranger to the situation of my finances, and one that I had, by mere accident, met at an ordinary in Paris."

Ledyard observes, that he had no more idea of receiving money from this gentleman than from Tippoo Saib. "However," he says, "I took it without any hesitation, and told him, I would be as complaisant to him if ever occasion offered."

His schemes for a north-west voyage, either for trade or discovery, being now wholly abandoned, he set about planning, as the only remaining expedient, a journey by land through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, then to cross Behring's Straits to the continent of America, to proceed down the coast to a more southern latitude, and to cross the whole of that continent from the western to the eastern shore. The empress of Russia was applied to for her permission and protection, but while waiting for her answer Ledyard received an invitation to London from his eccentric friend, Sir James Hall. He found, on his arrival there, that an English ship was in complete readiness to sail for the Pacific Ocean, in which Sir James had procured him a free passage, and to be put on shore at any spot he might choose on the north-west coast. The amiable baronet, moreover, presented him with twenty guineas, as Ledyard says, *pro bono publico*, and with which he tells us, "he bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet." In a few days the vessel went down the Thames from Deptford, and Ledyard thought it the happiest moment of his life; but such is the uncertainty of human expectations, while he was indulging in day-dreams of the fame and honour which awaited him, he was once more doomed to suffer the agonies of a disappointment to his hopes, the more severe, as being so near their consummation—the vessel was seized by a custom-house officer, brought back, and exchequered.

This was undoubtedly the most severe blow he had yet received; but Ledyard never desponded—no sooner was one of his castles demolished, than he set about building another. "I shall make the tour of the globe," he says, "from London eastward, on foot." To aid him in this object, a subscription was raised by Sir Joseph Banks, Sir James Hall, and some others. By this means he arrived at Hamburgh; whence he writes to colonel Smith:—"Here I am with ten guineas exactly, and in perfect health. One of my dogs is no more: I lost him in my passage up the river Elbe, in a snow storm: I was out in it forty hours in an open boat."

At the tavern he went to, he learnt that a Major Langhorn, an American officer, "a very good kind of a man," as his host described him, "and an odd kind of a man, one who had travelled much, and fond of travelling in his own way," had left his baggage behind, which was sent after him to Copenhagen, but that, by some accident, it had never reached him. He had left Hamburgh, the host told him, with one spare shirt, and very few other articles of clothing, and added, that he must necessarily be in distress. This man, thought Ledyard to himself, is just suited to be the companion of my travels. The sympathy was irresistible; besides, he might be in want of money; this was an appeal to his generosity, which was

* Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., the father of Captain Basil Hall, R.N., and, till lately, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

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equally irresistible to one who, like Ledyard, had ten guineas in his pocket. "I will fly to him and lay my little all at his feet: he is my countryman, a gentleman, and a traveller, and Copenhagen is not much out of my way to Petersburgh," and, accordingly, in the month of January, 1787, after a long and tedious journey, in the middle of winter, through Sweden and Finland, we find him in Copenhagen, having discovered Langhorn shut up in his room, without being able to stir abroad for want of money and decent clothing. After remaining a fortnight, he made a proposal to the Major to accompany him to St. Petersburgh. "No: I esteem you, but no man on earth shall travel with me the way I do," was the abrupt refusal to the man who had gone out of the way several hundred miles to relieve his wants, and given him his last shilling.

The visit being ended, and the amicable partnership dissolved, it became necessary for our traveller to think of raising the supplies for a journey round the Gulf of Bothnia, which was now rendered impassable, the distance being not less than twelve hundred miles, chiefly over trackless snows, in regions thinly peopled, the nights long, and the cold intense; and, after all, gaining only, in the direct route, about fifty miles. A Mr. Thompson accepted his bill on Colonel Smith, for a sum which, he says, "has saved me from perdition, and will enable me to reach Petersburgh." This journey he accomplished within seven weeks; but he writes to Mr. Jefferson, "I cannot tell you by what means I came, and hardly know by what means I shall quit it." Through the influence of Professor Pallas, but more especially by the assistance of a Russian officer, he obtained the passport of the empress, then on her route to the Crimea, in fifteen days. His long and dreary journey having exhausted his money, and worn out his clothes, he drew on Sir Joseph Banks for twenty guineas, which that munificent patron of science and enterprise did not hesitate to pay.

Fortunately, a Scotch physician, of the name of Brown, was proceeding in the service of the empress as far as the province of Kolyvan, who offered him a seat in his kabitka, and thus assisted him on his journey for more than three thousand miles. Having reached Irkutsk, he remained there about ten days, and left it in company with lieutenant Laxman, a Swedish officer, to embark on the Lena, at a point one hundred and fifty miles distant from Irkutsk, with the intention of floating down its current to Yakutsk. On his arrival at this place, he waited on the commandant, told him he wished to press forward, with all expedition, to Okotsk before the winter should shut in, that he might secure an early passage in the spring to the American continent. The commandant assured him that such a journey was already impossible; that the governor-general, from whom he had brought letters, ordered him to show all possible kindness and service, "and the first and best service," said he, "is to beseech you not to attempt to reach Okotsk this winter." Ledyard still persisting to proceed, a trader was brought in, who, in like manner, declared the journey utterly impracticable.

While thus detained for the winter at Yakutsk, he drew up some very just observations on the Tartars, which were afterwards published

He had not remained long at Yakutsk, when Captain Billings returned from the Kolyma. This officer had attended the astronomer Bayley, as his assistant, on the last voyage of Cook, and was, of course, well known to Ledyard. Being on his journey to Irkutsk, he invited Ledyard to accompany him thither. They travelled in sledges up the Lena, and reached Irkutsk in seventeen days, being a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Scarcely, however, had he arrived at this place when he was put under arrest, by an order from the empress. He now experienced no more of that concern for his welfare on the part of the commandant, and even Billings kept away from him. All he could learn was, that he was considered as a French spy, which Billings could at once have contradicted. His state of suspense was very short, as, on the same day, he was sent off in a kabitka, with two guards, one on each side.

In this manner was our traveller conveyed to the frontiers of Poland, a distance of six thousand versts, in six weeks. "Thank heaven," says he, as he approached Poland, "petticoats appear, and the glimmerings of other features. Women are the sure harbingers of an alteration in manners, in approaching a country where their influence is felt." He has bestowed, indeed, a beautiful and touching tribute to the excellence of the female character, not more beautiful than just, which cannot be too often recorded in print

On setting our traveller down in Poland, the soldiers who had guarded him, gave him to understand that he might then go where he pleased; but that, if he again returned to the dominions of the empress, he would certainly be hanged. It did not appear for some time what the

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real cause was of this proceeding; but there is every reason to believe it arose out of the jealousy of the North-west Russian Fur Company, whose head-quarters were at Irkutsk, and that their influence at Petersburgh had procured from the empress the annulment of her previous order, together with the present inhuman mandate. Ledyard, however, knew nothing of this; and, having neither relish nor motive for making the experiment a second time, he took the shortest route to Konigsberg, where he found himself destitute, without friends or means, his hopes blasted, and his health enfeebled. In this forlorn condition, he bethought himself once more of the benevolence of Sir Joseph Banks, and had the good luck to raise five guineas, by a draft on his old benefactor, with which he reached London. Here he was kindly received by Sir Joseph Banks, who gave him an introduction to Mr. Beaufoy, the secretary of a newly-formed association for promoting discoveries in Africa.

"Before," says Mr. Beaufoy, "I had learnt from the note the name and business of my visiter, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and from thence westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him, that was the route, by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said, he should think himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out. 'To-morrow morning,' was his answer. I told him I was afraid that we should not be able, in so short a time, to prepare his instructions, and to procure for him the letters that were requisite; but that if the committee should approve of his proposal, all expedition should be used."

In a few weeks all was ready for his departure. The plan was, to proceed up the Nile as far as Sennaar or the Bahr-el-Abiad, and from thence to strike across the African continent to the coast of the Atlantic.

His letters from Cairo are full of interest. Of the Nile itself he speaks contemptuously, says it resembles the Connecticut in size, or may be compared with the Thames.

After some delay, the day is fixed on which the caravan is to leave Cairo. He writes to his friends and to the African Association in great spirits; talks of cutting the continent across, and raises the expectations of his employers to a high pitch;—the very next letters from Cairo brought the melancholy intelligence of his death. It seems he was seized with a bilious complaint, for which he administered a strong solution of vitriolic acid, so powerful as to produce violent and burning pains, that threatened to be fatal unless immediate relief could be procured, which was attempted to be got by a powerful dose of tartar emetic. His death happened about the end of December, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Thus perished, in the vigour of manhood, the first victim, in modern times, to African discovery. Too many, alas! have since shared the same fate in pursuit of the same object; which, so far from deterring, seems only to stimulate others, and produce fresh candidates for fame to tread the same perilous path.—*Quarterly Review—Article "Ledyard's Travels."*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

LARGE BONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE immense large bonnets which decorate the ladies of the present day are truly "*over the borders*," and seem to keep pace with the "*march of intellect.*" A garden seems to bloom on their exterior, and roses and lilies vie with each other above and below, for underneath the living roses flourish on the cheeks of the fair. Perhaps in a few years small bonnets will usurp the day, for

"Extremes produce extremes, extremes avoid,
Extremes without extremes are not enjoyed."

Some years ago, when straw bonnets were all the rage, the following *pithy* lines were composed by M. P. Andrewes, Esq.:—

"Some ladies' heads appear like stubble fields;
Who now of threaten'd famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the *wheat-sheaves* nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transferr'd to drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their *granaries* may *thrash their wives.*"

P. T. W.

Our facetious correspondent does not notice the *golden oats*; but doubtless he recollects the anecdote of the horse mistaking a lady's hat with a tuft of oats for a moving manger stocked with his natural provender.—ED.

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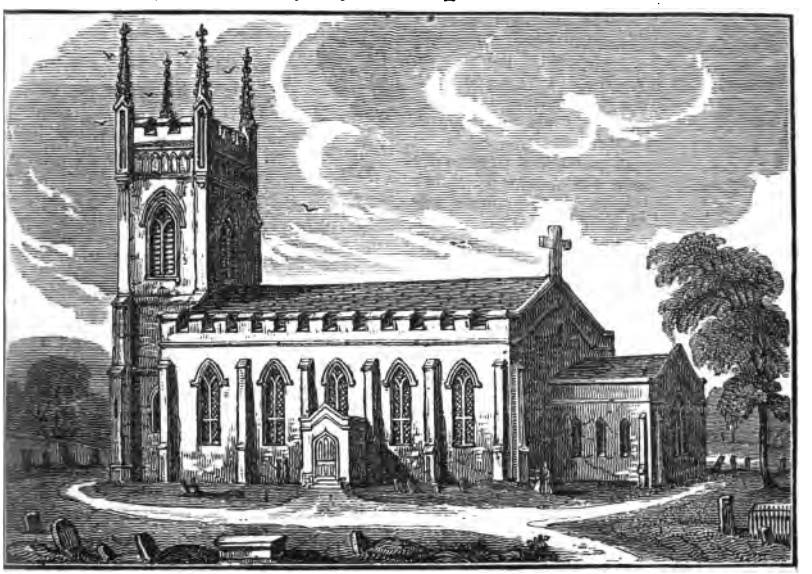
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 329.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1828. [Price 2*d*.

New Church, building at Staines.



Who has journeyed on the Exeter road without noticing the town of Staines, with its host of antiquarian associations—as the *Stana* (Saxon) or London Stone,* its ancient bridge, for the repair of which three oaks out of Windsor Forest were granted by the crown in the year 1262, besides *pontage* or temporary tolls previous to the year 1600.—Dr. Stukeley's conjectures respecting the *Via Trinobantica* passing here—and the *old* parish church, the situation of which appeared to denote the site of the more ancient town of Staines. It is here too, that the tourist begins to imagine himself *in rure*, after he has been whirled through the brick and mortar avenues of *Kensington*, and *Hammersmith*, and the unsightly lane-street of *Brentford*,† with all its cockney reminiscences of equestrianism and election squabbles; *Hounslow* and its by-gone days of highway notoriety and powder-mill and posting celebrity, and *Bedfont*, with its yew trees tortured into peacock shapes, and the date 1704. Then, who does not recollect and venerate the convivial celebrity of this route, its luxurious inns, and their "thrones of human felicity;" along which Quin, Dr. Johnson or Shenstone could scarcely have accomplished a stage a day!

In our days, hundreds of London tourists breakfast at the *Bush*, although, after sixteen miles' ride, their appetites do not require this stimulant any more than do the glories of the *Bush* cellars after dinner.

But we must pass on to the church. The *old* building was in the Gothic or pointed style, with lancet windows, &c., but much disfigured by churchwardens' repairs, although the great Inigo Jones is said to have built its square, brick tower. At length, a considerable portion of this ancient structure fell in one Sunday morning, during the service, but, as the newspapers say, "fortunately no lives were lost." The inhabitants then resolved to rebuild nearly the whole, and the design of Mr. J. B. Watson was adopted. The foundation stone was laid March 31, in the present year, and the building is to be com-

* This is a boundary stone which marks the extent of the jurisdiction possessed by the City of London over the western part of the River Thames. It stands on the margin of the river, in the vicinity of Staines church, and bears the date of 1280. On a moulding round the upper part is inscribed "God preserve the City of London, A. D. 1280."

† George II. used to say when riding through Brentford, with his heavy guards, "I do like dis place, 'tis so like Yarmany."

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pleted by Christmas next. The church is intended to contain 1,100 persons. The length of the interior, 65 feet; width, 47 feet; height to ceiling, 25 feet. The chancel is to be rebuilt at the expense of the impropriators. The lower part of Inigo Jones's tower is to remain, and the whole is to be raised 23 feet. These repairs, with the enclosure of the churchyard, will not exceed 4,000*l.*; and the progress of the undertaking is highly creditable to the taste and execution of all the parties concerned.

As one act of public spirit generally leads to another, the erection of a new stone bridge is projected at Staines; it is to be nearer the church than the present bridge, and will afford a better view of the new structure. An elegant stone bridge was erected here in 1796, but two of the piers sinking, the bridge was taken down, and an iron one substituted; this failed, and has since been supported by wooden piles and frame-work.

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

"There is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Moss, which was distinguished and well known for upwards of two centuries, by the appellation of the Spectre's Voyage; across which, so long as it retained that name, neither entreaty nor remuneration could induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious ideas current amongst the lower orders of people were, that on every evening about the hour of eight, a beautiful female figure was seen in a small vessel, sailing from Hereford to Northrigg, (a small village about three miles distant,) with the utmost rapidity, against wind and tide, or even in a dead calm—landed at the little village, returned, and vanished, when arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, about half a mile from the city of Hereford."—*Neele's Romance of History.* See MIRROR, vol. x. page 353.

Bright shines the silver queen of night,
Upon fair Wye's soft stream;
Which throws a ray of heavenly light
Reflected from her beam.
Yet this smooth water, wide and clear,
This scene of sweet repose;
Erst filled the villagers with fear
As ancient story goes.

'Tis told us that in dead of night,
(In days of yore long past)
A skiff was seen compact and light,
With sail, and oars, and mast.
And in it sat the spectral form,
Of a most beauteous maid;
Who heeded neither wind nor storm,
As she this voyage made.

Nor heeded she the pelting rain,
Nor winter's blinding snows;
But to the destin'd spot amain,
The scudding vessel goes;
Or if so calm, the placid Wye,
No wave was on its face,
Yet onward did that light bark fly
To reach the fated place.

When on the deck she was espied,
Each trembled to behold;
As on she sail'd 'gainst wind and tide,
('Tis scarce believ'd when told)
Then sail and oar were both applied,
And swift the vessel flew;
But where the man—who could abide
That vessel to pursue?

Ah! who could dare approach the spot
Where Isabel did steer?
That mariner existeth not,
But did that phantom fear.
Or where's the man whose courage bold,
Could lend him strength one hour,
To gaze upon that form so cold,
Or place him in her power.

And when the spectral sail was spread,
That flutter'd to and fro.
The hair would bristle on each head,
Which awful fear did show.
And when the moon-beam seem'd to kiss,
That dreaded maiden's brow;
Something each knew would go amiss,
Nor judg'd such wrong, I trow.

For tho' the form was wond'rous fair,
'Twas terrible to view;
And to avoid it was the care
Of every vessel's crew.
Full many a dismal tale was told,
Of that fam'd spectre ship;
And none were ever known so bold
To watch this nightly trip.

Why did that troubled shade proceed
Along that watery way?
Or what the purpose, or the deed,
Which caus'd her thus to stray?
For good, or bad, did Isabel,
Forsake her dreary grave?
Or was't because she lov'd to sail
On Wye's pellucid wave?

The spectre came to meet her dear,
Lord Hugh—the young and brave;
When dreadful tidings met her ear,
"He'd found a traitor's grave."
When second Edward rul'd this land,
(A wretched prince was he,)
Of favourites he'd a numerous band,
As worthless as could be.

Two noblemen amongst this set
Were hated above all,
And many were the lords who met,
To work the Spencer's fall.
Success attends these foe-men's strife,
Lord Hugh is doom'd to die;
And in his happiest hours of life,
That precious life did fly.

His manly form did never more,
Bless Isabel's fond eyes;
With him—the joys of life were o'er,
For him—the maiden dies.
Yet still the spirit fondly clings,
To what in life has been,
Thus Isabel, it nightly brings
To this beloved scene.

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But when her feet have touch'd the ground,
With silent, noiseless tread;
No tender lover there is found,
He's number'd with the dead.
No more of love the tender strain,
Falls on her list'ning ear,
In life—her joy, was turn'd to pain,
Her hope—gave place to fear.

'Tis then, that dread laments they hear,
Who pass by night that way;
Which the scar'd traveller, so clear,
Hears till returning day;
When re-embarks sad Isabel,
That spectre shade so fair;
Then dashing in the water's swell,
She vanishes in air.

No trace remains in Sol's bright ray,
Of boat or awful spright;
For grief—or guilt conceived by day,
Conspicuous is at night.
Thus Isabel's unearthly woe,
Remain'd for many years;
But as our superstitions go,
So go unfounded fears

CAROLINE MAXWELL.

HARVEST HOME.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Wishing to add to your numerous accounts of our local customs, I send you a description of the manner of celebrating harvest home in Westmoreland.

The farmers of Appleby, Kirby, Thore, and many of the neighbouring and low towns thereabout, devote the last day of the harvest to mirth and festivity. The men generally endeavour to get the corn all in pretty early in the day; and at the last cart-load the horses are decked by the men with ears of corn and flowers and ribands; and then the lasses' straw-bonnets, who, in return, perform the same compliments on them. Thus they move on through the lanes and roads, till they reach the farm-yard, shouting, "Harvest Home," and singing songs in their way. When they reach the farm-yard, they set up an exulting shout, and ale is distributed to them by their master. About nine o'clock, a supper is prepared for them in their master's house. A wheat-sheaf is brought, and placed in the middle of the room, decorated with ribands and flowers, and corn is hung in various parts of the room. The supper mostly consists of some good old English dish, (of which there is plenty,) and the jolly farmer presides at the head of the table. After the cloth is cleared, liquor in abundance is brought forward, and the "president" sings, (not a *Non Nobis Domine*,) but a good, true, mirth-stirring song, and then the *fun* commences; singing and dancing alternately occupy the evening, and the bottle circulates speedily, and the festival generally breaks up about midnight.

Thus, Mr. Editor, is harvest home spent in that county, and I send you the only account I can furnish of the harvest merriments, hoping some of your correspondents will add to my little mite.

W. H. H.

STANZAS TO, AND IN ILLUSTRATION OF, A LANDSCAPE BY CLAUDE.

(For the Mirror.)

Young land of beauty, and divine repose!
Art thou a dream? a vision from on high
Unveiling Paradise? uncurt'ning those
Supernal glories, Eden doth supply
To glad immortals? o'er thee, ev'ning glows,
Brilliant, as seraph's blush—pure as his breath—
Smiling an antidote to tears and death!

Young land of beauty! (fancy could not dwell
In lovelier, albeit her rainbow wings
Fold, but in fairy-spheres) a living well
Of sylvan joy art thou, whose thousand springs
Gush, sinless, gladness, peace ineffable,
And that luxuriousness of being, which
Mocks eloquence: warm, holy, ruby, rich.

Young land of beauty! 'neath thy sun-ting'd shades,
Beside thy lake, crystal in roseate light,
Enam'ring music breathes: there, raptur'd maids
In dances, with adoring youths unite;
There, magic voices sigh in song; and glades
With birds and blossoms, all but vital, seem
Entranc'd, like hermit in divinest dream!

Young land of beauty! art thou but a ray
Of intellect, emerg'd from one? and shrin'd,
That thine immortal light may dim the day,
Faint struggling thro' some lowlier, cloudier, mind:
Dream of the painter-poet! oh! we'll say,
Lur'd to ethereal musings by thy thrall,
Tho' dream in part, no dream art thou in all!

M. L. B.

MARCH OF "IMPROVEMENT."[1]

(For the Mirror.)

AN old Subscriber has sent us the following *questions* on the improvement of the metropolis, which we insert as a castle-building *jeu d'esprit* rather than as a serious matter. They will, however, serve for the *committee of taste* to crack after dinner, and give a zest for their *magna bona*.

Ought not the new palace to have been built in the richest Gothic style, so as to have deviated in appearance from every other edifice in the metropolis; and to have been erected on the north bank of the Serpentine?—And, if the *dome* of the present erection is not to be removed, cannot it be ornamented?—Or could not the pediment, fronting the park, be raised another story, so as to hide it (the dome)

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from that side?—Indeed, would not the palace be much improved by such an alteration? I think if it be left as it is, when the wings are raised to the height of the body of the palace, (though they are a wonderful improvement upon those first erected) the whole will have a very flat appearance.—Are not the statues of Neptune, &c., much too small, and the other ornaments, consisting of representations of warlike implements, &c., much too heavy to look well?

Is not the Borough a very improper place for the king's, or any other, college?—Is it not the very mart of trade, and consequently ever noisy and in confusion?—And what a magnificent improvement would its erection near Westminster Abbey be to that ancient and very sumptuous pile. Could it not be erected from Tothill Street, and extend towards Storey's Gate?—And should it not be built in the Gothic style to correspond with the abbey? The seat of learning and wisdom is in that neighbourhood (Westminster School, Houses of Parliament, Courts of Justice, &c.); therefore it is the place best adapted for the erection of a college. Ought not also those disgraceful erections close to the abbey's western front, to be instantly removed?—And ought not the house of the dean, &c. to be also rebuilt in the Gothic style, and extend from Tothill Street towards St. John's church? I never see this abbey (the glory of London) without feeling utterly disgusted at the surrounding objects. The great tower, also, should be erected in the same style as the other two. But should not the council office, and Somerset House, be finished before other works are begun?—Should not the interior of the dome of St. Paul's be repainted and gilt, and the windows (particularly the three over the altar) be of stained glass?—And should not the railing on the top of the dome on the outside (which is much decayed) be replaced by railing made of the new metal lately invented, which imitates brass, and does not tarnish?—Would not the entrance for the public, from Piccadilly into St. James's Park, be much better two or three yards from the new royal archway, as it will be very likely to be injured by people passing so near it?

Would not a Swiss cottage and a Chinese temple very materially improve the appearance of the islands in St. James's Park; and two or three vessels upon that water, and the Serpentine in Hyde Park, also add very much to the effect?—Would a tower, surrounded by a railing, as the monument, and surmounted by a statue of George III. (looking with surprise to see what his son had done), or Canning, or Byron, be a proper sort of monument as a tribute to their memories; and to be erected in the centre of the Regent's Park? Oh! what a prospect would its summit command! Would not magnificent baths for males and females, erected on either side of Waterloo Place, and to be supplied from the new fountain, be a great addition to the beauty and comfort of this great city.

These additions, alterations, and improvements, ought to be made now; and I doubt not, in the course of time, all warehouses will be removed from the banks of the Thames, above Blackfriars' Bridge, and that streets will run by the waterside as at Dublin. Also the time will come when the houses round St. Paul's will be pulled down and rebuilt in the Grecian style of architecture to correspond with the cathedral (the wonder of England), and be re-erected at a much greater distance from it.

I would also ask, "should not the chimney pots upon the palaces in Regent Street, &c. be of a slate colour?—Should not all tiles be painted of the same colour? (slate.)—Should not the names of streets be more particularly attended to?"

INTRODUCTION OF SILK INTO EUROPE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE frequency of open hostilities between the Emperor of Constantinople and the monarchs of Persia, together with the increasing rivalry of their subjects in the trade with India, gave rise to an event which produced a considerable change in the silk trade. As the use of that article, both in dress and furniture, became more general in the court of the Greek emperors, who imitated and surpassed the sovereigns of Asia in splendour and magnificence; and as China, in which, according to the concurring testimony of oriental writers, the culture of silk was originally known, *(Herbelot. Biblioth. Orient.)*, still continued to be the only country which produced that valuable commodity; the Persians improving the advantages which their situation gave them over the merchants from the Arabian Gulf, supplanted them in all the marts of India, to which silk was brought by sea from the east. Having it likewise in their power to molest or to cut off the caravans, which, in order to procure a supply for the Greek empire, travelled by land to China through the northern provinces of their kingdom, they entirely engrossed that branch of commerce. Constantinople was obliged to depend on he

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rival power for an article which luxury reserved and desired as essential to elegance. The Persians, with the usual rapacity of monopolists, raised the price of silk to such an exorbitant height, that the Emperor Justinian eager, not only to obtain a full and certain supply of a commodity which was become of indispensible use, but solicitous to deliver the commerce of his subjects from the exactions of his enemies, endeavoured, by means of his ally, the christian monarch of Abyssinia, to wrest some portion of the silk trade from the Persians. In this attempt he failed; but when he least expected it, he, by an unforeseen event, attained in some measure (A. D. 55.) the object which he had in view. Two Persian monks having been employed as missionaries to some christian churches which were established (as we are informed by Cosmas) in different parts of India, had penetrated into the country of the Seres, or China. There they observed the labours of the silk-worm, and became acquainted with all the arts of men in working up its productions into such a variety of elegant fabrics. The prospect of gain, or perhaps an indignant zeal excited by seeing this lucrative branch of commerce engrossed by unbelieving nations, prompted them to repair to Constantinople. There they explained to the emperor the origin of silk, as well as the various modes of preparing and manufacturing it—mysteries hitherto unknown, or very imperfectly understood in Europe, and encouraged by his liberal promises, they undertook to bring to the capital a sufficient number of those wonderful insects to whose labours man is so much indebted. This they accomplished by conveying the eggs of the silk-worm in a hollow cane. They were hatched by the heat of a dunghill; fed with the leaves of a wild mulberry-tree, and they multiplied and worked in the same manner as in those climates where they first became objects of human attention and care. Vast numbers of these insects were soon reared in different parts of Greece, particularly in the Peloponnesus. Sicily afterwards undertook to breed silk-worms with equal success, and was imitated from time to time in several towns of Italy. In all these places extensive manufactures were established and carried on with silk of domestic production. The demand for silk from the East diminished, of course. The subjects of the Greek emperors were no longer obliged to have recourse to their enemies, the Persians, for a supply of it; and a considerable change took place in the nature of the commercial intercourse between Europe and India.

Before the introduction of the silk-worm into Europe, and as often as its production is mentioned by the Greek and Roman authors, they had not, for several centuries after the use of it became common, any certain knowledge either of the countries to which they were indebted for this favourite article of elegance, or the manner in which it was produced. By some, silk was supposed to be a fine down adhering to the leaves of trees or flowers; others imagined it to be a delicate species of wool or cotton; and even those who had learned that it was the work of an insect, show by their description that they had no distinct idea of the manner in which it was formed. A circumstance concerning the traffic of silk among the Romans merits observation. Contrary to what usually takes place in the operations of trade, the more general use of that commodity seems not to have increased the quantity imported in such proportion as to answer the growing demand for it; and the price of silk was not reduced during the course of 250 years from the time of its being first known in Rome. In the reign of Aurelian it still continued to be valued at its weight in gold. (See Robertson's *History of India.*)

It is a singular circumstance in the history of silk, that, on account of its being an exertion of a worm, the Mahomedans consider it as an unclean dress, and it has been decided with the unanimous assent of all their doctors, that a person wearing a garment made entirely of silk cannot lawfully offer up the daily prayers enjoined by the Koran. *(Herbel. Bibl. Orient.)* C. V.

LADIES' FASHIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

If you think the following observations conformable to the plan of your useful and entertaining publication, perhaps you may be induced to give them a place, or notice the subject I have in view, in some other way.

Notwithstanding the host of publications periodically issuing from the press, independent of the incalculable list of newspapers and reviews; and though the rage for periodicals is so great, that a single event will give rise to one, yet there does not appear to me to be any thing like those works which used to amuse and instruct our great grandfathers. I mean the "Spectator," "Tatler," and others, whose influence extends to the present day, and which are continually affording pleasure to cultivated minds by the soundness of their doc-

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trines, aided by the extensive knowledge of human nature that the authors display throughout. But as they are now become standard works, they are not so capable of "shooting folly as it flies," and being as it were aged in the service, can only have a proper effect when folly will stand still to listen to them; but as that is, in most instances, out of the question, we want something more active, or in other words, something new; and novelty being the order of the day, attention is thereby excited, and the follies and extravagances of the "age," may possibly have some advantageous pruning.

Caricatures, whether exhibited in pantomimes or print shops, (though often got up for any other purpose than instruction) are not sufficient; they are too ridiculous, though sometimes not devoid of humour, instance the picture of a lady striving ineffectually to make a way through Temple Bar, but is prevented by the enormous size of her bonnet, which shows likewise that this extravagance in dress is not confined to the west end. But as these things are only laughed at, some other means ought to be adopted; and I should think myself extremely fortunate if I could be the humble means of inducing you, or your correspondents, to take the matter in hand.

Certainly not the least to be deprecated are the "ladies' present dresses;" the extravagances of which are not confined to the head, but are exhibited also all down the arm (not unaptly likened to series of balloons) and are also, in most instances, by some unusual "bustling," equally absurd. I wonder what would be said by Mr. Addison, were he to witness the present fashions. He would certainly think that all the care he took to keep the fair sex in order was in vain; and though enormous head dresses were not in vogue in his time, he seems to have anticipated that they would be, by his recommending the perusal of his 98th paper of the "Spectator" to his female readers by way of prevention, but which, alas! has not been studied with the attention it merits. Probably the transcription of one passage will not be misapplied here:—

He says, "I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gewgaws, ribbons, and bone-lace."

Womankind, Mr. Editor, I do not believe, are naturally vain; but as they were made for us and for our comfort, it is natural that they should endeavour to gain our esteem; but they carry their endeavours too far; by straining to excite attention they overstep the mark, become vain and coquetish, one strives to outdo another, others say they must do as other women do, and they thus make themselves ridiculous unknowingly. It is really painful to see a woman of sense and education become a slave to the tyranny of fashion—and injuring both body and mind—and it is, I think, an insult to a man of understanding to endeavour to excite his attention by any such peculiarities.

Having now generally stated the subject that I should wish to be taken up by abler hands than mine, I will conclude by recommending all your town-bred, and coquetish ladies to study and restudy a letter signed "Mary Home," in No. 254 of the excellent work before alluded to, "The Spectator."—H. M—. *Great Surrey Street, Aug.* 1828.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF SMITHFIELD.

(For the Mirror.)

STOWE, in his "Survey of London," 1633, says, "Then is Smithfield Pond, which of (old time) in records was called Horsepoole, for that men watered horses there, and was a great water. In the 6th of Henry V. a new building was made in the west part of Smithfield, betwixt the said poole and the river of Wels, or Turnemill-brooke, in a place then called the Elms, for that there grew many elme trees, and this had been the place of execution for offenders. Since the which time, the building there hath been so increased, that now remaineth not one tree growing. In the yeere 1357, the 31st of

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Edward III., great and royall justs were then holden in Smithfield, there being present the kings of England, France, and Scotland, with many other nobles, and great estates of divers lands. In the yeere 1362, the 36th of Edward III., on the first five daies of May, in Smithfield, were justs holden, the king and queene being present, with the most part of the chivalry of England and of France and of other nations; to which came Spaniards, Cyprians, and Armenians, knightly requesting ayde of the king of England against the Pagans, that invaded their confines. The 48th of Edward III., Dame Alice Perrers, or Pierce, (the king's concubine,) as lady of the Sunne, rode from the Tower of London through Cheape, accompanied of many lords and ladies, every lady leading a lord by his horse bridle, till they came into West Smithfield, and then began a great just, which endured seven daies after.—In the 14th of Richard II., royal justs and turnements were proclaimed to be done in Smithfield, to begin on Sunday next, after the feast of Saint Michael; many strangers came forth of other countries, namely, Valarian, Earle of St. Paul, that had married King Richard's sister, the Lady Maud Courtney; and William, the young Earle of Ostervant, son to Albert of Baviere, Earle of Holland and Henault. At the day appointed, there issued forth at the Tower, about the third houre of the day, 60 coursers, apparelled for the justs, upon every one an esquire of honour riding a soft pace; then came forth 60 ladies of honour, mounted upon palfraies, riding on the one side, richly apparelled, and every lady led a knight with a chain of gold; those knights, being on the king's party, had their armour and apparell garnished with white harts, and crownes of gold about the harts' neckes; and so they came riding through the streets of London to Smithfield, with a great number of trumpets, &c. The kinge and the queene, who were lodged in the bishop's palace of London, were come from thence, with many great estates, and placed in chambers, to see the justs. The ladies that led the knights were taken down from their palfraies, and went up to chambers prepared for them. Then alighted the esquires of honour from their coursers, and the knights in good order mounted upon them; and after their helmets were set on their heads, and being ready in all points, proclamation made by the heralds, the justs began, and many commendable courses were runne, to the great pleasure of the beholders. The justs continued many days with great feastings, as ye may reade in *Froisard*," &c. &c.

Smithfield, says Pennant, "was also the spot on which accusations were decided by duel, derived from the Kampfight ordeal of the Saxons. I will only (says Mr. P.) mention an instance. It was when the unfortunate armourer entered into the lists, on account of a false accusation of treason, brought against him by his apprentice, in the reign of Henry VI. The friends of the defendant had so plied him with liquor, that he fell an easy conquest to his accuser. Shakspeare has worked this piece of history into a scene, in the second part of *Henry VI.*, but has made the poor armourer confess his treasons in his dying moments; for in the time in which this custom prevailed, it never was even suspected but that guilt must have been the portion of the vanquished. When people of rank fought with sword and lance, plebeian combatants were only allowed a pole, armed with a heavy sand-bag, with which they were to decide their guilt or innocence. In Smithfield were also held our autos-de-fee; but to the credit of our English monarchs, none were ever known to attend the ceremony. Even Philip II. of Spain never honoured any, of the many which were celebrated by permission of his gentle queen, with his presence, notwithstanding he could behold the roasting of his own subjects with infinite self-applause and *sang-froid*. The stone marks the spot, in this area, on which those cruel exhibitions were executed. Here our martyr *Latimer* preached patience to friar *Forest*, agonizing under the torture of a slow fire, for denying the king's supremacy; and to this place our martyr *Cranmer* compelled the amiable *Edward*, by forcing his reluctant hand to the warrant, to send *Joan Bocher*, a silly woman, to the stake. Yet *Latimer* never thought of his own conduct in his last moments; nor did *Cranmer* thrust his hand into the fire for a real crime, but for one which was venial, through the frailty of human nature. Our gracious Elizabeth could likewise burn people for religion. Two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, suffered in this place in 1675, and died, as Holinshed sagely remarks, with "roring and crieing." But let me say, (says Pennant,) that this was the only instance we have of her exerting the blessed prerogative of the writ *De Hæretico comburendo*. Her highness preferred the halter; her sullen sister faggot and fire. Not that we will deny but Elizabeth made a very free use of the terrible act of her 27th year. One hundred and sixty-eight suffered in her reign, at London, York, in Lancashire, and several other parts of the kingdom, convicted of being

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priests, of harbouring priests, or of becoming converts. But still there is a balance of 109 against us in the article persecution, and that by the agonizing death of fire; for the smallest number estimated to have suffered under the savage Mary, amounts, in her short reign, to 277. The last person who suffered at the stake in England was Bartholomew Logatt, who was burnt here in 1611, as a blasphemous heretic, according to the sentence pronounced by John King, bishop of London. The bishop consigned him to the secular of our monarch James, who took care to give the sentence full effect. This place, as well as Tybourn, was called *The Elms*, and used for the execution of malefactors even before the year 1219. In the year 1530, there was a most severe and singular punishment inflicted here on one John Roose, a cook, who had poisoned 17 persons of the Bishop of Rochester's family, two of whom died, and the rest never recovered their health. His design was against the pious prelate Fisher, who at that time resided at Rochester-place, Lambeth. The villain was acquainted with the cook, and, coming into the bishop's kitchen, took an opportunity, while the cook's back was turned to fetch him some drink, to fling a great quantity of poison into the gruel, which was prepared for dinner for the bishop's family, and the poor of the parish. The good bishop escaped. Fortunately, he that day abstained from food. The humility and temperance of that good man are strongly marked in this relation, for he partook of the same ordinary food with the most wretched pauper. By a retrospective law, Roose was sentenced to be boiled to death, which was done accordingly. In Smithfield, the arch-rebel, Wat Tyler, met with, in 1381, the reward of his treason and insolence."

Smithfield* is at present celebrated, and long since, for being the great market for cattle of all kinds, and likewise for being the place where Bartholomew fair is held, alias the *Cockneys' Saturnalia*, which was granted by Henry II. to the neighbouring priory. P. T. W.

* After the Great Fire, many Londoners resided here in huts.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THE ANDALUSIAN ASS.

A GAY lieutenant of the Spanish Royal Guards, known by the name of Alonzo Beldia, became violently enamoured of the beautiful Carlotta Pena, the eldest daughter of a reputable gunsmith, whose humble habitation adjoined the vast cemetery of Valencia, and whom Beldia had casually seen at a public entertainment given in that good city.

Alonzo was affable and extremely complaisant, though an egotist and somewhat loquacious; but nature had, nevertheless, bestowed upon him a prepossessing exterior with an enviable pair of jet black whiskers, and the most expressive eyes; he could sing a *tonadilla* divinely; dance the *fandango* with inimitable grace; and "strike the light guitar" with unparalleled mastery. He was, in truth, an accomplished man of pleasure, and by his gallantry he subdued the tender hearts of many fair daughters of Ferdinand's domains.

On a dark night in the month of December, just as Alonzo had played one of his bewitching airs, with his wonted execution, and was engaged, in converse sweet, with the enraptured Carlotta, an extraordinary and seemingly supernatural noise suddenly proceeded from a distant part of the hallowed ground where Alonzo sacrificed at the shrine of love. Jesu Maria! exclaimed the terrified damsel, what, in the name of heaven, can it be? ere the silvery tones of her sweet voice had reached the ears of the petrified Alonzo, the "iron tongue" of the cathedral clock announced the hour of midnight, and the solemn intonation of its prodigious bell instilled new horrors into the confused minds of the affrighted lovers. The brave, the royal Alonzo heard not the voice of his enchanting dulcinea; he, poor fellow, with difficulty supported his trembling frame against an ancient *memento mori*, which reared its tristful crest within a whisper of the lattice of the lovely Carlotta. Large globules of transparent liquid adorned his pallid brow, and his convulsed knees sought each other with mechanical solicitude. It was a moment pregnant with the gravest misery to poor Alonzo; not a star was seen to enliven the murky night, and the wind whistled most lugubriously. He was in a state of insensibility, and would have fallen to the cold earth, but luckily for the valiant youth, the melodious voice of the enchanting girl again breathed the tenderest hopes for the safety of her adored Alonzo. He sprang upon his legs and drew a pistol from his girdle, which he discharged with unerring aim at the dreaded goblin. A horrible groan followed this murderous act, which was succeeded by a confused noise, and a solemn silence ensued! "It's vanished, Carlotta! I have hurried the intruding demon to the nether world!" exclaimed the valorous guardsman. "Heavens be praised," cried the superstitious girl,

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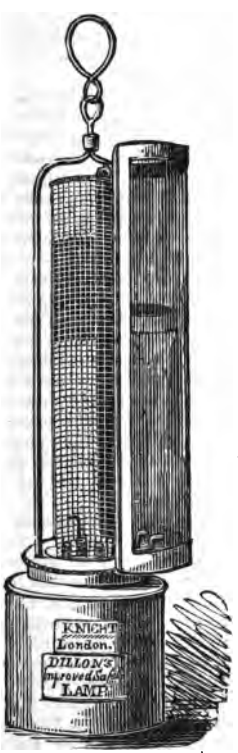
" but hasten, my love—quit this spot directly—my father has alarmed his people—away, away!"

The worthy maker of guns approached the scene of carnage, accompanied by the inmates of his dwelling, with rueful countenances, illumined by tapers, when the cause of their disquietude was soon discovered. No apparition or sprite forsooth, but a full grown *donkey* of the Andalusian breed, lay weltering in gore, yet warm with partial life! By timely liberality the valorous Alonzo escaped detection, though the heroic deed is still remembered in merry Valencia, and often cited as an instance of glorious (?) *chivalry*.

GRADIVUS.

Spirit of Discovery.

IMPROVED SAFETY LAMP.



MR. DILLON has lately introduced to the notice of the scientific world, an improvement upon the *Safety Lamp* of Sir Humphry Davy, which appears to us of sufficient interest for illustration in our columns. As the *Davy Lamp* is too well known to need special description here, it will be merely necessary to allude to the principle of the invention, in order to point out Mr. Dillon's improvement.

He maintains, in opposition to Sir Humphry Davy, that the Davy lamp acts by its heat and rarefaction, and not from Sir H. Davy's theory, that flame is cooled by a wire-gauze covering. He shows, by a simple experiment, that the Davy lamp is not safe in a current of hydrogen or carburetted hydrogen gas, and that many lives may have been lost from the confidence of miners in its perfect safety. A current of hydrogen or carburetted hydrogen gas steadily directed on the flame of the lamp from a bladder and stopcock, *by cooling the wire gauze*, brings the flame of the lamp through the gauze to the mouth of the stopcock, (even should there be six folds of gauze intervening.) He shows also, by immersing the lamp, when cold and newly lighted, into a jar of dense hydrogen or carburetted hydrogen gas, or an explosive mixture with atmospheric air, that explosion takes place inside and outside of the lamp; whereas, when the lamp has burnt sufficiently long to heat the wire gauze, no explosion takes place on the outside of the lamp. These experiments appear incontrovertible in support of his theory, which is, " *that the wire gauze is merely the rapid receiver and the retainer of heat, and that it is the caloric in its meshes which prevents the flame of the lamp from being fed by the oxygen of the atmosphere on the outside.*"

The experiments of Libri, showing that flame is inflected by metallic rods, and that " when two flames are made to approach each other, there is a mutual repulsion, although their proximity increases the temperature of each, instead of diminishing it," [illegible] Mr. Dillon's theory—the inflection being occasioned by the rarefaction of the air between the rod and the flame, the latter seeking for oxygen to support it in a denser medium, the two flames repelling each other for the same reason, and not from any mysterious and " repulsive effect of the wires of the gauze tissue." Mr. Dillon increases the heat of the lamp, and places on it a shield of talc to protect it from a current, and, upon his theory, the shafts or workings of iron and coal mines may be lighted with gas with perfect safety, protecting the flame with wire gauze and a circular shield of talc.

EPITAPH ON A FRENCH SCOLD.

Ci git ma femme; ah! qu'il est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien.

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The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PENELOPE, OR LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

THIS is one of the most deservedly attractive novels of the past season; and the good sense with which it abounds, ought to insure it extensive circulation. It has none of the affectation or presumptuousness of "fashionable" literature; but is at once a rational picture of that order of society to which its characters belong, and a just satire on the *superior* vices of the wealthy and the great. The author is evidently no servile respecter of either of the latter classes, for which reason, his work is the more estimable, and is a picture of *real* life, whereas fashion at best lends but a disguise, or artificial colouring to the actions of men, and thus renders them the less important to the world, and less to be depended on as scenes and portraitures of human character. The former will, however, stand as lasting records of the men and manners of the age in which they were drawn, whilst the latter, being in their own day but caricatures of life, will, in course of time, fade and lose their interest, and at length become levelled with the mere ephemera, or day-flies of literature. It is true that novel-writing has, within the last sixteen, or eighteen years, attained a much higher rank than it hitherto enjoyed; but it should be remembered that this superiority has not been grounded in mawkish records of the fashionable follies of high life, such as my Lord Duke, or my Lady Bab, might indite below stairs, for the amusement of those in the drawing-room; on the contrary, it was founded in portraits and pictures of human nature, strengthened by historical, or matter-of-fact interest, and stripped of the trickery of fancy and romance; whereas, the chronicles of fashion are little better than the vagaries of an eccentric few, who bear the same proportion to the general mass of society, that the princes, heroes, and statesmen of history do to the whole world. This is a fallacy of which thousands of Bath and Cheltenham novel-readers are not yet aware, and which the listless *Dangles* of Brighton and Margate have yet to learn, ere they can hope to arrive at a correct estimate of human nature; but to such readers we cordially recommend *Penelope* as the best corrective we can prescribe for the bile of fashionable prejudice, or the nausea arising from overstrained fiction, modified as it is to the romance of real life.

Penelope has, however, one of the failings common to fashionable novels. Its plot is weak and meagre—but it is still simple and natural, and has not borrowed any of those adventitious aids to which we have alluded above. It bears throughout an air of probability, untinctured by romance, and has the strong impress of truth and fidelity to nature. Sketchy and vivacious, always humorous and sometimes witty; it has many scenes and portraits, which in terseness and energy, will compare with any of its predecessors; and occasionally there are touches of genuine sentiment which seize on the sympathies of the reader with more than common effect. The incidents of the narrative do not present many opportunities for these displays of the writer's talent, and we cannot refrain from thinking that their more frequent introduction would have increased the success of the work—that is, if we may be allowed to judge from the specimens with which the author has here favoured us.

But we are getting somewhat too critical, and consequently as much out of our element as modern aeronauts, who are no sooner in the air than they seem to think of their descent. We shall not, however, impair the pleasure of the reader by giving him a foretaste of the whole plot of *Penelope;* but we shall rather confine ourselves to a few portrait-specimens of characters, whose *drawing* will, we hope, *attract* the general reader; presuming, as we do, that its claims to his attention will be found to outweigh dozens of the scandalous chronicles of high fashion. We are not told whether the parties ate with silver or steel forks, or burned wax or tallow; but those characters must be indeed poorly drawn which do not enable the reader to satisfy himself about such trifles, allowing that he thinks them worth his study.

An outline of the characters may not be unacceptable. The scene lies principally in the villages of Neverden and Smatterton; and between their rectors Dr. Greendale and Mr. Darnley, and their families; the Earl of Smatterton, of Smatterton Hall; Lord Spoonbill, his son; Sir George Aimwell, of Neverden Hall; *Penelope Primrose*, the heroine, who is placed by her father under the care of Dr. Greendale, whilst Mr. Primrose seeks to repair his fortune in the Indies; and Robert Darnley, Penelope's suitor, also for sometime in the Indies, who is thwarted in his views by Lord Spoonbill, and a creature named colonel Crop, &c.

In the early part of the narrative, Dr.

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Greendale dies, and Penelope is removed from Smatterton to London, where she is to be brought out as a singer, under the patronage of the Countess of Smatterton, and Spoonbill is first struck with her charms, and resolves to frustrate his absent rival.

The roguery of a postboy named Nick Muggins, who is employed by the noble suitor to intercept letters, and the aid of Crop, who acts as a sort of go-between, are put in requisition for this purpose; but the villany of the latter is finely defeated in his mistaking a silly, forward girl, Miss Glossop, for Penelope, and accordingly prevailing on her to elope with him to Lord Spoonbill's villa, where the blunder is soon discovered by his lordship, who in return is horsewhipped by the father of Miss Glossop; and Darnley and Penelope are eventually married.

There are two or three adjuncts, as Peter Kipperson, a "march of intellect" man, Erpingham, one of Spoonbill's companions in debauchery, Ellen Fitzpatrick, one of his victims, Dr. Greendale's successor, Charles Pringle; and Zephaniah Pringle, a literary coxcomb of the first order.

The portrait of Dr. Greendale is of high finish—full of the truth and amiability of the christian character—one who regarded the false distinctions of society in their proper light, and knew how to set a right value upon the influence of good example, and who was "loved and respected for the steadiness and respectability of his character; for the integrity, purity, simplicity, and sincerity of his life." At the same time, the doctor is finely contrasted with his wife, who possessed the common failing of paying homage to her illustrious neighbours to obtain their notice and patronage, and who felt flattered by a collateral branch of the Smattertons accepting an invitation to her table. Of the *heroine*, we quote the author's outline:—

Penelope Primrose exceeded the middle stature, that her dark blue eyes were shaded by a deep and graceful fringe, that her complexion was somewhat too pale for beauty, but that its paleness was not perceptible as a defect whenever a smile illumined her countenance, and developed the dimples that lurked in her cheek and underlip. Her features were regular, her gait exceedingly graceful, and her voice musical in the highest degree. Seldom, indeed, would she indulge in the pleasure of vocal music, but when she did, as was sometimes the case to please the Countess of Smatterton, her ladyship, who was a most excellent judge, used invariably to pronounce Miss Primrose as the finest and purest singer that she had ever heard.

The character of Lord Spoonbill is struck out with singular felicity and spirit:—

Lord Spoonbill was not one of those careless young men who lose at the university what they have gained at school; one reason was, that he had little or nothing to lose; nor was his lordship one of those foolish people who go to a university and study hard to acquire languages which they never use, and sciences which they never apply in after-life. His lordship had sense enough to conclude that, as the nobility do not talk Greek, he had no occasion to learn it; and as hereditary legislators have nothing to do with the exact sciences, it would be a piece of idle impertinence in him to study mathematics. But his lordship had heard that hereditary legislators did occasionally indulge in other pursuits, and for those pursuits he took especial care to qualify himself. In his lordship's cranium, the organ of exclusiveness was strongly developed. We do not mean that his head was so constructed internally, as to exclude all useful furniture, but that he had a strong sense of the grandeur of nobility and the inseparable dignity which attaches itself to the privileged orders. The only instances in which he condescended to persons in inferior rank, were when he was engaged at the race-course at Newmarket, or when he found that condescension might enable him to fleece some play-loving plebeian, or when affairs of gallantry were concerned. In these matters no one could be more condescending than Lord Spoonbill. We should leave but an imperfect impression on the minds of our readers if we should omit to speak of his lordship's outward and visible form. This was an essential part of himself which he never neglected or forgot; and it should not be neglected or forgotten by his historian. He was tall and slender, his face was long, pale and thin, his forehead was narrow, his eyes large and dull, his nose aquiline, his mouth wide, his teeth beautifully white and well formed, and displayed far more liberally than many exhibitions in the metropolis which are only "open from ten till dusk." His lips were thin, but his whiskers were tremendously thick. Of his person he was naturally and justly proud. Who ever possessed such a person and was not proud of it?

Colonel Crop was only Colonel Crop; he enjoyed the rank of colonel, and that was all the rank that he could boast; he was tolerated at the castle; he dined occasionally with his lordship; and occa-

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sionally partook of the pleasure of shooting the birds which were cultivated on his lordship's estate. In town, he patronised the countess' routs, and in the country he was a companion for the earl, when not otherwise engaged. He was proud of the earl's acquaintance, though he was not weak enough to suppose that he was more than tolerated. The haughtiest of the great do sometimes pick up such acquaintances as Colonel Crop, and they cannot easily get rid of them.

We must pass over Peter Kipperson, an excellent whole-length portrait of a man who makes a noise in these marching times, and show in *Sir George Aimwell*, of Neverden Hall, Bart., who was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry, and was a wholesale poulterer, and one of the great unpaid. Not that we mean by this expression to insinuate that the retail poulterers did not pay him for what they had: we merely mean to say, that the preserve-worshiping, spring-gun-setting, poacher-committing baronet administered justice for nothing; and with reverence be it spoken, that was quite as much as it was worth. The worthy baronet was a most active magistrate, peculiarly acute in matters of summary conviction; and thinking it a great pity that any rogue should escape, or that any accused, but honest man, should lose an opportunity of clearing his character by means of a jury of his fellow-countrymen, he never failed to commit all that were brought before him.

Sir George professed Whig politics; these were hereditary in his family, but by no means constitutional in him as an individual. Therefore he passed for a very moderate Whig; for one who would not clog the wheels of government. In short, he was no more a Whig than a game preserver ought to be; and that, as our readers know, is not much. He took especial pains to keep the parish clear of vagrants and paupers; and by his great activity he kept down the poor-rates to a moderate sum. Sir George, though a professed Whig, was not very partial to the education of the lower orders, and he always expressed himself well pleased when he met with a country booby who could neither read nor write. For this reason Nick Muggins, the postboy, was a great favourite with him. Our worthy baronet could not see the use of reading, and he thought it a great piece of affectation for country gentlemen to have libraries. His own books, for he had a few, were huddled together in a light closet, where he kept his guns and sporting tackle. There was a Lady Aimwell, wife to Sir George; but this lady was a piece of still life, of whom the neighbours knew nothing, and for whom her husband cared nothing.

Everybody in the neighbourhood remembers the impressive admonition which Sir George gave to an old man who was convicted at the quarter sessions of having a bit of string in his pocket, and therefore strongly suspected of a design of a malicious nature against the game.

"John Carter," said the worthy baronet, "let me address to you a few words on the sin of poaching. Poaching, John Carter—is—is a sin of which too many are guilty, owing to the lenity of our most excellent laws. I think that if everybody thought, as I think, of the moral heinousness of this offence, nobody would be guilty of it. Poaching is not yet made felony; but there is no saying how soon it may be made so, if the crime be persisted in. It is a moral offence of the greatest enormity, and is one of those crying, national sins, which may one day or other bring down the vengeance of heaven on our guilty country. Now, John Carter, if you go to gaol for six months, I hope the tread-mill and the chaplain will work a thorough reformation in your morals."

Of course the contact of Sir George with such a man as Kipperson, affords great merriment: *ex. gr.* part of a dinner scene at Neverden Hall:—

Now Peter was a very literary man, who thought there was nothing worth living for but science and literature; and having somewhere read that it was impossible to take shelter in a shower of rain with such a man as Burke, without discovering him to be a man of genius, Peter was desirous of continually showing off, and was instant in season and out of season. Therefore when sitting at the table of the worthy baronet, he assailed the magistrate with various scientific subjects, but all to no purpose; there was no response from his worthy host. Endeavouring to adapt himself to the moderate talents and circumscribed reading of the baronet, he next started the subject of novels and novel reading, taking care to insinuate that, though Sir George might not read the trash of circulating libraries, he might be acquainted with some of our best novels. To this at last the baronet replied—"Oh, yes; I remember many years ago reading a novel called Tom Jones, written by a Bow Street officer. I recollect something about it—it was very low stuff—I forget the particulars, but it was written in the manner of servants."

Hereupon Mr. Peter Kipperson set it down as an indisputable fact that baronets and magistrates were the most ignorant creatures on the face of the earth, and he

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congratulated himself that neither he nor Sir Isaac Newton were baronets.

A scene between Lord Spoonbill and one of his victims, whom he meets in his father's park, has some fine touches of remorse:—

Agitated by distracting thoughts, he stood at the park gate, gazing alternately in different directions; and by the intensity of his feelings was at last rivetted in an almost unconscious state of mind to the spot on which he was standing. Suddenly his pulse beat quicker, and his heart seemed to swell within him, when at a little distance he saw the dreaded one approaching him. Had he seen her anywhere else his first impulse would have been to avoid her; but here his truest and best policy was to submit to an interview, however painful. Shall he meet her with kindness?—Shall he meet her with reproaches?—Shall he meet her with coldness? These were inquiries rapidly passing through his mind as she drew nearer and nearer. It was difficult for him to decide between cruelty and hypocrisy; but the last was the most natural to him, so far as custom is a second nature.

The afflicted one moved slowly with her eyes fixed on the ground, and she saw not her enemy till so near to him, that on lifting up her face and recognising his well-known features, the sudden shock produced a slight hysteric shriek.

Lord Spoonbill was not so lost to all feeling of humanity as to be insensible to the anguish of mind which she now suffered, who had once regarded him as a friend, and had loved him, "not wisely, but too well." He held out his hand to her with an unpremeditated look of kindness and affection; and which, being unpremeditated, bore the aspect of sincerity. The stranger at first hesitated, and seemed not disposed to accept the offered hand; but she looked up in his face, and the blood mounted to her cheeks and the tears stood in her eyes, and she gave him her hand, and covered her face and wept bitterly.

There are moments in which shameless profligates look foolish and feel that they are contemptible. This was such a moment to Lord Spoonbill. He was moved, and he was mortified that he was moved; and there was a general feeling of confusion and perplexity in his mind. What could he say? or how could he act? He began to stammer out something like gentleness, and something like reproof. But she who stood before him was as an accusing spirit, to whom apology was mockery, and repentance too late.

In the first volume too, there is a successful satire on the changes of sixteen years in the condition of the people of England—between Mr. Primrose, who had been absent for that period, and the egregious Peter Kipperson. It is quite in the *forte* of the writer, and we regret that we have not room to quote it at full length.

Such are the only specimens which our limits enable us to present to the reader; but we hope they will be sufficient to induce him to turn to the work itself—and we doubt not—for his further gratification. Digressions occur too frequently to suit the pioneering taste of a certain class of readers; they may serve as resting-places in an intricate plot, but they were not, on that account, wanted here. At the same time, they are recommended by plain sense, knowledge of the world, shrewdness, and harmless satire on the weak sides of our nature, and are therefore *useful*; whilst their terseness and vivacity will free them from the charge of dulness, or the sin of prosing.

DIALOGUES ON FLY FISHING.

By Sir Humphry Davy.

We continue our extracts from this "philosophical angler's" delightful little book. The present will serve such as are unacquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing, and interest all who are fond of inquiries in natural history.

Management of Flies.

Hal.—Whilst you are preparing I will mention a circumstance which every accomplished fly-fisher ought to know. You changed your flies on Saturday with the change of weather, putting the dark flies on for the bright gleams of the sun, and the gaudy flies when the dark clouds appeared. Now I will tell you of another principle which it is as necessary to know as the change of flies for change of weather; I allude to the different kinds of fly to be used in particular pools, and even for particular parts of pools. You have fished in this deep pool; and if you were to change it for a shallower one, such as that above, it would be proper to use smaller flies of the same colour; and in a pool still deeper, larger flies; likewise in the rough rapid at the top, a larger fly may be used than below at the tail of the water; and in the Tweed, or Tay, I have often changed my fly thrice in the same pool, and sometimes with success—using three different flies for the top, middle, and bottom. I remember when I first saw Lord Somerville adopt this fashion, I thought there was fancy in it; but ex-

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perience soon proved to me how accomplished a salmon-fisher was my excellent and lamented friend, and I adopted the lesson he taught me, and with good results, in all bright waters.

Hooks.

Hal.—I never use any hooks for salmon-fishing, except those which I am sure have been made by O'Shaughnessy, of Limerick; for even the hooks made in Dublin, though they seldom break, yet they now and then bend; and the English hooks made of cast steel in imitation of Irish ones are the worst of all. *There* is a fly nearly of the same colour as that which is destroyed; and I can tell you that I saw it made at Limerick by O'Shaughnessy himself, and tied on one of his own hooks. Should you catch with it a fish even of 30 lbs., I will answer for its strength and temper; it will neither break nor bend.—We should have such hooks in England, but the object of the fishing-tackle makers is to obtain them cheap, and most of their hooks are made to sell, and good hooks cannot be sold but at a good price.—The early Fellows of the Royal Society, who attended to all the useful and common arts, even improved fish-hooks; and Prince Rupert, an active member of that illustrious body, taught the art of tempering hooks to a person of the name of Kirby, under whose name, for more than a century, very good hooks were sold.

Variety in Trout.

Phys.—Tell us why they are so different from the river-trout, or why there should be two species or varieties in the same water.—*Hal.* Your question is a difficult one, and it has already been referred to in a former conversation; but I shall repeat what I stated before, that qualities occasioned by food, peculiarities of water, &c. are transmitted to the offspring, and produce varieties which retain their characters as long as they are exposed to the same circumstances, and only slowly lose them. Plenty of good food gives a silvery colour and round form to fish, and the offspring retain these characters. Feeding on shell-fish thickens the stomach, and in many generations, probably, the gillaroo trout becomes so distinct a variety, as to render it doubtful if it be not a distinct species. Even these smallest salmon trout have green backs, *only* black spots, and silvery bellies; from which it is evident that they are the offspring of lake trout, or *lachs forelle*, as it is called by the Germans; whilst the river trout, even when 4 or 5 lbs., as we see in one of these fish, though in excellent season, have red spots.

Char.

Phys. The char* is a most beautiful and excellent fish, and is, of course, a fish of prey. Is he not an object of sport to the angler?—*Hal.* They generally haunt deep, cool lakes, and are seldom found at the surface till late in the autumn. When they are at the surface they will, however, take either fly or minnow. I have known some caught in both these ways; and have myself taken a char, even in summer, in one of those beautiful, small, deep lakes in the Upper Tyrol, near Nazereit; but it was where a cool stream entered from the mountain; and the fish did not rise, but swallowed the artificial fly under water. I have fished for them in many lakes, without success, both in England and Scotland, and also amongst the Alps; and I am told the only sure way of taking them is by sinking a line with a bullet, and a hook having a live minnow attached to it, in the deep water which they usually haunt; and in this way, likewise, I have no doubt the *umbla*, or *ombre chevalier*, might be taken.

Naturalisation of Fish.

Hal. At Lintz, on the Danube, I could have given you a fish dinner of a different description, which you might have liked as a variety. The four kinds of perch, the *spiegil carpfen*, and the *siluris glanis;* all good fish, and which I am sorry we have not in England, where I doubt not they might be easily naturalized, and where they would form an admirable addition to the table in inland counties. Since England has become Protestant, the cultivation of fresh water fish has been much neglected. The *burbot*, or *lotte*, which already exists in some of the streams tributary to the Trent, and which is a most admirable fish, might be diffused without much difficulty; and nothing could be more easy than to naturalize the *spiegil carpfen* and *siluris;* and I see no reason why the *perca lucio perca* and *zingil* should not succeed in some of our clear lakes and ponds, which abound in coarse fish. The new Zoological Society, I hope, will attempt something of this kind; and it will be a better object than introducing birds and beasts of prey—though I have no objection to any sources of rational amusement or philosophical curiosity.

Conveying Fish.

Phys.—In Austria, the art of carrying and keeping fish is better understood than in England. Every inn has a box containing grayling, trout, carp, or char, into which water from a spring runs; and no

* *Sabling* of the Germans.

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one thinks of carrying or sending *dead* fish for a dinner. A fish-barrel full of cool water, which is replenished at every fresh source amongst these mountains, is carried on the shoulders of the fisherman. And the fish, when confined in wells, are fed with bullock's liver, cut into fine pieces, so that they are often in better season in the tank or stew than when they were taken. I have seen trout, grayling, and char even, feed voraciously, and take their food almost from the hand. These methods of carrying and preserving fish have, I believe, been adopted from the monastic establishments. At Admondt, in Styria, attached to the magnificent monastery of that name, are abundant ponds and reservoirs for every species of fresh water fish; and the char, grayling, and trout are preserved in different waters—covered, enclosed, and under lock and key.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PAROCHIAL HISTORIES.

We wonder why clergymen do not oftener write accounts of their parishes; not mere statistical accounts, though these are most valuable, as witness the contributions of the Scottish Clergy to the truly patriotic Sir John Sinclair's work; but accounts comprehending every thing interesting to all human beings, whatever be their political or religious creed. A description of a church that has principally ceased to exist, is in general very, very, very dry; inscriptions on tombstones, without comment, or moral, are hard reading; an old pan dug up among rubbish proves a sore affliction in the hands of the antiquary, and twenty pages quarto, with plates, about a rusty spur without a rowel, is, in our humble opinion, an abuse of the art of printing. But how easy—how pleasant, to mix up together all sorts of information in due proportions into one whole, in the shape of an octavo—epitomizing every kind of history belonging to the parish, from peer's palace to peasant's hut! What are clergymen perpetually about? Not always preaching and praying; or marrying, christening, and burying people. They ought to tell us all about it; to moralize, to poetize, to philosophize; to paint the manners living as they rise, or dead as they fall; to take Time by the forelock, and measure the marks of his footsteps; to show us the smoke curling up from embowered chimneys; or, since woods must go down, to record the conquests of the biting axe; to celebrate the raising of every considerable roof-tree, to lament all dilapidations and crumbling away of ivied walls; to inform us how many fathoms deep is the lake with its abbeyed island—why the pool below the aged bridge gets shallower and shallower every year, so that it can no more shelter a salmon—what are the sports, and games, and pastimes of the parishioners—what books they read, if any—if the punishment of the stocks be obsolete—or the stang—or the jougs—if the bowels of the people yearn after strange doctrine—if the parish has produced any good or great murderer, incendiary, or other criminal. In short, why might not the history of each of the twenty or thirty thousand parishes of Great Britain—we speak at random—be each a history of human nature, at once entertaining and instructive? How infinitely better such books than pamphlets on political economy, for example, now encumbering the whole land! Nay, even than single sermons, or bundles of sermons, all like so many sticks—strong when tied all together, but when taken separately, weak and frush. We have no great opinion of county histories in general, though we believe there are some goodish ones, from which we purpose, ere long, to construct some superior articles. A county history, to be worth much, should run from sixty to six hundred volumes. No library could well stand that for many years. But a judicious selection might be made from the thirty thousand parish histories—that would afford charming reading to the largest family during the longest nights—in the intervals between the Scotch Novels. Form the circle round the fire—when winter crimps and freezes—or round the open bow-window, now that summer roasts and broils, and get her whose voice is like a silver bell to read it up, right on from beginning to end, only skipping a few lists of names now and then, and we pledge our credit on the prediction, that you will be delighted as on a summer ramble, now in sunlight and now in moonlight, over hill and dale, adorned with towers, turrets, pinnacles of halls and churches, and the low roofs,—blue or brown, slated or strawed,—

"Of huts where poor men lie!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

IAMBICS.

Iambe was a servant-maid of Metanira, wife of Celeus, king of Eleusis, who tried to exhilarate Ceres when she travelled over Attica in quest of her daughter

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Proserpine. From the jokes and stories which she made use of, free and satirical verses have been called *iambics.*—*Apollod.* i. *c.* 5. HALBERT.

BISHOP AND NEGUS.

TWO dustmen were lately disputing the difference between *bishop* and *negus.* "Don't you know?" said one of them; "I vonders at your ignorance—vy bishop is made all vine vithout no vater vatsomever; vereas negus is made with vine and vater mixed—that's the difference, to be sure."

POLITE EVIDENCE.

AT the Wells assizes, the other day, a butcher's wife, in giving her evidence, repeatedly turned towards the prisoner at the bar, and designated him as "that gentleman!" The judge at last lost all patience, and exclaimed, "Old woman, you are become quite offensive." This exemplifies Steele's speaking of "ain as a fine gentleman."

BARON GARROW lately observed at Monmouth, that a respected friend of his, in the city of London, would sign his name on the outside of letters, in such a way as to defy the skill of every man in the court, even if assisted by the greater sagacity of the other sex, in finding out what his signature could possibly be meant for. The post-offices indeed, knew that a certain number of straight strokes, up and down, meant W. Curtis; but probably that was not because they could read the signature, but because nothing else at all like it ever came there.

DR. SOLO, on hearing of the glorious victory obtained by Bolivar, was determined that every bird and beast that he possessed should get drunk on this glorious occasion. For this purpose he gave the horses, cows, pigs, and poultry and birds as much juice of the sugar-cane as they could drink; and it was very amusing to see the pigs jump about in the most frolicsome manner.—*Hutchinson's Travels in Colombia.*

BELL ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

IN the *Album* at the Bell Rock Light-House are the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

Pharos Loquitur.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night;
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

WALTER SCOTT.

NEWSPAPER WONDERS.

FLIGHTS of wild ducks and geese, in numbers *sufficiently multitudinous to darken the air*, have already migrated to the moors—a circumstance scarcely existing in the memory of the oldest inhabitant at this period of the year.—*Hereford Journal.*

A countryman, who was cutting wood near the falls of Niagara, on the 10th of July, was attacked by a rattle-snake; in his terror he leaped across a tremendous gulf, sixty-seven feet wide, and escaped unhurt!—*Charleston Paper.*

The *Weedsport Advertiser* (an American Journal) relates an incident which had just occurred in the town of Cato, Cross Lake. A young man named Stockwell, son of a widow woman of that name, living in the town, after repeated threats to kill a favourite cat belonging to the house, in order to vex his mother, at length undertook to carry them into execution. In the morning he took the cat and started with her into the woods, telling his youngest sister that he was going to destroy her. They were absent until the afternoon, when the cat came home, *apparently looking* as though she had been in the water. The next morning the young man's clothes were seen on the bank of Cross Lake, and in the water was found his body, the face and shoulder dreadfully scratched, evidently by the cat in struggling, so that little doubt existed that he was drowned in attempting to destroy puss. All speculation on the matter, however, was set at rest on the body being brought home, for the cat flew at the corpse, and could with difficulty be kept off.

IMPROMPTU ON RELIEVING A BEGGAR.

(For the Mirror.)

TAKE this, old man, thy looks bespeak thy need,
And pity never questions want and woe;
A bright-hair'd angel registers the deed
In heaven—the meed of charity below!

H. M. L.

WHAT Pope says of the world, may with equal truth be applied to the understanding, "A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

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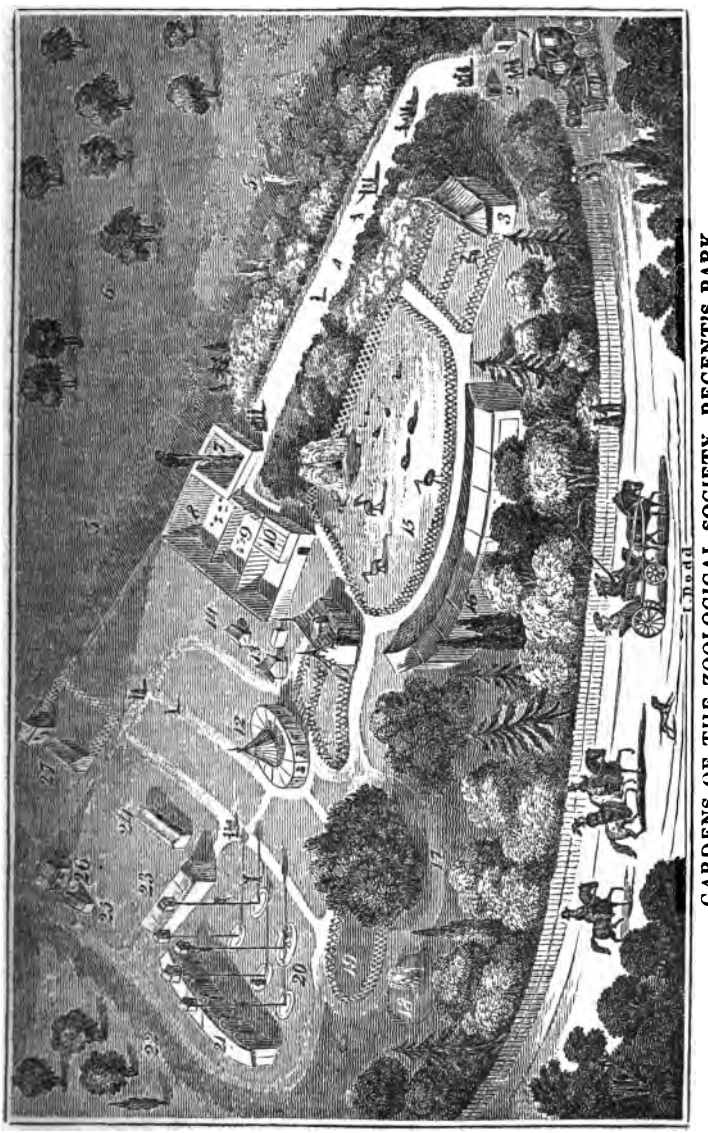
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 330.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1828. [Price 2*d*.



GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

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WHY ARE NOT THE ENGLISH A MUSICAL PEOPLE.

We cannot help it.—*Massinger's Roman Actor.*

ASTRONOMY, music, and architecture, are the floating topics of the day; on the second of these heads we have thrown together a few hints, which may, probably prove entertaining to our readers.

The English are not—you know, reflective public—a musical people; this has been said over and over again in the musical and dramatic critiques of the newspapers. True it is that we have no *national music*, like our neighbours the Welsh, the Irish, or the Scotch; for our music, like our language, is a mere *ricci famento*, stolen from every nation in Europe. But our king (God bless him) is an excellent musician, and plays the violoncello most delightfully; and we have an Academy of Music. Then we have an Italian Theatre that burns the feet and fingers of all who meddle with its management — witness, Mr. Ebers, who, by being "married" to sweet sounds, lost the enormous sum of 47,000*l.* —it must be owned, an unfortunate match, or as Dr. Franklin would have said, "paying rather too dear for his whistle." We have too an *English Opera House*, where scarcely any but *foreign* music is heard, and which, to the everlasting credit of its management, has transplanted from the warm climes of the south to our ungenial atmosphere, some of the finest compositions in the continental schools of modern music. Success has, however, attended most of their enterprises; for the taste of the English for foreign music is by no means a modern mania. From Pepys's *Diary* we learn that the first company of Italian singers came here in the reign of Charles II.: they were brought by Killigrew from Venice, about 1688; but they did not perform whole operas, only detached scenes in recitative, and not in any public theatre, but in the houses of the nobility. Thus, Italian music was loved and cultivated very early in England, and London was the next capital, after Vienna, which established and supported an Italian Opera. But, as we never do things by halves, we had soon afterwards, two opposition houses. This proves that the English have a *taste for music*; indeed they have much more judgment than some of their neighbours, which makes it still more to be regretted that nothing is done in England towards the advancement of music as a science. Is the world of sound and the soul of song exhausted? Why should we, who are marching in every other direction, stand still in this? But no; what Orpheus did with *music*, we are striving to accomplish by *steam*; what he effected by quietly touching his lyre, we study with the atmospheres and condensers of high and low pressure engines.

The writer of a delightful paper in the *Foreign Review*, No. 3, in tracing the rise and progress of music, inquires what has become of "its loftier pretensions, its celestial attributes, its moral and political influence." He then facetiously observes, "How should we marvel to see the Duke of Wellington, like another Epaminondas, take his flute out of his pocket to still the clamour of the opposition, or Mr. Peel reply to the arguments of Mr. Huskisson with an allegro on the fiddle."

The Greeks were not such grave people as some may be inclined to think them. Among them, poetry and music were so intimately connected, that they were in fact one and the same. It is not so with us; we have Byron and Moore, in poetry; but where are their parallels in English music!

"Music," says Plutarch, "was the universal language of Greece, the sacred vehicle of history, philosophy, laws, and morals;" but in England it is little more than a mere amusement to while away the evening, or at best, but a branch of *female* education. Pianos are become articles of furniture to be met with in almost every other genteel house; Miss and her sisters sit down by turns, and screw themselves up to *Ah vous dirai*, or "I'd be a butterfly"—till some handsome young fellow who has stood behind her chair for six months, turned over her music, or accompanied her through a few liquorish airs, vows his tender passion, brings her the last new song, and at length swears to be her accompaniment throughout life. The piano is then locked up, the music sent to Bath or *Canterbury*, and the lady is married and cannot sing.

But the Greek poets sang their own verses: "Homer literally *sang* the wrath of Achilles, and the woes of Greece;" would it were so in England. Then, my poetical public, we should have Anacreon Moore singing his "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," in some such place as the Quadrant, or Opera Colonnade; and Sir Walter Scott celebrating the Field of Waterloo, not in the broad-margined octavos of Paternoster-row, but about the purlieus of the Horse Guards. Wordsworth would be his own Skylark. The laureate, Southey, would perch himself on the dome of the New Palace. Campbell would step out of New Burlington-street into the Park; Miss Mitford would

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keep a Covent-Garden audience awake with her own tragedies, and Planché would no longer entrust his rhymes to Paton or Vestris. On the other hand, Braham would no longer be indebted to Moore for his songs, Bishop would write, compose, and sing his own operas, and all our vocalists enter, like Dryden's king and two fiddlers, *solus!*

Could we but once become a musical people, we should no longer marvel at the effect of music in ancient times; for who knows but that if an Englishman were to play like Orpheus, the River Thames might cease to flow; the disposal of Mr. Cross's menagerie be no longer a question, since the animals might be allowed to ramble about the Strand; and Snowdon or Cader Idris journey to the King's Theatre to listen to his inspirations.

It is, however, impossible to calculate the benefits which this acquisition of musical skill might prove to the English people. What bloodshed and tribulation it would prevent. Weare, or Maria Marten, like Stradella, might have disarmed their assassins; the Insolvent Act would be obsolete, and duns defeated; since hundreds of improvident wights, like Palma, might, by their strains, soften the hearts of their creditors, and draw tears from sheriff's officers. Chancery-lane would be depopulated, and Cursitor-street be left to the fowls of the air; locks would fall 50 per cent. and Mr. Bramah might betake himself to Van Dieman's Land. What a pleasant thing would a public dinner be; for, instead of a gentleman in a dress coat singing as from the orchestra of an oratorio, he would throw a more impassioned energy into his own compositions than he could possibly impart to those of another, and proportionally enhance the delight of his company. All the mechanism of professional singing would then give way to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

We know not how to have done with these pleasures of "linked sweetness"—this "mosaic of the air," as Marvell quaintly calls it. We have a decided aversion to the system of borrowing, which, in the absence of our own musical resources, seems to be universally adopted. Thus, as Charles Mathews says, "every footman whistles *Frieschutz*;" and the barrel organ which does not play two or three of its airs may be consigned to the brokers'. A few months since every bachelor hummed or whistled "*C'est l'amour*," and the French, to return the compliment, have made our "Robin Adair," one of the claptraps of the music of their *La Dame Blanche*. Next, when will Mr. Bishop's *Home, sweet home*, be forgotten, although the original is a Sicilian air of considerable antiquity. All the baker's and butcher's boys in London can go through "*Di tanti pal*"—where they leave off, answer a question, and take up the "*pili*," with the skill of a musician; and as readily fall into the sympathetic melodies of "*Oh no we never mention her*," or the "*Light Guitar*." But to atone for these vulgarisms, who that has heard the syren strains of Stephens or Paton, or the Anglo-Italian style of Braham, but has envied them the pleasurable monopoly of delighting thousands, and sending them home with the favourite air still echoing in their ears, and lulling them to soft slumbers! Who is there that has enjoyed his circle of friends without regretting a thousand times that he had not a fiftieth part of such talent to enliven the festive hour, and lend a charm, however, fleeting, to what may be termed the poetry of life.

As we have noticed the taste of the Greeks for music, it is but fair that we should allude to that of their successors. In ancient Rome, music was never popular. Combats of gladiators and wild beasts filled their theatres with streams of blood, instead of their resounding with music; and after the death of Nero,* that beautiful art was declared infamous, and by a public decree, banished from the city. In our theatres, however, heroes fight to music, from the Richard III. and Richmond of Shakspeare to the "terrific combats" of modern melodrame.

Anything is, however, better than despair, and let us hope that something may be done towards the amendment of our musical reputation. We have too much of what Cobbett would call the "dead-weight" in us to become adopted by Apollo as the "children of song;" but what with the school of music in Tenterden-street, and numberless juvenile prodigies, we may indulge the expectation of rising in the diatonic scale, and that too at no very distant period. Burney and Crotch were remarkable instances of precocious musical skill; and in the present day, children from eight to twelve sing the most popular Italian airs on the English stage, with remarkable accuracy.

Apropos, we hear of constitutions being set to music, for says the *Foreign*

* "When Nero exhibited himself as a singer and flute-player on the stage at Naples, the musicians of that province assembled to hear him; and Suetonius tells us that the emperor selected *five thousand* among the best to be his household musicians, and clothed them in a rich and uniform dress."

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Review, "during the short revolution at Naples, in 1820, a Neapolitan was heard to swear that if the government intended that the new constitution should be understood or accepted by the people, they must first have it set to music by Rossini."

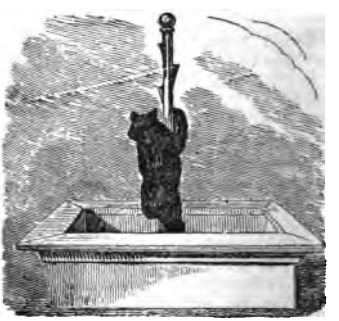
GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

For Engraving, see first page.

WE are again in the *Regent's Park*; but we must leave its architectural splendour for the present, and request our readers to accompany us towards the eastern verge of the Park, to the Gardens of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, established in 1826, and whose members now amount to *eleven hundred!* The grounds are daily filled with fashionable company, notwithstanding the great migrations which usually take place at this season of the year, and almost depopulate the western hemisphere of fashion. The gardens, independent of their zoological attractions, are a delightful promenade, being laid out with great taste, and the parterres boasting a beautiful display of flowers. The animals, too, are seen to much greater advantage than when shut up in a menagerie, and have the luxury of fresh air, instead of unwholesome respiration in a room or caravan.*

At page 413 of our last volume, the reader will find an abstract of the second anniversary of the Society, since which the Gardens in the Regent's Park have been opened for public inspection. We have accordingly availed ourselves of this privilege, and our draughtsman has been at some pains in the annexed sketch, together with the vignette *portraits* accompanying it. The "*Bird's-Eye View*" will be better explained by reference to the figures; thus,

No. 1. Entrance Gate and Pay Hut.
2. Ditto Check Hut.
3. House and Ground for *Emus*: Two awkward land birds, resembling ostriches. Their incapability of flying is compensated by the exceeding speed with which they run. They are natives of New Holland.
4. Central Walk.
5. Sloping Shrubbery of Defence.
6. Fields for Horses and Cattle.
7. Building for *Bears*, communicating with their pit, in the centre of which is a pole with steps for the animals to ascend and descend. At the extremity of the upper walk, the pit is surrounded with a dwarf wall and coping,



to which (since our sketch was taken) have been added iron rails. There are here two Arctic bears, and a small black bear, the latter brought from Russia,* and presented to the Society, by the Marquess of Hertford. There is usually a crowd of visiters about this spot, and the sagacity and antics of our four-footed friends ensure them liberal supplies of cakes and fruit, handed to them on a pole. We were much interested with their tricks, especially with the vexation betrayed by one of them, at the top of the pole, when he saw his companion below seize a cake which the former had previously eyed with great *gout*. His wringing and biting his paws reminded us of many scenes out of a bear-pit. Then the snorting and snarling of the old bear below, when the young one attempted to obtain a cake thrown to him; and above all, the small share which our black friend *Toby* enjoyed, probably from his docility overmuch,—like good-natured men who are mastered by those of rough natures. We could have staid here a whole hour, watching their antics, and likening them to the little trickery of human nature.

8 and 9. Ground enclosed for *Kangaroos*,

* It should, however, be noticed, that the object of the *Zoological Society* is not the mere exhibition of animals. In the original prospectus it is observed, that "Animals brought from every part of the globe to be applied to some *useful* purpose as objects of scientific research, not of vulgar admiration: and upon such an institution, a philosophy of zoology founded, pointing out the comparative anatomy the habits of life, the improvement and the methods of multiplying those races of animals which are most useful to man, and thus fixing a most beautiful and important branch of knowledge on the permanent basis of direct utility." The Secretary of the Society is N. A. Vigors, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. who, from his extensive attainments in the science of zoology, fills the office with honor to himself, and peculiar advantage to the public.

* He was previously at Sudborne, the seat of the Marquess of Hertford, where Toby, as our Russian friend was christened, became equally sagacious with bipeds, in distinguishing strong ale from small beer. To the former beverage, Toby became freely attached: but when we saw him at the Gardens in the Regent's Park, he appeared too docile for his companions.

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of which there is a little herd, large and small. They are natives of New Holland. The fore legs are seldom more than twenty inches in length, whilst the hinder ones are sometimes three feet and a half long. They rest on the whole length of the hind feet, supporting themselves by the base of the tail, which, in truth, acts as a fifth leg, and is sometimes used as a weapon, being of such strength as to break a man's leg at a single blow. They move by leaps, which have been known to exceed twenty feet. Several kangaroos have been kept in the park at Richmond, and where they have produced young ones.

10. *Dens*,

containing two fine *leopards*, a *porcupine*, and *racoons*. In an adjoining den are three *wolves*.

11. Gothic House for *Lamas*.

This is one of the most picturesque objects in the grounds. It contains two lamas. These animals are common in South America, particularly in the mountainous parts of Peru, where they are employed as beasts of burthen. One of the lamas was presented to the Society by the Duke of Bedford.

12. Circular Aviary for *Birds of Prey*,

containing a *fine griffon vulture*, a white-headed *North American eagle*, *hawks*, *falcons*, and *owls*; among the latter is the *great horned owl*. This is supposed by Linnæus, and many antiquaries, to have been the bird of Minerva. The collection is remarkably splendid.

13. Hut for *Beavers*.
14. Hut for *Foreign Goats*.
15. Enclosed Area and Fountain for *Aquatic Birds*, as pelicans, Solan geese, China geese, black swans, &c.
16. Aviary.

Here are three handsome crested cranes, four Indian spoonbills, together with three storks, three or four cockatoos, whose brilliant plumage outvies the gayest robe of art, and three curassos.

17. Grove and Huts for *Esquimaux Dogs*

of which there are three fine specimens.

18. Fountain, &c. for *Water Fowl*.
19. Enclosure for *Zebras*, *Indian Cows*, &c.
20. Houses on poles for *Monkeys*.

These are distributed beside the walks. The monkey is attached by a chain to a ring loosely round the pole, by which means he ascends and descends at pleasure.*

21. Intended Aviary, (supposed for *Eagles*, *Vultures*, &c.)
22. Twenty acres about to be added.
23. House for *Monkeys*, &c.

Here are double rows of cages, containing a fine South American ocelot, a lynx, a puma, coatamondis, an ichneumon, and several monkeys; the last affording an excellent opportunity of appreciating the fidelity of Mr. Landseer's *Monkeyana*, and illustrating the vraisemblance of men and monkeys.

24. Intended Aviary.
25. Mexican *Hogs*, &c.
26. Huts for *Jackalls*, &c.
27. Unfinished Houses.

The carriage-road is formed ot the outer side of the Park.

There is likewise an enclosure for *Tortoises*, of which there are three large and several small ones. We saw one of them devouring pumpkin as a gourmand would turtle, and this voracity is by weather-

* It should be observed, that each monkey has his separate *house* upon a circular platform; and that in the above viguette our artist has *gratuitously* introduced a second monkey.

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wise people considered as a sure indication of rain. This turtle is believed to be very old; he is of stupendous size, but buried as he was (except his neck) with shell, he soon became aware of the approach of his companion, nearly as large, and accordingly ate with increased greediness. Among the birds, too, should be mentioned several beautiful varieties of pheasants, partridges, &c. which are well worth the attention of the visiter.

We have probably passed over many animals, our object being merely to mention a few of the most interesting for their habits and peculiarities. Of course the collection is as yet incomplete, there being neither lion, tiger, hyæna, elephant, nor rhinoceros; but when it is considered that the Society has been established little more than two years, in which time a Museum has been formed, and 1,100 subscribers obtained, besides the arrangement of the Gardens—it will be acknowledged that much has been done in a short time, and judging from the excellent organization of the Society and their past success, we anticipate the utmost realization of their plan.

Our readers need not be told that the Zoological Society is partly on the plan of the Museum of Natural History at Paris, except that the latter is supported by the Government, the Gardens are indiscriminately opened to the public, free of cost, and the Museum on stated days; and when we add that the names of Fagon, Duverney, Tournefort, Vaillant, De Jussieu, BUFFON, Daubenton, Fourcroy, Desfontaines, De Lamarck, and CUVIER, occur in its list of professors, they will not be surprised at the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle being the richest of its kind in the world.

As acceptable information, we subjoin the regulations for the admission of members and visiters to the Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the *Museum*, in Bruton-street; to the latter we shall allude at an early opportunity:—

Every member shall have personal admission to the gardens and museum, with two companions. If accompanied by more than two, he shall pay one shilling for each extra person.

A member, on payment of one guinea annually, may obtain an ivory ticket, which will admit one named person with a companion to both establishments; or a transferable ivory ticket which will admit one person. He may obtain two or more such tickets at the same rate.

Any member who may find it inconvenient to attend personally at the gardens or museum, may, upon application to the council, have his privileges transferred, within the present year, to any individual of his family, whom he may name.

Every member will be expected to give his name on entering the gardens and museum.

The gardens will be open to members from eight o'clock, A. M.; but they will be in complete readiness for the reception of visiters only from ten o'clock to sunset. The museum will be open from ten o'clock to six.

HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOUR article on the "Patrons of Astronomy, in the MIRROR, No. 328, brought to my recollection the following anecdote, for the truth of which I can answer, having received it from Mr. Watson, well known as the most celebrated private optical instrument maker in Europe, and at the time living on intimate terms with the late Mr. Arnold, the most eminent watchmaker of the day. When the late Sir William Herschel's great telescope was first exhibited at Slough, among other scientific men who went to see it was Mr. Arnold, who took Mr. W. with him. Neither of them thought much of it, though it was praised by the multitude; as it was, with its constructor, patronized by the late king and his consort, for Herschel was a German, as you well know. A few astronomical amateurs, who thought as Mr. Arnold did, proposed to Mr. Adams, of Fleet-street, then astronomical instrument maker to the king, (by whom Mr. Watson was employed,) to get Watson to make an instrument in opposition to Herschel's. The order being given by Adams, Watson set about the work, and had made some progress in the construction of the instrument, when the circumstance found its way to the ears of royalty. Orders were immediately sent to Mr. Adams to put a stop to the work, or he should no longer be optician to the king. Watson did not proceed, but could never learn the cause of the counter-order, till after a lapse of several years, when a stranger called on him, in Valentine-place, Blackfriars-road, and after putting several questions to him about his instruments, related to him the cause of the counter-order; upon which Mr. Watson showed him the progress he had made, and which I have also seen. This story I heard related by Mr. Watson at a dinner party at Mr. Arnold's, at Well Hall, near Eltham, where were also Mr. Dollonds, and Mr. J. R. Arnold, the son.

A CONSTANT READER.

August, 24, 1828.

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*** Our Correspondent will perceive that we have qualified some phrases of his letter, but that all the facts appear.

The *Quarterly Review*, No. 75, from which our notice was taken, is tolerably plain upon the lack of patronage towards astronomy in this country, and seems disposed, in enumerating the state of astronomical knowledge in civilized Europe, to place Great Britain beside Spain or Turkey!* We chance to know that one of the most able and enterprising astronomers of the present day relinquished a lucrative profession, that he might be more at leisure to indulge his philosophical pursuits; so that, if patrons be wanting, this apathy does not appear to have entirely destroyed the taste for the divine study. This gentleman, in concert with another, ascertained, in the course of three years, the position and apparent distances of 380 double and triple stars, the result of about 10,000 individual measurements, and for their Memoir, they received the astronomical prize of the French Academy of Sciences. In the following year, the former individual communicated to the Royal Society the apparent distances and positions of 458 double stars, of which 160 had never before been observed.

Of course, our correspondent does not impeach the talent of HERSCHEL; but it is lamentable to reflect that no attempt has been made to repeat or extend the labours of that indefatigable astronomer.—ED.

* We feel as if it were a species of treason to record the fact, that, within the wide range of the British islands, *there is only one observatory, and scarcely one, supported by the government!* We say scarcely one, because we believe that some of the instruments in the observatory of Greenwich were purchased out of the private funds of the Royal Society of London. The observatories of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, (except a grant of 2,000*l.*) Armagh, and Glasgow, are all private establishments, to the support of which government contributes nothing. The consequence of this is, that many of them are in a state of comparative inactivity; and none of them, but that of Dublin, have acquired any celebrity in the astronomical world. Such, indeed, was the state of practical astronomy in Scotland, that within these few years, a Danish vessel, which arrived at Leith, could not obtain, even in Edinburgh, the time of the day for the purpose of setting its chronometers.—*Q. Rev.*

THE KELPIE.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

(For the Mirror.)

"KELPIE'S a river demon or a god,"
Thus say the lexicons; I'll not belie 'em,
For though I mind not in the least the nod
Of these same critics, still I'll not defy 'em;
But that you may know more of this same god,
(Though I can't sing as Homer sung of Priam,)
I'll write a very pretty little poem,
Of which this present stanza's but the proem.

But to begin, for though 'tis rather long,
My poem I'll comprise into twelve stanzas,
Or fourteen at the furthest, if my song
Don't run to twenty—I'll offend no man, sirs,
If I can help it. So now I'm along!
The road, and beg you'll notice these two lancers,
Who, on the backs of horses full of mettle
Hold a dispute, which we'll leave them to settle

While you go with me, reader, kind and good,
To a small tributary stream from Tweed,
Which, if you don't know, as I'm in the mood,
I'll do my best to teach you, if you'll read;
I'll introduce you to the stream Clearade—
This name will do—'twas in a glen—indeed,
'Twas not its proper name—'twill do quite well,
Why I choose so to call it I shan't tell.

But still it was a very pretty river,
Or rather stream, as ever could be seen—
If not so wide as the great Guadalquiver,
Its banks were nearly always clothed in green,
(Save when in winter the winds made you shiver,)
While the waves, bickering so bright and sheen,
Put you in mind of Avon, Rhine, or Hellespont,
Or any other stream to admire you're wont.

And round about the stream there were huge hillocks,
And firs and mountains, houses too and farms;
A maid lay on the grass—her light and fair locks
Were gently wound around her folded arms,
While softly grazing near there stood a huge ox,
And o'er her head an old oak threw its arms.
She was asleep, when, lo! the sound of horses'
Feet woke her, and, behold, she saw two corses.

At least she thought so—but at last thought better
'Twould be for her to get up and go home;
She got up quickly, and would soon have made her
Way home, but that the men who had just come
Spurr'd past her, and alighted when they met her,
While she with her surprise was almost dumb;
But soon spoke she, and bade them both disclose
Their names—to which one said, "I'm Richard Groze."

The next spoke not at first, but soon replied,
"Pray wherefore are you so surprised, my dear?
And wherefore, likewise, have you not complied
With my request, which I have sent in near
Some good score letters? which you did deride,
When they were forwarded by this man here."
He pointed then to Groze, and then he sighed,
"My dear, dear Jeannie, will you be my bride?"

The which words when our Jeannie heard, she stared,
And said, "What do you mean, John Fitzadree?
You talk of letters, but of them the laird
Has never brought a single one to me;
But when I've seen him I have never cared
How soon he went, for he told me that ye
Were either dead or faithless—so he said
I'd better wed the live, than mourn the dead.

"And then he promis'd I should have six horses,
Besides a coach, if I would be his bride;
But I refus'd—and he swore all his crosses
Should soon be o'er, and something else beside

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And that's the reason why I thought ye corses,
When o'er the green this way I saw ye ride.
But now I see you've both served in the Lancers,
Though on my word you look much more like dancers."

To which John answer'd, "Oh, the filthy fellow,
I gave him letters to you, which he said
He would deliver, were you ill or well. Oh!
How I should like to knock him on the head,
And would, but that would show I was quite mellow—
Besides, I see the coward has just fled,
Has ta'en to horse, and got across the ford—
Hang him, that I should with him be so bored!"

But Jeannie said, "John, thou shalt do no murder."
To which he answer'd, "I will not do so;"
Then bounded off as though he had not heard her,
And reached a fording-place, but not so low
As where Groze cross'd, and who had now got further
Than John would have thought possible, although
He'd a good horse, and nearly half an hour
In start—but now the clouds began to lower.

Now Fitzadree's good charger was all mettle,
And soon won to the middle of the stream
But then the sky grew black as a tea kettle;
It rained, too, quite as fast as ever steam
Rose. But the thing which did at last unsettle
The balance of John's steed, was what you'l deem
A being that was nearly supernatural—
But here the waves John's clothes began to spatter all.

A form rose up from out the waves' abyss—
A monstrous little man with a black hide,
Scarce four feet high, yet he was not remiss,
But dash'd the waves about—and then he cried,
With a demoniac laugh, or rather hiss,
"Die, mortal, die!" and John sank down and died,
The which, when Jeannie saw, she only sigh'd,
"I come, my John, I come, to be thy bride."

The figure was the Kelpie—that she knew,
And madly she rush'd on towards the shore;
The Kelpie roar'd, "Come, mortal, come thou too."
Ere he'd done speaking, Jeannie was no more;
She'd dash'd into the waves, and left no clue,
More than a steamer leaves just left the Nore,
By which you might discover where she lay,
And drag her upwards to the realms of day.

But what befel the cause of all these woes?
That's what I never heard, so cannot tell;
But this I know, that this same Richard Groze
Return'd no more to bonnie Scotland. Well,
I only hope he may in bed repose,
And that he may at last escape from hell.
And this I know, that if you do not smother
This poem, when I choose I'll write another.

J. S.

SUGAR AND WATER CRITICISM.

In one of the critiques on the last *Monthly Magazine*, some verses by Mrs. Hemans are said to be "elegant and lady-like."

The Sketch-Book.

A DAY AT ST. CLOUD.

September 24, 1826.

I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure.—STERNE.

St. Cloud is the Richmond of France; or rather, it is to Paris what Richmond, in the days of its regal splendour, was to London—the summer palace of the court. In this comparison, allowance must be made for the opposite building taste of each nation; especially as Richmond has an appearance of substantial comfort in its massive brick mansions and rusticated cottage groups. The French *Sheen* is, on the contrary, gayer; the exterior of the residences being whitened, or what is still more artificial, coloured and decorated in tawdry French taste. Such, at least, is the character of the *auberges*, or inns, and *restaurateurs*, with which St. Cloud is even better supplied than our Richmond. In situation, however, they strongly assimilate; the former being placed on an acclivity overlooking the Seine, as the latter is on the banks of the Thames.

St. Cloud, as I have already said, is the usual summer residence of the French court; and with a royal liberality which might be less politic elsewhere, the park is granted for three fairs—September 7, and the three following Sundays, on the last of which I resolved to visit the fête of St. Cloud. It was a glowing September day. The sun shone with more than mellow warmth through the groves of the Tuilleries, and on the little southern terrace, which was unusually crowded with groups of rosy children, with here and there a valetudinarian, who seemed to have emerged from his chamber to enjoy the parting glories of the season. Crowds of elegantly-dressed company were promenading the mall, or principal walk, and some few were not incuriously lingering about the enclosed parterres of the garden, whose beauties would soon be transported to a milder atmosphere. There was a general stir in the neighbouring streets; it did not resemble the bustle of business, but had more of the gaiety of a holiday scene. The *Pont Royal* was thronged with passengers, and just beneath it, were several hundreds, many of whom were embarking in the steam-boat for St. Cloud. But the Seine is at all times less inviting for such an excursion than our Thames; and in the summer months many insulated spots may be seen in the centre of the French river. At the next bridge (Louis XVI.) there was a general muster of carriages.

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each adapted for six or eight passengers, and drawn by one or two horses. Here was a loud clamour of "St. Cloud" and "Versailles" among the drivers, some of whom were even more officious than the Jehus of Greenwich, or the wights of Charing Cross or Piccadilly. I resisted all their importunities, and passed on through the *Champs Elysées*, or a dusty road through a grove, intersected with ill-formed paths, with a few gaudy cafés bearing pompous inscriptions—for Voltaire has made the French too fond of nomenclature to say with our Shakspeare, "what's in a name?" The road presented a strange specimen of the insubordination of French driving, notwithstanding police superintendants affected much concern in the matter. Diligences, fiacres, and carriages resembling large, covered cabriolets, might be seen loaded with gaily-dressed women and children, with a due proportion of young Parisians, all just in the hey-day of mirth, drawn by dust-provoking Flanders horses, their drivers slashing almost indiscriminately, and, with their clamour and confusion, far exceeding the Epsom road on a race-day.

At length, escaping from the dust and din of the French Elysium, I halted to enjoy the distant view of the city of Paris, from the gate of the barrier. It was indeed an interesting scene. Through the avenue, whose area presented a living stream of traffic, might be seen the terraces and groves of the Tuilleries, and the spacious and irregular palace, with its cupola tops; the tarnished dome of the Invalides; the cupola of St. Genevieve; the gray towers of Notre Dame; then the winding Seine, with its bridges, quays, and terraces, flanked with the long line of the Tuilleries, and the Luxembourg, and Louvre galleries, on the one side; and on the other by the noble façade of the Chamber of Deputies; the courtly mansions of St. Germain, and the blackened front and dome of the Institute. What a multitude of associations flitted across the memory, by a single glance at PARIS—the capital of that gay, light-hearted, and mercurial people—the French nation—the focus of European luxury, and the grand political arena of modern history, the very calendar of whose events, within the last half century, will form one of the most interesting episodes that ever glowed among the records of human character. In the chain might be traced the vain-glory of conquest linked with defeated ambition, and the sullied splendour of royalty just breaking through the clouds of discontent, and slowly dispelling the mists of disaffection and political prejudice. What an unenviable contrast to the man who has "no enemy but wind and rough weather." The same objects that prompted these discordant reflections gave rise to others of the most opposite character; and within the walls, where treaties, abdications, and warrants, by turns, settled and resettled, exiled and condemned—were the store-houses of art, with all her proud and peaceful labours of sculpture, painting, and architecture, through galleries and saloons, on whose contents the chisel and the pencil had lingered many a life, and reduced the compass of its fond designs to the cubits of a statue, the fame of a picture, or the glory of a pillar or ceiling—such are the frail elements of human art.

The road now began to exhibit the usual appearance of an approach to a country fête or fair. Scores of pedestrians, overcome with the heat and dust of the day, might be seen at the little boxes or shops of the *traiteurs*, or cooks, and at the houses of the *marchands de vin et de la bière;* these by their anticipated anxiety caused the line from Paris to St. Cloud to resemble a road-side fair. Cheerfulness and vivacity were uppermost in the passengers; and the elastic pace of dozens of gaily-dressed *soubrettes* not a little enhanced the interest of the scene. Neither were these charms impaired by that species of vulgarity which not unfrequently characterizes the road to our suburban fairs; and, what is still more creditable to humanity, there was no brutality towards jaded horses or hacks sinking beneath their loads.

Historians attach some antiquarian importance to the village of St. Cloud, it being historically confounded with the earliest times of the French monarchy; for, from the beginning of the first race, the kings of France had a country-seat here.*

I now reached the bridge of St. Cloud, an elegant modern structure which crosses the Seine, near the entrance to the village. Here the river loses much of its importance; and in summer, the steamboats are not unfrequently delayed in their *voyage* (if it may be so designated) for lack of water. The prospect of the château, or palace, embosomed in trees, and the park variegated with natural and artificial beauties, with the adjoining village on a steep, shelving hill—is unusually picturesque. On the present occasion, however, the principal attraction was the fete, which reminded me more forcibly of Jonn Bunyan's Vanity Fair, than any other exhibition I had ever witnessed.

* For an engraving and account of the Palace of St. Cloud, see MIRROR. vol. ii. page 225.

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The entrance to this motley scene was by the principal gate, where the carriages set down their company, and at a short distance along the bank of the river, the steam-boat in like manner contributed its visiters. On entering the park, I was first struck with a long row of boxes, (somewhat in the style of those at Vauxhall) but on a raised bank, and attached to a *restaurateur*. Here were tables for dinner, and as many others were laid in the open air—with the usual *carts* of 2 or 300 articles, and the economical elegancies of silver, napkins, and china, and this, too, in style little inferior to Verey's in the Palais Royal. Promenaders of the better description appeared in the mall, or principal walk, and it being the last fete of the season, their attendance was very numerous. The stalls and exhibitions were chiefly on the left side of this walk; at the former was displayed an almost indescribable variety of wares, which were the adjudged prizes in a lottery; but, from the decisions which I witnessed, they resembled the *stationary* capitals in an English scheme—the nominal stock in trade of the office-keepers. Many of these little gambling shops were superintended by women, who proved themselves far from deficient in loquacious inducements for adventurers; and by their dexterous settlement of the chances, left little time for losers to reflect on their folly. Provisions of various descriptions were to be purchased at every turn, and among their *marchands*, it was not incurious to see some humble professors of gastronomy over smoking viands, fritters, and goffers or indented wafers baked on cast-iron stoves *à la minute*—it must be owned, unseasonable luxuries for a September day. The *spectacles*, or shows, in noise and absurdity, exceeded the English trumpery of that order; and to judge from the gaping crowds which they attracted, *we* are not the only credulous nation in the world. Among the games was a machine resembling an English round-a-bout, with wooden horses for the players, each of whom was furnished with a foil, with which he strove to seize the greatest number of rings from the centre; this was, indeed, a chivalrous exhibition. Stilt-walkers, mountebank families, and jugglers, "chequered in bulk and brains," lent their aid to amuse the crowd; and, occasionally, two or three fellows contrived to enact scenes from plays, and with their vulgar wit to merit the applause of their audience. Portable clock-work exhibitions swarmed, and mummeries or mysteries, representing the Life and Death of our Saviour and the blessed Virgin, appeared to be ritual accompaniments of the day, and represented each stage of the holy lives. The bearers of the latter machinery enlivened their exhibitions with a grinding organ, which they accompanied with appropriate ditties or carols. Crosses and other religious emblems were hung about the theatrical boxes or shows, which, with their representations, could only be compared with the nursery toys of Noah's ark, with which most of us have been amused. Accordingly, here were models of Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Mount Calvary, in the characteristic accuracy of biblical topography, and from the zeal of the spectators, the ingenuity of the inventors was unsparingly rewarded.

I turned from these sights to the natural beauties of the park, which, aided by the happy inequalities of the ground, (which French artists imagined would be such an obstacle to its perfection,) possesses far more variety than is usually found in the pleasure-grounds of France. The original plantation of the park was the work of La Nôtre, who, it will be recollected, planned the garden of Versailles; but St. Cloud is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and proves, that with the few natural advantages which it afforded him, he was enabled to effect more here than millions have accomplished at Versailles—where art is fairly overmatched with her own wasteful and ridiculous excess. This alone ought to make the French blush for that monument of royal folly.

The situation of the château is its greatest attraction. It possesses a fine view of Paris, which is indeed a splendid item in the prospect of the princely occupants; and the sight of the capital may, perhaps, be a pleasant relief to the natural seclusion of the palace.

One of the most remarkable objects in the park is a kind of square tower, surmounted with an exact copy, in *terra cotta*, of the lantern of Diogenes at Athens, ornamented with six Corinthian columns. It is used as an observatory, and, like its original, is associated with the name of the illustrious Grecian—it being also called the lantern of Diogenes. Its view of the subjacent plain overlooks the city of Paris by a distance of twenty miles.

The fountains and *jets d'eau* are entitled to special notice, although in extent and variety they are far exceeded by those of Versailles. The arrangement of the principal cascade is well contrived, and I had the good fortune to be present at the moment the water commenced flowing, which continued but a short time. This struck me as a singular piece of mimicry, and compared with those truly sublime spectacles—the cascades of

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Nature—the boasted works of St. Cloud seemed mere playthings, like the little falls which children contrive in running brooks; or at best resembling hydraulic exhibitions on an extensive scale. The playing commenced by a jet bursting from a point almost secluded by trees, which appeared on a level with the first story of the palace; the stream then fell into stone basins, and by turns threw itself aloft, or gushed from the mouths of numberless marine animals, and descended by glassy falls into a basin, whence it found its way into several vase-shaped forms, and again descended by magnificent cascades, discharging themselves into a large, circular tank or basin, with two strong jets throwing their limpid streams many feet high. In the sculptured forms there is some display of classic design; and the effect of many mouths and forms gushing forth almost instantaneously was altogether that of magic art, not unaided by the lines of trees on two sides being clipped or cut into semi-arched forms. The most powerful of the fountains is, however, a grand jet, characteristically named the *Geant*, or giant, for the incredible force with which it springs from its basin, and rises 125 feet high, being more than the elevation of Napoleon's triumphal column, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris. An uninterrupted view of these exhibitions may be enjoyed from the river, which runs parallel with the road adjoining the park. Crowds flocked from all directions to witness the first gush of the fountains; but their attention soon became directed to a royal party attended by footmen, from the palace, who came to witness the sights of the fair, and appeared especially amused with a family of vaulters and stilt-walkers. They were received with a slight buzz of curiosity, but without that enthusiasm with which the English are accustomed to recognise, and, not unfrequently, to annoy royalty; for here

No man cried, God save them.

I now began to make a more minute survey of the preparations for amusement, for the fete was not yet in its equinoctial splendour. The most prominent of these were plots of the raised bank on one side, and at the termination of the principal walk, which were enclosed with hurdles or frames, a platform being elevated and decorated with festooned curtains, &c. for an orchestra, and the whole hung round with illumination lamps. Towards evening, but long before dark, these enclosures were blazing with variegated splendour; the bands commenced playing several lively French airs, and the area was occupied with groups of waltzing and quadrilling votaries. As the evening darkened, lamps began to glisten in every direction, and the well-lighted cafés resembled so many Chinese lanterns; and these, aided by the discordant sounds of scores of instruments, gave the whole scene an air of enchantment, or rather a slight resemblance to one of its exorcisms. The effect was, however, improved by distance. Accordingly, I stole through a solitary shrubbery walk, which wound round the hill, and at length led me to a forest-like spot, or straggling wood, which flanked the whole of the carnival. Viewed from hence, it was, indeed, a fantastical illustration of French gaiety, and it momentarily reminded me of some of Shakspeare's scenes of sylvan romance, with all their fays and fairy population.

The English reader who has not witnessed one of the fêtes of St. Cloud, may probably associate them with his own Vauxhall; but the resemblance is very slight. At one of these entertainments in France, there is much less attempted, but considerably more effected, than in England; and all this is accomplished by that happy knack which the French possess of making much of a little. Of what did this fête consist—a few hundred lamps—a few score of fidlers, and about as much decoration as an English showman would waste on the exterior of his exhibition, or assemble within a few square yards. There were no long illuminated vistas, or temples and saloons red hot with oil and gas—but a few slender materials, so scattered and intermixed with the natural beauties of the park, as to fascinate, and not fatigue the eye and ear. Even the pell-mell frolics of St. Cloud were better idealities of enjoyment, than the splendid promenade of Vauxhall, in the days of its olden celebrity; for diamonds and feathers are often mere masquerade finery in such scenes—so distant are the heads and hearts of their wearers.*

* We are not permitted to allude to the fete of St. Cloud as a scene of *pastoral* amusement, or of the primitive simplicity which is associated with that epithet. The French are not a pastoral people, although they are not less so than the English; neither are the suburbs of a metropolis rural life. They are too near the pride of human art for pastoral pleasures, and no aristocracy is more infested with little tyrants than the neighbourhood of great cities, the oppressors being too timid to trust themselves far out of the verge of public haunts, in the midst of which they would be equally suspicious.

Amusements are at all times among the best indications of national character; a truth which the ancients seem to have exaggerated into their maxim *in vino veritas*. Here the national comparison is not "odious." Three Sunday fairs are held within six miles of Paris, in a park, as was once the custom at Greenwich:

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Night, with her poetic glooms, only served to heighten the lustre of the fairy fête; and as I receded through the wood, the little shoal of light gleamed and twinkled through "branches overgrown," and the distant sounds began to fall into solitary silence—even saddening to meditation—so fast do the dying glories of festive mirth sink into melancholy—till at once, with the last gleam and echo, I found myself in a pleasant little glade on the brow of the hill. The day had been unusually hot—all was hushed stillness. But the darkening clouds were fast gathering into black masses:—

> The rapid lightning flames along the sky.
> What terrible event does this portend?

The stifling heat of the atmosphere was, however, soon changed by slight gusts of wind; the leaves trembled; and a few heavy drops of rain fell as harbingers of the coming storm; the pattering ceased; an impressive pause succeeded—broken by the deepening roar of thunder.

The threatening storm hastened my return to the focus of the carnival. The partial sprinkling had already caused many of the dancers to withdraw to the cafés, and to the most sheltered parts of the park. The lightning became more and more vivid; and, at length, the thousands who had lingered in these groups of gaiety, were fairly routed by pelting rain; and the park, with a few lamps flickering out, and decorative finery drenched with rain, presented a miserable contrast with the festivities of the previous hour. The crowd streamed through the park-gate into the village, where hundreds of competitors shouted "Paris, Paris;" and their swarms of diligences, cabriolets, and curtained carts, were soon freighted. One of these charioteers engaged to convey me to Paris for half a franc, in a large, covered cart, with oil-skin curtains to protect the passengers in front. To my surprise I found the vehicle pre-occupied by twelve or fourteen well-dressed persons—male and female, who appeared to forget their inconvenient situation in sallies of laughter, which sometimes bordered on boisterous mirth. The storm increased; lamps gleamed and flitted across the road; many of the horses plunged with their heavy loads, and swept along the line in resistless confusion; for nothing can be less characteristic of timidity than French driving.

On reaching Paris, the streets resembled so many torrents, and in most places were not fordable, notwithstanding scores of persons, with the alacrity of mushrooms after rain, had placed themselves at the narrowest parts of the streams, with raised planks, or temporary bridges for crossing. Our load was *landed* under the arcade of the Hotel de Ville; but the driver, in the genuine spirit of a London hackney-coachman, did not forget to turn the "ill-wind" to his own account, by importuning me for a double fare.

I learned that the storm had been less tremendous in its consequences at St. Cloud and Paris than at Versailles, the lightning having consumed a farm-house and barns near that town. It is an event worthy of notice, from its being part of the phenomenon of what is termed a returning stroke of lightning, the circumstances of which are recorded in a recent number of Brande's philosophical journal.

—*Abridged from* "*Cameleon Sketches*," *by the author of the* "*Promenade round Dorking.*"

the latter, though a royal park, does not boast of the residence of royalty, as does St Cloud. The objection to the day of the French fêtes is cleared by another argument. But what would be the character of a week-day fair, or fête, in Kensington Gardens? The intuitive answer will make the moral observer regret that man should so often place the interdict on his own happiness, and then peevishly repine at his uncheery lot.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ALFREDE AND MATYLDA.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT RAIEWODDE, OF CHEPINGTORITON, IN 1520.

THE bryghtt enamell of the mornyng's gleame
Begann to daunce onn bobblynge Avonn's streame,
As yothefull Alfrede and Matylda fayre
Stoode sorowynge bie, ennobledd bie despayre:
Att tymes theyr lypps the tynts of Autumpe wore,
Att tymes a palerr hewe tLELD wynterr bore;
And faste the rayne of love bedew'dd theyr eyne,
As thos, in carnefull* strayns, theyr tenes† theie dyd bewreene.‡

ALFREDE

Ah! iff we parte, ne moe to meete agayne,
Wythyn thie wydow'dd herte wyll everr breaa
The frostie vygyls of a cloysterr'd nun,
Insteade of feerie§ love's effulgentt sonne!
Ne moe with myne wyll carolynge‖ beatt bie,
Gyve throbb for throbb, and sygh returne forr sygh,
Butt bee bie nyghtt congeall'dd bie lethall†† fares
Bie daie consum'dd awaie inn unavaylynge teares!

MATYLDA.

Alas! howe soone is happiesse love ondonne,
Wytherr'd and deadde almostt beforre begunn;
Lych Marchh's openyng flowrs thatt sygh'dd forr Maie,
Which Apryll's teares inn angerr wash'dd awaie
Our tenes alych, alych our domes shall bee,
Where'err thou wander'stt I wyll followe thee;
And whann our sprytes throughe feere are purg'dd fromm claie,
Inn pees theie shaile repose upponn the mylkie waie.

* Tender. † Woes. ‡ Express.
§ Fiery. ‖ Dancing.

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ALFREDE.

The raynbowe hewes that payntt the laughyng mees *
The guie-stayn'dd† folyage of the okenn trees,
The starrie spangells of the mornynge dewe,
The laverock's matyn songes and skies of blewe,
Maie weel the thotes of gentill shepherdds joie,
Whose hertes ne hopelesse loves or cares alloie;
Butt whatt cann seeme to teneful loverrs fayre.
Whose hopes butt darkenns moe the mydnyghtt of despayre?

MATYLDA.

To thotelesse swayns itt maie bee blyss indeede,
To marke the yeare through alle hys ages speede,
Butt everie seasone seemes alyeh to mee,
Eternall wynterr whann awaie from thee!
Fromm howrr to howrr I oftt beweepe ourr love,
Wyth all the happie sorowe of the dove,
And fancie, as itis sylentt waterrs flowe,
Mie bossome's swotestt joies mustt thos bee mieutt‡ wyth woe.

Palerr thann cloudes thatt stayne the azure nyghtt,
Or starrs thatt shoote beneathe theyr feeble lyghtt,
And eke as crymson as the mornyng's rode,§
The lornne‖ payre inn dumbe dystracyon stoode
Whann onn the banke Matylda sonke and dyed,
And Alfrede plong'dd hys daggerr inn hys syde:
Hys purpell soule came roshynge fromm the wounde,
And o'err the lyfeless clale deathe's ensygns stream'dd arownde.

Literary Gazette.

* Meadows. † Blood-coloured. ‡ Mingled.
§ Complexion. ‖ Forlorn.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FOX HUNTING.

"WELL, do you know, that after all you have said, Mr. North, I cannot understand the passion and the pleasure of fox-hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous."

Cruelty! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full ourst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger! What danger but breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow snoring and snorting half asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first tallyho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once perhaps in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses to a storm of canine music,—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing foxy in the fancy of one man in all that glorious field of three hundred. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an enclosed, cultivated, civilized, and Christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire,—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way dismounted to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farm-houses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or disparted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five-barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising somerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant Grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow—Friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back sorely drowned in sludge, and tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hand to his ear, and with a "hark forward, tan-tivy!" leaves him to remount, lame and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shook himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook, and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire's Folly. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed with quiet curtains and darkened windows in a still room, the clergyman in the one

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corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying Christian's escape. Let oak branches smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider's back not timely levelled with his steed's; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet and work a sudden wreck; let old coal-pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to banks unscaleable by the very Welsh goat; let duke's or earl's son go sheer over a quarry fifty feet deep, and as many high; yet, "without stop or stay, down the rocky way," the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage,—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, now strong as stink, for Vulpes can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another's splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozey, as he was an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze bush in the cover,—he is now piece-meal, in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture? — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE BLIND BEAUTY OF THE MOOR.

(A Fragment.)

To thee—O palest phantom—clothed in white raiment, not like unto a ghost risen with its grave-clothes to appal, but like a seraph descending from the skies to bless—unto thee will we dare to speak, as through the mist of years back comes thy yet unfaded beauty, charming us, while we cannot choose but weep, with the self-same vision that often glided before us long, long ago in the wilderness, and at the sound of our voice would pause for a little while, and then pass by, like a white bird from the sea, floating unscared close by the shepherd's head, or alighting to trim its plumes on a knoll far up an inland glen! Death seems not to have touched that face, pale though it be—life-like is the waving of those gentle hands—and the soft, sweet, low music which now we hear, steals not sure from lips hushed by the burial-mould! Restored by the power of love, she stands before us as she stood of yore. Not one of all the hairs of her golden head was singed by the lightning that shivered the tree under which the child had run for shelter from the flashing sky. But in a moment the blue light in her dewy eyes was dimmed—and never again did she behold either flower or star. Yet all the images of all the things she had loved remained in her memory, clear and distinct, as the things themselves before unextinguished eyes—and ere three summers had flown over head, which, like the blossom of some fair perennial flower, in heaven's gracious dew and sunshine each season lifted its loveliness higher and higher in the light—she could trip her singing way through the wide wilderness, all by her joyful self, led, as all believed, nor erred they in so believing, by an angel's hand! When the primroses peeped through the reviving grass upon the vernal braes, they seemed to give themselves into her hand; and 'twas thought they hung longer unfaded round her neck or forehead than if they had been left to drink the dew on their native bed. The linnets ceased not their lays, though her garment touched the broomstalk on which they sung. The cushat, as she thrid her way through the wood, continued to croon in her darksome tree—and the lark, although just dropped from the cloud, was cheered by her presence into a new passion of song, and mounted over her head, as if it were his first matin hymn. All the creatures of earth and air manifestly loved the Wanderer of the Wilderness—and as for human beings, she was named, in their pity, their wonder, and their delight, the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

She was an only child, and her mother had died in giving her birth. And now her father, stricken by one of the many cruel diseases that shorten the lives of shepherds on the hills, was bed-ridden—and he was poor. Of all words ever syllabled by human lips, the most blessed is —Charity. No manna now in the wilderness is rained from heaven—for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. A few goats feeding among the rocks gave them milk, and there was bread for them in each neighbour's house—neighbour though miles afar—as the sacred duty came round—and the unrepining poor sent the grateful child away with their prayers.

One evening, returning to the hut with her usual song, she danced up to her father's face on his rushy bed, and it was cold in death. If she shrieked—if she fainted—there was but one ear that heard, one eye that saw her in her swoon. Not now floating light like a small moving cloud unwilling to leave the flowery braes, though it be to melt in heaven, but

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driven along like a shroud of flying mist before the tempest, she came upon us in the midst of that dreary moss; and at the sound of our quaking voice, fell down with clasped hands at our feet—"My father's dead!" Had the hut put already on the strange, dim, desolate look of mortality? For people came walking fast down the braes, and in a little while there was a group round us, and we bore her back again to her dwelling in our arms. As for us, we had been on our way to bid the fair creature and her father farewell. How could she have lived—an utter orphan—in such a world! The holy power that is in Innocence would for ever have remained with her; but Innocence longs to be away, when her sister Joy has departed; and 'tis sorrowful to see the one on earth, when the other has gone to heaven! This sorrow none of us had long to see; for though a flower, when withered at the root, and doomed ere eve to perish, may yet look to the careless eye the same as when it blossomed in its pride,—its leaves, still green, are not as once they were,—its bloom, though fair, is faded—and at set of sun, the dews shall find it in decay, and fall unfelt on all its petals. Ere Sabbath came, the orphan child was dead. Methinks we see now her little funeral. Her birth had been the humblest of the humble; and though all in life had loved her, it was thought best that none should be asked to the funeral of her and her father, but two or three friends; the old clergyman himself walked at the head of the father's coffin—we at the head of the daughter's—for this was granted unto our exceeding love;—and thus passed away for ever the Blind Beauty of the Moor!—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

EPICURISM.

(For the Mirror.)

AT a public dinner, Captain R. commencing a conversation with a gentleman next to him, was astonished at not being able to elicit one word in answer. At length his silent neighbour turned to him, and said, with a look and tone suitable to the *importance* of the communication, "Sir, whenever you are at a venison feast, let me advise you *never to speak during dinner.* In endeavouring to reply to you, I have actually at this moment swallowed *entire* a fine piece of fat, *without tasting it!*" J. G. R.

AN Englishman, named *Drinkwater*, was nearly drowned the other day off Boulogne; on hearing which, a wag observed that he had "almost taken a drop too much."

FLY WATER.

PRUSSIC ACID has been obtained from the leaves of *green tea*, in so concentrated a state, that one drop killed a dog almost instantaneously. A strong infusion of Souchong tea, sweetened with sugar, is as effectual in poisoning flies as the solution of arsenic, generally sold for that purpose.

THERE may now be seen, written on a board on a new house in the Blackfriars-road, the following words:—"Hird robe-ish may be had heare." BILLY.

NO JOKE OR RIDDLE.

A HOUSE with wings extended wide,
A racket-ground to play in,
Two porters' lodges there beside,
And porters always staying
To guard the inmates there within,
And keep them from the town;
From duns as free as saints from sin,
And sheriffs of renown.
To get whitewash'd it is their plan,
'Tis such a cleansing thing—
Then out they come with blacker hands
Than when they first went in.
P. H. H.

THE following lines are copied from a seat in Greenwich Park, written in chalk; and from their style, they may be supposed to have been written by one who meditated suicide:—

Oh! deaf to nature and to heav'n's command,
Against thyself to lift the murd'ring hand,
Oh! damn'd despair to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul to endless night.

Written also in the same hand:—Charlotte Rumpling, you did not use me well, but I forgive you—God bless you
EDWIN W——.

WANTS A WIFE.

SHE must bee middel eaged and good tempered widdow, or a Maid, and purseet of propertey, and I wood far reather have a Wife that is ever so plain then a fine Lady that think herself hansom; the Advertiser is not rich nor young, old nor poor, and in a very few years he will have a good incumb. Can be niley reckamended for onestey, sobrieaty, and good temperd, and has no in combranc, is very actif, but not a treadesman, have

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been as Butler and Bailiff for meney vears in most respectable families, and shood I not be so luckey as to get me a wife, wood be most willing to take a sitteyeashan once moor, wood prefer living in the countrey, under stands Brewing feamosley, is well adapted for a inn or publick hous. Please to derect W.W., 268, Berwick-street, Oxford-roade, or aney Ladey may call and have a interview with the widdow that keeps the hous, and say wher and when we can meet each other. All letters must be pd, no Ofice-keeper to applygh. My fameley ar verey well off and welthey, far above the midling order.

This is a good joke upon *Matrimonial Advertising.*

JACK BANNISTER visited the Haymarket theatre on Wednesday night, August 20, and made in the free-list book the following entry:—"Fifty years ago, in the year 1778, I made my first appearance at this theatre. Half a century is not bad. Hurra!! John Bannister."

ALPHABETICAL AGREEMENT.

IN reading over an agreement, for letting a house, the other day, the initials of the party letting it were A. B., of the party taking C. D., and of the witness to the signatures E. F.

OBSTINACY AND PERSEVERANCE.

OBSTINACY and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error. T. C. C.

IDOLATRY.

THE origin of idolatry is by many attributed to the age of Eber, though most of the fathers place it no higher than that of Serug; but it appears to me certain, that image worship existed in the time of Jacob, from the account of Rachel taking images along with her on leaving her father's house, which is given in the book of Genesis. T. C. C.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD GALLIMATHIAS.

THIS word, which signifies nonsense, *alias* talk without meaning, is supposed to have first arisen at the time when all pleadings at the bar were in Latin. There was a cause, it seems, about a cock, belonging to the plaintiff Matthias; the counsel, in the heat of the harangue, by often repeating the words *gallus* and *Matthias*, happened to blunder, and, instead of saying *gallus Matthiæ*, said *galli Matthias*, which at length became a general name for all confused, embroiled language and discourse. P. T. W.

SALLIE TO JOHN.

CHANGED ere long shall my fortunes be,
Yet my faith is firm—I will go with thee.
I yield not weakly to fancy's trance,
Or the fitful flame of young romance
I dwell with a calm, unshrinking mind
On the scenes that I seek and leave behind;
My future fate spread forth I see,
And my choice is fix'd—I will go with thee.

I have thought on this hour with many a tear,
In the timid weakness of woman's fear;
It comes, and I rise, the test above,
In the dauntless strength of woman's love.
Gaze not upon me with looks so sad—
My step is firm, and my heart is glad;
This last, last sigh for my home shall be—
Past is the trial—I go with thee.

Dublin. JAN RHI.

DIOGENES was not in the wrong, who, when the great Alexander, finding him in the charnel-house, asked him what he was seeking for, answered, "I am seeking for your father's bones, and those of my slave; but I cannot find them, because there is no difference between them."

G. K.

GETTING A JOURNEY.

By Dr. Kitchiner.

I GOT on horseback within ten minutes after I received your letter. When I GOT to Canterbury, I GOT a chaise for town. But I GOT wet through before I GOT to Canterbury, and I have GOT such a cold as I shall not be able to GET rid of in a hurry. I GOT to the Treasury about noon, but first of all I GOT shaved and drest. I soon GOT into the secret of GETTING a memorial before the board, but I could not GET an answer then; however, I GOT intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely GET one next morning. As soon as I GOT back to my inn, I GOT my supper and GOT to bed. It was not long before I GOT to sleep. When I GOT up in the morning, I GOT my breakfast, and then GOT myself drest, that I might GET out in time, to GET an answer to my memorial. As soon as I GOT it, I GOT into the chaise, and GOT home by three o'clock.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 331.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1828. [Price 2*d*.

Charlecote Hall, near Stratford-upon-Avon.

"One of the most delightful things in the world is going a journey." Now if there be one of our million of friends who, like the fop in the play, thinks all beyond Hyde Park a desert, let him forthwith proceed on a pilgrimage to *Stratford-upon-Avon*, the birthplace of Shakspeare; and though he be the veriest Londoner that ever sung of the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," we venture to predict his reform. If such be not the result, then we envy him not a jot of his terrestrial enjoyment. Let him but think of the countless hours of delight, the "full houses," the lighted dome and deeping circles, of the past season; when

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages, &c.

and then will he not enjoy a visit to the place where

—— Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild.

Sterne, the prince of sentimental tourists, says, "Let me have a companion of my way, were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines;" but, for our part, we should prefer a visit to Stratford, *alone*; unless it were with some garrulous old guide to entertain us with his or her reminiscences.

This brings us to *Charlecote Hall*, one of the Shakspearean relics. It consists of a venerable mansion, situated on the banks of the Avon, about four miles from Stratford, and built in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Thomas Lucy;

"A parliamente member, and justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse,"

and so well known as the prosecutor of Shakspeare.*

The principal front, here represented, assumes, in its ground plan, the form of the letter E—said to have been intended as a compliment to the queen, who, as appears from the Black Book of Warwick, visited this place in 1572.

The above is copied from one of a Series of Views illustrative of the Life

* At Stratford, the family maintain that Shakspeare stole Sir Thomas Lucy's buck, to celebrate his wedding-day, and for that purpose only. But, in that age, when half the country was covered with forests, deer-stealing was a venial offence, and equivalent to snaring a hare in our days.

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of Shakspeare, drawn and etched by Mr. W. Rider, of Leamington. These engravings are five in number, but the artist explains that he has selected such subjects only, "as from tradition, or more certain record, might fairly be presumed to bear direct relation to the life of the poet. But while he regrets that the number of authenticated subjects are so few, he feels that from innovation or decay, they are almost hourly becoming fewer; and is, therefore, prompted to secure the few remnants left, while they are yet within his reach."

There is no doubt that the grounds around Charlecote Hall, were the early haunts of SHAKSPEARE; and that in the house itself sat the magisterial authority, before which he was doomed to meet the charges, to which his youthful indiscretions had rendered him liable; and, as it remains, to the present time, for the most part, unaltered, and *presents to the spectator of the present day the same image that was often, and under such peculiar circumstances, impressed on the eye of our* SHAKSPEARE, it cannot but be regarded with the most intense interest by all his admirers.

In conclusion, we would recommend the illustrators of Shakspeare to possess themselves of a set of Mr. Rider's "Views;" whilst the visiter of Stratford-upon-Avon would do well to lay a copy in his portmanteau—for they are in truth so many faithful memorials of the great poet of nature.

ON NATIONAL VARIETIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE are few more familiar subjects than that of the varieties of national character, and the resemblances and differences that exist between ourselves and the inhabitants of other countries. Few conversations occur upon circumstances which may have happened abroad, in which some one has not an anecdote to relate to illustrate the known peculiarities of the nation in question; and the greater part of the travels and tours which now issue in such formidable numbers from the press, are naturally filled with stories and incidents, either to show the correctness of our ideas of the manners and opinions of our neighbours, or (perhaps more frequently) to prove that the public were in error in that respect, up to the time when the traveller in question had discovered the truth, or a clue to it. The daily accounts of the outrages perpetrated in Ireland, and the alarms that are sounded ever and anon, touching the state of that unhappy country, are continually exciting surprise, that the natives of the sister island should be so unaccountably deficient in that sense of order and sobriety which prevails in Great Britain. We associate with a Scotchman the ideas of shrewdness and prudence; with a Frenchman, gaiety and frivolity; with a Spaniard, gravity and pride; with an Italian, strong passions of love and revenge; with a German, plodding industry and habits of deep thinking; and with the northern nations, an honest sincerity and persevering courage. We sometimes judge with tolerable correctness; at others are wholly mistaken, and not unfrequently run into such extremes, that having established a principle, that a particular people are knavish, or cowardly, or stupid, we are unwilling to admit any exceptions, but include the whole race in our sweeping censure. We are prejudiced at first sight against a Portuguese or Italian, and are careful of our communications with him, even though we meet him on the high road, or by mere accident in a public place. There can, however, be no mistake in the common notion, that each nation has a peculiar collection of qualities and habits, distinguishing it in a greater or less degree from its neighbours, and the rest of the world; and it is, therefore, at all events, an interesting, if not an useful topic, to reflect a little how these differences arise. Not that we intend here to give even any particular description of the various races of mankind, or to enter into any inquiry upon the degrees of their mental and bodily capacities; such would be foreign to our purpose, and would exceed our limits. We shall merely hazard a few observations upon the several causes to which the diversities in men have been referred, not pretending to any decided opinion on so nice a point, as whether these causes are wholly of a physical or of a moral kind, or whether they are compounded of both. The question is, perhaps, one of the most difficult in the whole range of philosophical experience; we say experience, because it is obvious that all theory on the subject must be the result of observation and analysis; and that no general principles can be laid down in the first instance, as the ground work of any hypothesis we might be inclined to frame.

The scientific men to whom we are chiefly indebted for the facts accumulated on this subject, are Dr. Blumenbach, of Göttingen, Dr. Pritchard, of Edinburgh, and the eminent surgeon, Mr. Lawrence. It has been a favourite matter of speculation with Lord Monboddo, as well as with Voltaire, Rousseau, and the philosophers of the French school, who have

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endeavoured to show that men and other animals are endowed with reason or instinct of the same kind, but of different degrees. According to these fanciful writers, the monkey is but another species of the human race, and has been termed by them *Homo Sylvestris*. They made the most diligent researches into all accounts concerning men in a savage state, and were delighted beyond measure with the discovery alleged to have been made in the island of Sumatra, of men with tails regularly protruding from their hinder parts, who, according to Buffon, walked and talked in the woods like other gentlemen :—

And backwards and forwards they switched their long tails,
Like a gentleman switching his cane.

The appearance of Peter the Wild Boy, who was found in the woods of Hamela, in Hanover, living on the bark of trees, leaves, berries, &c. threw Voltaire into transports of joy. He declared the event to be the most wonderful and important that ages had recorded in the annals of science, as it demonstrated the fact of man living after the fashion of beasts, without the least spark of civilization, and without speech; thereby forming a species of a nature having more in common with monkeys than with men, and presenting the regular degree, or intermediate class, between the *homo civilis* and the *homo sylvestris*. The circumstance, however, which afterwards transpired, of Peter's having been found with the remains of a shirt-collar about his neck, threw considerable discredit on the whole story; and the young savage, on being brought to England by order of Queen Caroline, lived in Hertfordshire for many years, perfectly harmless and tractable, and behaving pretty much the same as other idiots. The idea, therefore, of a race of men, in a healthy, natural condition, having ever existed without the possession of reason, is now deemed wholly fallacious. It is even maintained by Schlegel, and other authorities of great weight, that the civilized state is the primitive one, and that savage life is a degeneracy from it, rather than civilized society being a graft upon barbarity. By Schlegel's theory, the East, especially India, was the earliest seat of arts and sciences; from the Sanscrit, or Indian language, now extinct, are the Hebrew, the Chaldaic, the Greek, and many others of the most ancient tongues, derived; and from the wisdom and learning of the East "was the whole earth overspread." Undoubtedly it is difficult to imagine by what gradation language could have proceeded, from the howl of savages, and the cries of nature, till it reached the eloquent music, the heart-stirring oratory of the Greek; and besides this, and other considerations, Schlegel is supported by the opinions of Adelung, the learned author of "Mithridates, oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde," upon the probable habitation of the first family of the human race. Adelung says, that civilization began in Asia, as is, indeed, universally admitted to have been the case; and that when the waters of the flood subsided, the highest ground, we may naturally conclude, must have been the earliest inhabited. We may also reasonably presume that a beneficent Providence would place the first family in a situation where their wants could be easily satisfied; in a garden, as it were, stocked with all herbs and fruits, fit and agreeable to their use and taste. Now such a country is actually to be found in Central Asia, between the degrees of 30 and 50 North lat. and 90 and 110 long. E. of Ferro; a spot as high as the Plains of Quito, or 9,500 feet above the level of the sea. It contains the sources of most of the great rivers of Asia; the Seleuga, the Ob, the Lena, the Irtisch, and the Jenisey flow from hence to the North; the Jaik, the Jihon, and the Jemba to the West; the Amur and the Hoang Ho to the East: and the Indus, Ganges, and Burrampooter to the South. The valleys within this space, which our readers, by referring to a map, will find to be correctly delineated, abound with nutritive fruits and vegetables, and with all animals capable of being tamed. There is evidently, therefore, some plausibility in the notion that mankind sprung originally from the East, and that from that quarter civilization is derived; but what portion of knowledge was allotted to the primitive people, or how far their descendants have surpassed or fallen short of these olden times, must, we fear, be for ever beyond the reach of our investigation.

If we call to mind a summary of the general divisions of human beings throughout the world, we shall find little room to doubt of the identity of their genus, and shall, without much trouble of reflection, class them as different species of that genus :—

——Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa, tamen

Such seems to be the result of Mr. Lawrence's judgment; and though we are aware that the descent of mankind from one common stock has been much questioned and controverted, particularly in Germany, we prefer resting upon the received opinion at present, to running the risk of shocking established notions,

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by entering into the merits of the contrary theory.

Men are classed by Dr. Blumenbach under five great divisions, viz. the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay. The Caucasian family may be asserted, though by its own members, to have been always pre-eminent above the rest in moral feelings and intellectual powers, and is remarkable for the large size of their heads. It need not be more minutely described, than by saying it includes all the ancient and modern Europeans, (except the Laplanders and Fins;) the former and present inhabitants of Western Asia as far as the Ob, the Caspian Sea, and the Ganges, viz. the Assyrians, Medes, Chaldeans, Sarmatians, Scythians, Parthians, Philistines, Phœnicians, Jews, and Syrians; the Tartars on the Caucasus, Georgians, Circassians, Mingrelians, Armenians, Turks, Persians, Arabs, Hindoos of high caste, Northern Africans, Egyptians, Abyssinians, and Guanches. They are supposed to have originally had brown hair and dark eyes.

The Mongolian family is of an olive colour and black eyes, flat nose and face, small stature, black hair, no beard, and thick lips. It comprises the people of Central and Northern Asia, Thibet, Ava, Pegu, Cambodia, Laos, and Siam; the Chinese, Japanese, Fins, and Esquimaux.

The Ethiopian family is black, with black and woolly hair, compressed skull, low forehead, flat nose, and thick lips. It includes all Africans not comprehended in the Caucasian family.

The American family has a dark skin, a red tint, straight hair, a small beard, low forehead, and broad face. It includes all the American tribes, except the Esquimaux.

The Malay family is brown, varying from a light tint to black. Their hair is black and curled, head narrow, bones of the face prominent, nose broad, and mouth large. They inhabit Malacca, Sumatra, Java, and the adjacent islands; Molucca, the Ladrones, New Holland, Van Dieman's Land, New Guinea, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands. They speak generally the Malay language.

The difference of character and disposition of these five families is familiar to every one; they are as well known as is the superiority of the Caucasian to the other races, and as the outward distinctions of their bodies and complexions. The reasons of this difference have been variously assigned, some ascribing it to natural, others altogether to moral causes. By natural causes we understand either that the constitutions of the races are such, that their capabilities of informing their minds, and raising their intellectual powers, are essentially not the same; or that the climate has an influence over both their bodies and minds. By moral causes, we mean artificial or accidental ones arising out of the state of society; such as the nature of the government, the plenty or poverty in which people live, a period of war or peace, the power of public opinion, and such circumstances.

The effect of climate cannot of itself be sufficient to change the manners and habits of a people. The instances of migratory nations seem to show this; the Jews are as cunning and fond of money in Asia or Africa as they are in Poland or England; that extraordinary race, the Gipsies, (which are now ascertained to be a Hindoo tribe, driven from their country in the fifteenth century,) are not less thievish in Transylvania than in Scotland. The Armenians of Constantinople, and other parts of the Levant, are represented to be of the same mild and persevering temper, of the same honesty and skilfulness in their dealings, and the same kindness and civility of manners, as before they were driven from their country by Sha-Abbas the Great. The changes, however, in the habits and character of this people seem to mark the influence of their several domestic situations. They were originally the most warlike of the Asiatic tribes; after their subjection by the Persians, they engaged themselves entirely in the patient cultivation of the soil; and since the period of the depopulation of Armenia, and their migrations into Persia, Russia, Turkey, and other countries, they have been celebrated for their industry in commercial concerns. They are bankers, money-brokers, merchants, surgeons, bakers, builders, chintz-printers, and of all trades that can be imagined, and are represented as the most useful subjects in the Ottoman empire, retaining at the same time an almost patriarchal simplicity in their domestic manners. The English in the East and West Indies, in New South Wales, and in Canada, seldom lose a relish for the habits and enjoyments they have been bred up in, whether they migrate to the extremes of heat or of cold. John Bull is an Englishman in heart, and will remain so under whatever sun his lot of life may be cast for,

Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

We rarely find the Spaniards or Italians, or the natives of the South of Europe, lose their ideality of character and their warm passions when settled permanently in England; the only alteration in them seems to be such as the forms of society

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and intercourse with others has led them to. Still the man is the same, though he may have adopted a new regime in the fashion of his clothes, or the dishes of his dinner.

(To be continued.)

FAIR ROSAMOND.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In a late Number of the Mirror, in which you have given a view of the Labyrinth at Woodstock, and several particulars respecting Fair Rosamond, many doubts are stated relative to her death, viz. *how* and what time. I therefore send you the following account from *Collins's Peerage of England*:—

"Rosamond de Clifford was the eldest of the two daughters of Walter de Clifford, by Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of Ralph de Toeny, Lord of Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, (and had with her the said castle and lands about it as an inheritance.) This Rosamond was the unfortunate concubine of Henry II., for whom the king built that famous Labyrinth* at Woodstock, where she lived so retired, as not easily to be found by his jealous queen. The king gave her a cabinet of such elegant workmanship,† as showed the fighting of champions, moving of cattle, flying of birds, and swimming of fish, which were so artfully represented, as if they had been alive. *She died 23rd Henry II. anno* 1176, by poison (as was suspected) given her by Queen Eleanor, and was buried in the Chapter-house of the Nunnery of Godstow."

E. F.

GODSTOW NUNNERY.

On the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford, are the remains of Godstow Nunnery. It was founded towards the end of the reign of Henry I. by Editha, a lady of Winchester, and when dissolved in the reign of Henry VIII. it was valued at £274. per annum. A considerable portion of its buildings remained until the end of the reign of Charles I. about which time they were accidentally destroyed by fire. The present remains consist chiefly of ranges of walls on the north, south, and east sides of an extended area. Near the western extremity of the high north wall are the remains of two buttresses. There is a small building which abuts on the east, and ranges along the southern side, which was probably the Chapter House of the Nuns. The walls are entire, the roof is of wood, and some of the rafter work is in fair preservation. It is in this building that the remains of Rosamond are supposed to have been deposited, when they were removed from the choir of the church, by the order of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1191. On the north wall is painted a pretended copy of her epitaph in Latin. Many stone coffins have at various times been found on this spot.

Halbert H.

* Chron. Joreval, 1151. † Ibid.

SCRAPS FROM TURKISH HISTORY.

For the Mirror.)

First Landing of the Turks in Europe.—Orchanes, second king of the Turks, having settled his monarchy in Lesser Asia, was determined to get footing in Europe. Solyman, his eldest son, being willing to undertake the enterprise, was accordingly despatched with an army of veterans, who crossed the Hellespont, and arrived on the European side. They soon afterwards seized many considerable castles and cities belonging to the Greeks, who offered little or no resistance to the invaders of their empire. These occurrences transpired about the year 1358.

A Woman's Revenge.—Mahomet the Great, on being proclaimed Sultan, caused his two innocent brothers to be put to death; the mother of the youngest immediately afterwards went to the new king, and reproached him severely for his cruelty. In order to appease her, he said, "that it consisted with the policy of his state to do as he had done, but that whatever she asked of him should be granted her." The lady, therefore, determining to be revenged, demanded one of the sultan's chief bassas to be delivered to her. Mahomet, to keep his word, gave orders that it should be done without delay; and the enraged lady, seeing the bassa bound before her, first stabbed him, and then plucked out his liver, which she cast to the dogs.

Turkish Superstition.—Scanderbeg, prince of Epyrus, after many glorious victories, died on the 17th of January, 1466, in the 53rd year of his age, and 24th of his reign. He was buried with great solemnity in the cathedral at Lyssa. The Turks, nine years afterwards, took the city, and dug up his bones for the purpose of setting them in rings and bracelets, thinking, by this means, that they should partake of his invincible fortune.

Amurath's Dream.—About the year 1594, Amurath III. dreamed that he saw a man of prodigious stature, with one foot raised upon the Tower of Constantinople, while the other reached over

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the Bosphorus, and rested on the Asiatic shore. In one hand, the figure sustained the sun, while the other held the moon. He struck his foot against the Tower of Constantinople, the fall of which overthrew the great temple, and the imperial palace. Amurath, being greatly discomfited by this dream, consulted his wizard, who informed him, "that it was a warning sent by their prophet Mahomet, who threatened the overthrow of their religion and empire, unless Amurath engaged his whole force against the Christians." This interpretation had so much influence with the emperor, that he vowed not to lay down his arms until he had utterly exterminated the Christians. G. W. N.

TROUT FISHING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I shall now sum up this *ticklish* subject, by acquainting you with three more methods of catching trout in Westmoreland.

Flood-netting.—A flood net is a small net with a semi-circular frame at the mouth of it, from which projects a long handle. This is used only when there are floods; the fisher draws it up the rivulets, and every now and then pulls it up to look for his success. Sometimes he nets a great many at a time, and especially if he wait the arrival of the flood, because a large shoal mostly comes down with the first torrents.

Pod-netting.—This derives its name from the habitation of the trouts (the banks of the "becks") which are called "hods" or "holds" and more frequently "pods," and this net therefore goes by these three names. I have before described to you the situation generally of these "*holds*" to be either in the ledge of some rock or stone in the water, or under some bank reaching over the stream. This net is used in fine weather, and when the water is "*clear as crystal*;" the fisherman takes hold of the handles of the net,* and wades through the stream as gently as possible, placing the net just at the side of a trout's "hold," taking care to keep it as close to the bottom as possible, to afford the trout no room for escape. Then another with a long pole drives the trouts from the mouth of the "*hold*," when they immediately dart into the net, and nothing remains but to draw the net quickly up. This is a famous method of fishing. I have been with parties when we have completely cleared the beck. We went to "Carmony" in the spring of 1825, and caught an immense quantity by fishing with the hand and pod. This brings to my recollection an amusing circumstance, which I intend troubling you with, though you may think it unworthy of notice. It was reported in that year that there was a large quantity of trouts in the beck; and I went at the recommendation of those who had seen a particularly large one (when passing by) "basking" in the streams. I was referred to a *certain* "*turn*," and thither I went one afternoon with two friends, to try if we could have an opportunity of seeing him. We had scarcely reached the spot when we perceived him lying at the mouth of his "*hold*," a fine grassy bank at the side of which grew a small bush; and I employed my friends to watch the trout should he escape me. I crossed the brook (my friends remaining on the opposite side), pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and tucked up my shirt ready for action. He was still lying very quietly, and as I knew I had no chance with him then, I touched him gently with a twig and he moved into his habitation. I then leaned over the bank, thrust in my arm, touched his back, I felt his size, and was all caution. So first I began to secure him by building a piece of wall before the bank to prevent his going out; but I had no sooner laid the first stone than out he bounced, and darted down the river about twenty yards, (we running after him all the while) then up again, and so on for about a quarter of an hour, till at length he became tired and waddled into his dwelling. I now thought all secure, and once more put in my hand, when he jumped at least three or four yards out of the water. I must confess, I was a little confused with my friends' dictation, who feared I should lose him Again housed, I made a kind of fort at one end of the hold, and this done, I again thrust in my arm, when he was as soon out again, and on getting up I found my hand covered with blood. Still he came back to his favourite place, and I tried again, after giving my friends caution to be on the look out. This time I was successful, I put my hand gently under his belly, and by a tickle, secured the rascal, by thrusting the fore-finger and thumb of my right hand in his gills. I got him on to land, my friends ran about in exstacy, and I think I never saw a finer trout than he proved to be—real Eden. We gave a shout of triumph, after which we cut him on the nose to kill him. From tail to snout he measured one foot four inches; but he was beautifully plump and thick-made. We now began to wonder what caused the

* This net is made differently from the other, there being no frame to it and having two handles.

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blood on my hand, when on examination, we found a large night hook in his side, which no doubt I had touched, and had thus given him pain, and made him restless. I will not prolong the story, but tell you he weighed about two pounds and a half, and was acknowledged to be the plumpest trout ever caught in that county by the hand.* Shortly afterwards I caught the partner to it in the same place, but it was not so fine a trout, and I had not so much effort in catching it. The largest trout ever caught in this county weighed four pounds and a half, but that was taken with the net. I have no other recommendation for this paper but its originality. I have enjoyed the sport, and can only half convey a description of it upon paper.

W. H. H.

* The reader must consider the difficulty of holding a large fish with the hand.

THE ROSE.

(For the Mirror.)

Mark, Laura, dearest, yonder rose
Its inner folds are sad and pale, love:
While blushing, outward leaves disclose
A lively crimson to the gale, love.

Yet as the secret canker-worm
Preys deeply on its drooping heart, love,
Soon from the flow'ret's withering form
Will all that vivid glow depart, love.

Then turn to me those beaming eyes—
A blooming cheek although you see, love,
Since hope is fled, then pleasure dies,
And read the rose's fate in me, love.

OLD WINE.

(For the Mirror.)

The passion for old wines has sometimes been carried to a very ridiculous excess, for the "*thick crust*," the "*oee's wing*," and the several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidleburg tun been placed as sentinel, to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at twenty-five or thirty years old, than at one hundred, had he lived so long, and been permitted now and then to taste it.

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money, a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs, or about 908,311*l.*, and a single wine-glass 2,723,808 francs, or about 113,492*l.* J. L. S.

THE HEROINE.

A SKETCH FROM SUNDRY NOVELS.

(For the Mirror.)

She must be, *à plaisir*, tall and slender in person, or of humbler stature, but never inclining to stoutness, since the *en bon point* savours (at least in romance) of vulgarity. Her complexion may be light or dark, according to fancy; but her interesting pallidness may occasionally be relieved by a hectic flush, yet more interesting. She must possess small *alabaster* hands, *coral* or *ruby* lips, enchasing a double row of *pearls*; a neck rivalling *ivory* or driven *snow*, (yes, even if our heroine be a brunette, for incongruity is the very essence of romance;) *velvet* cheeks, *golden* or *jet* black hair, *diamond* eyes, marvellous delicate feet, shrouded at all times in *bas-de-soie*, and defended by the most enchanting slippers imaginable; her figure must be a model for the statuary, and at all seasons, and in every situation, arrayed in muslins or silks, which, wondrous to relate, resist the injuries of time, weather, and wear in a manner perfectly astounding. What heroine had ever an hiatus in her stocking, or a fracture in her gown of finest woof? Ye gods! what an insult to suppose her *repairing such!* The lady's mental accomplishments and qualifications are as follow:—She sings divinely, plays on the harp (and piano too in modern days) *à merveille*; occasionally condescends to fascinate on the guitar, and the lute also, should that instrument, now rather antiquated, fall in her way. She takes portraits, and sketches from nature; she understands *all* languages, or rather that desideratum, an *universal tongue*, since in the most foreign lands she is never at a loss to render herself understood, nor to comprehend that which is addressed to her; she is of a melancholy cast of mind, and carries sal-volatile in her reticule, and fountains of tears in her eyes, for use on the most *public* occasions; she likes gloomy apartments, looking upon the sea, mountains, or black forests, and leading into endless corridors; she has an Æolian lyre ever at her casement, writes verses and weeps by moonlight, for—effect, or—*nothing*; and is enamoured with a being, who, in the common course of nature, could not exist; he possessing, amongst other fine qualities, that of omnipresence in an impious degree. Should the heroine reside in a town, and especially London, she must have dwelt previously in some

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isolated mansion, seldom visited by beings superior in intellect to the foxes they hunt; an idiot mother, vulgar aunt, a father, an uncle, or a guardian in his dotage, must have superintended her education; and when, at the age of sixteen, some fortunate chance throws her into society, her accomplishments and manners are found more fitting for it and finished, than those of persons who have from their cradles associated with families of the highest distinction, and possessed all the advantages of a polished and liberal education. The heroine has, in all situations, an abundant store of money, jewels, and clothes, supplied no one knows when, how, or by whom; and these, with her musical instruments, drawing materials, &c. accompany her into every reverse of situation, in a manner perfectly incomprehensible, but highly amusing and edifying. A miniature portrait of some mysterious relative or friend, seldom or ever seen, nay, indeed, a sacred memento of the dead, is highly scenic and effective in a romance. The heroine ought, by all means, to possess such; it *may* do good, and it *can* do no harm. Finally, the lady must frequently faint, be twice or thrice on the brink of the grave, undergo exquisite varieties of suffering, run all hazards, but retain her beauty and reputation unblemished to the *last*, i. e. to her *marriage;* after which, this wondrous and superlative creature, and her partner in perfection, are never heard of more. *Why?*

M. L.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

SEPTEMBER.

THE *Septmontium* was a festival of the seven mountains of Rome, which was celebrated in this month, near the seven mountains, within the walls of the city; they sacrificed seven times in seven different places; and on that day the emperors were very liberal to the people.

The *Meditrinalia* were feasts instituted in honour of the goddess *Meditrina*, and celebrated on the 13th of September. They were so called from *medendo*, because the Romans then began to drink new wine, which they mixed with old, and *that* served them instead of physic.

P. T. W.

Notes of a Reader.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1829.

THESE elegant little works are already in a forward state. MR. ALARIC WATTS announces the plates of the SOUVENIR, "of a more important size than heretofore," and twelve in number, already completed. Among them are *Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus*, drawn by Danby, and engraved by Goodall; *Love taught by the Graces*, drawn by Hilton, and engraved by J. C. Edwards; a beautiful scene from *Lalla Rookh*, drawn by Stephanoff, and engraved by Bacon; *She never told her Love*, drawn by Westall, and engraved by Rolls. Whilst Mr. Watts has been catering for the "children of a larger growth," Mrs. W. has been preparing a "New Year's Gift; or *Juvenile* Souvenir, to be accompanied with exquisite illustrations of Nursery literature; as the Children in the Wood, Red Riding Hood, &c. with two historical subjects after Northcote.

Mr. Ackermann, to whom we are indebted for the *naturalization* of "Annuals," announces that one of his plates in the forthcoming "FORGET ME NOT" —(4 inches by 3 in dimension) has cost one hundred guineas! The subject is "the Ruined City," by Martin, engraved by Le Keux. Fine engraving is thus almost as dear as building-ground at Brighton.

The KEEPSAKE will appear much earlier than last year. Sir Walter Scott has written three or four articles, and two or three "noble lords" are among the contributors. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the specimens of the illustrations.

The FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING passes into the editorial hands of Mr. T. Pringle, of whose poetical talents we have lately had some exquisite specimens.

The ANNIVERSARY. — Allan Cunningham has joined Mr. Sharp (of whose taste in "getting up" books, our readers must be aware) in a splendid volume to be called "The Anniversary." Among the engravings are *Psyche*, after Sir Thomas Lawrence; *Young Cottagers*, after Gainsborough; the *Author of Waverley in his Study*, after W. Allen; a *Monkey*, &c. by Landseer. This is a new adventure, and we wish its projectors many *anniversaries*.

The CHRISTMAS BOX is to contain "A Story," from the pen of Miss Edgworth. Mrs. Hofland, Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Hemans, likewise, contribute their pleasing aid.

The PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP is to be altered to *The Gem*, to be edited by Mr. T. Hood, whose wit and fancy will sparkle among the contributions; and who hopes that it may prove one of those "hardy annuals," which are to become perennials; the writers are to be of "au-

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thorized popularity"—"the *plates* not of the common *dessert* kind, but a welcome *service*"—the engravers "as true as steel" to their originals—and the whole equally "mental" and "ornamental:" so the wight has begun already.

The WINTER'S WREATH promises to bloom more vigorously than ever, and earlier too—in September. Among the contributors are the names of Hemans, Opie, Mitford, Montgomery, Wiffen, Delta, &c.

The AMULET is to be edited, as last year, by Mr. Hall.

The BIJOU is printing with *two-fold* energy.

We read the other day that Schiller's "History of the German War," was originally published in *Damen Almanach*—a Lady's Almanack! This is real *azure*. "Annuals" do not, however, progress on the continent; for a new one, lately published contained but a single original contribution. In America they have bloomed with some success, though not with the elegance and polish of our own country. Here their effect on the Fine Arts has been very important, and they have done much for light reading, every name of literary eminence, except those of Moore, Campbell, and Rogers, having been enlisted in their ranks. We do not, however, remember Leigh Hunt, although his pleasantries would relieve the plaintiveness of some of the poetical contributions. A few *Shandean* articles would be very agreeable—something like the Housekeepers in the last "Friendships' Offering."

Nothing is said of the "Literary Pocket Book;" but our old friend, "Time's Telescope," will be mounted as usual.

We also take this opportunity to state that the "ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART, FOR 1829," will appear towards the close of the present year; and we are enabled to promise its patrons a still greater modicum of novelty and interest than was even comprised in its very successful forerunner.

MARTYRDOM.

THERE is no truth more abundantly exemplified in the history of mankind, than that the blood of martyrs, spilt in whatever cause, political or religious, is the best imaginable seed for the growth of favour towards their persons, and, as far as conversion depends on feeling, of conversion to their opinions. "*Quoites mori emur toties nasciemur.*"—*Edin. Rev.*

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

OUR liberty is neither Greek nor Roman; but essentially English. It has a character of its own,—a character which has taken a tinge from the sentiments of the chivalrous ages, and which accords with the peculiarities of our manners, and of our insular situation. It has a language, too, of its own, and a language too singularly idiomatic, full of meaning to ourselves, scarcely intelligible to strangers.—*Ibid.*

SENSUALITY.

How different is the night of Nature from that of man, and the repose of her scenes from the misrule of his sensual haunts; what a contrast between the refreshing return of her morning, and the feverish agonies of his day-dreams.—*Cameleon Sketches.*

THE FLIMSY AGE.

POETS sing of the "golden age," the "silver age," and the "iron age," but were they to celebrate this, I think they should call it the flimsy age, for every thing seems made to suit a temporary purpose, without any regard to the sound and substantial. From printed calico to printed books, from Kean's acting to Nash's architecture, all is made to catch the eye, to gratify the appetite for novelty, without regard to real and substantial excellence.—*Blackwood.*

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

WE find very few monasteries founded after the twelfth century; the great majority, which rose through the kingdom "like exhalations," were founded between the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and in all county histories and authentic records, we scarce find a parish church, with the name of its resident rector recorded, before the twelfth century. The first notice of any village church occurs in the Saxon Chronicle, after the death of the conqueror, A. D. 1087. They are called, there, "upland churches." "Then the king did as his father bade him ere he was dead; he then distributed treasures for his father's soul to each monastery that was in England; to some ten marks of gold, to some six; to each *upland* church sixty pence." Ingram's Saxon Chronicle. Gibson's note on the passage is, "unicuique ecclesiæ rurali." These rare rural churches, after the want of them was felt, and after the lords of manors built, endowed, and presented to them, spread so rapidly, that in 1200 in almost every remote parish there was an "upland church," if not a resident minister, as at this day.

The convents, however, still remained in their pristine magnificence, though declining in purity of morals and in public estimation. In place of new

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foundations of this august description, the—

"Village parson's modest mansion rose,"

gracefully shewing its unostentatious front, and, at length, humbly adorning almost all the scattered villages of the land."—*Bowles's History of Bremhill.*

It was pleasantly observed by a sentimental jockey, who lost by a considerable length the first race he ever rode, "I'll never ride another race as long as I live. The riders are the most selfish, narrow-minded creatures on the face of the earth. They kept riding and galloping as fast as they could, and never had once the kindness or civility to stop for me."—*Penelope.*

IRELAND.

It has lately been proved by indisputable evidence, that the present condition of the peasantry of Ireland is much superior, to that of the population of the same island some centuries ago, when the number of people did not exceed one million. Spenser describes them as inhabiting "sties rather than houses, which is the chiefest cause of the farmer's so beastly manner of living and savage condition, lying and living together with his beast, in one house, in one room, in one bed, that is clean straw, or rather a foul dunghill."

In 1712, Dobbs, a man particularly conversant with the general condition of Ireland, estimated that its population had increased 200,000. He states that "the common people are very poorly clothed, go barelegged half the year, and very rarely taste of that flesh meat with which we so much abound, but are pinched in every article of life."

In 1762, Sir William Petty computed that the inhabitants of Ireland amounted to about one million three hundred thousand. Their habitations, he says, "are lamentable wretched cabins, such as themselves could make in three or four days, not worth five shillings the building, and filthy and disgusting to a degree, which renders it necessary for us to refrain from quoting his description. "Out of the 200,000 houses of Ireland," says he, "160,000 are wretched cabins, without chimney, window, or door shut, even worse than those of the savages of America." Their food at the same period, consisted "of cakes, whereof a penny serves for each a week; potatoes from August till May; mussels, cockles, and oysters, near the sea; eggs and butter made very rancid by keeping in bogs; as for flesh they seldom eat it; they can content themselves with potatoes."

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

We often hear people call *themselves* fools. Now a man ought to know whether he is a fool or not, and he would not say it if he did not believe it; and there is also a degree of wisdom in the discovery that one has been a fool, for thereby it is intimated that the season of folly is over. Whosoever therefore actually says that he was a fool formerly, virtually says that he is not a fool now.—*Penelope.*

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Gentell in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic,
Learn'd, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic,
This must he be.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new:
Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true. *Old MS.*

CUNNING.

In England, no class possesses so much of that peculiar ability which is required for constructing ingenious schemes, and for obviating remote difficulties, as the thieves and the thief-takers. Women have more of this dexterity than men. Lawyers have more of it than statesmen; statesmen have more of it than philosophers.

STORY-TELLING.

A friend of mine has one, and only one, good story, respecting a gun, which he contrives to introduce upon all occasions, by the following simple, but ingenious device. Whether the company in which he is placed be numerous or select, addicted to strong potations, or to long and surprising narratives; whatever may happen to be the complexion of their character or conversation, let but a convenient pause ensue, and my friend immediately hears, or pretends to hear, the report of a gun. Every body listens, and recalls his late impressions, upon which "the story of a gun" is naturally, and as if by a casual association, introduced thus—"By the by, speaking of guns, that puts me in mind of a story about a gun;" and so the gun is fixed in regular style, and the company condemned to smell powder for twenty minutes to come! To the telling of this gun story, it is not, you see, at all necessary that there should be an actual explosion and report; it is sufficient that there *might* have been something of the kind.

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PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

DOVER quite full—horrible place! Shocking, the inns! Amphibious wretches, the population. Ashore (from steam-packet) at four in the morning. Fires out at The Ship. No beds! Think of it! Had to wait till a party got up—going off at six. Six came—changed their minds (lazy!) wouldn't go! Woke the whole house with ringing the bells, however—took care they shouldn't sleep. Filthy breakfast! Bad butter—vile chops—eggs! I never got an egg properly boiled in my life! Royal Society ought to give a premium. Set off, starved and shuddering—roads heavy—four horses. Ruined with the expense. Man wanted to take half. Fat—looked greasy. Thought ruin best. Got up to Pagliano's a petrifaction! Worthy creature, the cook! Tossed me up such a "*Saumon*, *Tartare*"—"*Vol au vent*"—"Maccaroni"—all light. Coffee—*liqueur*—no wine for fear of fever—went to bed quite thawed in body and mind; and walked round Leicester-square next morning like "a giant refreshed!"—*Blackwood.*

A WOMAN's true dowry is virtue, modesty, and desires restrained; not that which is usually so called.

DOMESDAY.

MR. BOWLES in his *History of Bremhill*, makes a few observations suggested by the account in *Domesday Book*, on the wages, and some of the prices of agricultural produce on the farms where the *villani* and *servi*, literally *slaves* and *villans*, laboured. When we find two oxen sold for seventeen shillings and four-pence, we must bear in mind that one Norman shilling was as much in value as three of ours; when we find that thirty hens were sold for three farthings each, we must bear in mind the same proportion. The price of a sheep was one shilling, that is three of ours. Wheat was six shillings a-quarter; that would be, according to our scale, two shillings and three-pence a-bushel. Now, at the time of this calculation, everything must have borne a greater price, reckoning by money, than at the time of Domesday; for the prices of articles now set down (from an authentic document of the accounts of the Duke of Cornwall, first published from the original by Sir R. C. Hoare, in his *History of Mere*,) bear date somewhat more than two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Edward the First, 1299. But at that time, what were the wages of the labourer? The ploughman's wages were about five shillings a-year, fifteen shillings by the present scale; a maid for making "pottage" received a penny a week!

The Sketch Book.

STRIKING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

I HAVE read some theories, or rather hypotheses, of apparitions, in which the authors attempt to account for the appearance of those unsubstantial shadows, resembling the forms of living men, by circumstances connected with the physical laws of matter. But I am rather inclined to hold, with another class of inquirers, that the origin of such marvels must be looked for in the mind of the seers; although I do not go the length of their scepticism, and deny the actual existence of the ghostly show, as a real and visible spectacle, before the eyes.

These observations will derive some illustration at least, if not entire confirmation, from the following narrative, which is deemed to be authentic in the neighbourhood in which the scene is laid; and the application of which the judicious reader will, no doubt, be able to make for himself.

About the middle of the last war, the *Polly*, tender, commanded by lieutenant Watts, came swooping up one evening to the small town of Auchinbreck, in Scotland, and, resolving to pounce, without warning, upon her prey, as soon as she had anchored in the roads, sent ashore the press-gang to pick up as many of the stout boat-builder lads as they could catch. The towns-people, however, were not so unprepared as the captain of the tender imagined; some of those, indeed, who were fit for sea, ran up into the hills, but by far the greater number collected about the corner of a building-shed as you go on to the main street, and, when the signal of hostility was given, by the capture of a man by the press-gang, they rushed down upon them in a body, every one with his axe on his shoulder like a troop of Indians with their tomahawks. It had now become so dark that the sailors had much to do to keep their footing upon the loose stones of the beach, which was just at this time rendered a still more troublesome passage by the scattered materials of a pier, then beginning to be built; and, besides, their number was so small compared to the towns-people, that, after a few strokes of the cutlas, and as many oaths as would have got a line-of-battle ship into action and out again, they were fain to retreat to their boat, pursued by the boat-builders,

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young and old, like furies. A midshipman, sitting in the stern, whose name was William Morrison, a fine lad of fifteen, observed the fate of the action with feelings in which local and professional spirit struggled for the mastery. One moment he would rub his hands with glee, and the next unsheath his dagger in anger, as he saw the axe of a fellow-townsman descend on the half-guarded head of a brother sailor; but, when the combatants came within oar's length of the boat, and the retreat began to resemble a flight, the *esprit de corps* got the upper hand in the Auchinbrecken midshipman's feelings, and, unsheathing his dagger, he jumped nimbly ashore and joined in the fray. At last the sailors got fairly into their boat without a single man being either missing or killed, although the list of the wounded included the whole party; and the landsmen, apparently pretty much in the same circumstances, although unable, from their number and the darkness, to reckon as instantaneously the amount of the loss or damage, after giving three cheers of triumph, retired in good order.

William Morrison, after discharging his duty so manfully, was permitted to go on shore the same evening, to visit his friends; and, indeed, the captain could not have known before that he belonged to the place, as he surely would not have confided to the lad so unpopular a task as that of kidnapping his own relations and acquaintances. He was landed at the point of Scarlough, to prevent the necessity of going through the streets, which might have been dangerous in the excited state of the people's minds; and, stretching across the fields, and along the side of the hill, he steered steadily on in the direction of his paternal home, which was about a mile and a half from the Point, but only one mile from the town. The moon had now risen, but was only visible in short glimpses through the clouds that were hurrying across the sky; and the tall, strange shadows of the willows and yews that skirted the churchyard, appearing and disappearing as he passed, probably by recalling the associations of his earlier years, made William shrink, and almost tremble. His own shadow, however, was a more pleasing thing to look at. The dress, which, grown familiar by usage, he would not have noticed elsewhere, was here brilliantly contrasted in his recollection with the more clownish and common garb of his boyhood—for he already reckoned himself a man; and the dagger, projecting smartly from his belted side, gave, in his opinion, a finish quite melodramatic to his air. He drew out the tiny blade from its sheath, and its sparkle in the moonlight seemed to be reflected in his eyes as he gazed on it from hilt to point; but the expression of those eyes was changed as they discovered that its polish in one place was dimmed by blood. This could easily be accounted for by the affray on the beach—and at any other time and place it would have been thought nothing of;—but at this moment, and on this spot, he was as much startled by the sight, as if his conscience had accused him of a deliberate murder. The impressions his mind had received while passing the churchyard, now returned upon him with added gloom; a kind of misgiving came over him; and a thousand boding thoughts haunted him like spirits, and hanging, as it were, on his heart, dragged it down farther and farther at every step. He bitterly regretted that he had not remained in the boat, as he had at first resolved, a neutral spectator of the strife. How did he know that his hand had not been raised against the life of his own brother? As far as he could see or learn, indeed, no fatal accident had occurred; but there have been instances of people walking cheerily off the field of battle, and dying of their wounds after all. And yet it was not likely—it was hardly possible—that John could have been in the affray, his indentures protecting him from the impress. These cogitations were speedily followed by others of as gloomy a character; for the thoughts breed faster than we can perceive them, and each multiplies after his kind. It was a year since he had heard from his friends, and five years since he had seen them. Who could tell what changes had taken place in that time? Who could tell whether poor John had even lived to be killed by the press-gang? His father, his mother, and his sisters—were they dead, were they living, were they sick, or in health? His sister had been always a delicate girl, one of those gentle and fragile flowers of mortality that are sure not to live till the summer; perhaps consumption, with the deceitful beauty of his smile, had already led his fair partner down the short dance of life.

Tormenting himself with such speculations, he arrived at his father's house. Here he was surprised, bewildered, almost shocked, to observe a new and handsome farm-house in place of the old one. On looking farther on, however, he did detect the ancient habitation of his family, in its original site; but it seemed, from the distance where he stood, to be falling into ruins. His whole race must either be dead or banished, and a new tribe of successors settled in their place;

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or else uncle William must be deceased, and have left his father money enough to build a new house. He walked up to the door, where he stood trembling for some minutes, without courage to put his hand to the latch, and at last went round to the window, and, with a desperate effort, looked in. How his heart bounded! His father was there, still a stout healthy man of middle life, his hair hardly beginning to be grizzled, by the meddling finger of the old painter Time; and his mother, as handsome as ever, and her face relieved by the smile either of habitual happiness, or of some momentary cause of joyful excitation, from the Madonna cast which had distinguished it in less prosperous days; and his sister, with only enough left of her former delicacy of complexion to chasten the luxuriant freshness of health on the ripe cheeks of nineteen. John, indeed, was not there; but a vacant chair stood by the table ready to receive him, and another—a second chair, beside it, only nearer the fire—for whom? —for himself. His heart told him that it was. Some one must have brought the tidings of his arrival; the family circle were at that moment waiting to receive him; he could see his old letters lying on the table before them, and recognised the identical red splash he had dropped, as if accidentally, on the corner of one—the dispatch he had written after his first action—although he had taken the trouble to go to the cock-pit to procure, for the occasion, this valorous token of danger and glory. But John—it was so late for him to be from home!—and, as a new idea passed across his mind, he turned his eyes upon the old house, which was distant about a hundred yards. It was probable, he thought, nay, more than probable, that his father, when circumstances enabled him to build a new house for himself, had given the old one to his eldest son; and John, doubtless, was established there as the master of the family, and perhaps at this moment was waiting anxiously for a message to require his presence on the joyful occasion of his brother's arrival. He did not calculate very curiously time or ages, for his brother was only his senior by two years; he felt that he was himself a man long ago, and thought that John by this time must be almost an old man.

While these reflections were passing through his mind, he observed a light in the window of the old house; but he could not well tell whether it was merely the reflection of a moonbeam on the glass, or a candle in the interior. He walked forward out of curiosity; but the scene, as he approached the building, was so gloomy, and the air so chill, that he wished to turn back; however, he walked on till he reached the door, and there, sure enough, his brother was waiting on the threshold to receive him. They shook hands in silence, for William's heart was too full to speak, and he followed John into the house; and an ill-cared-for house it was. He stumbled among heaps of rubbish in the dark passage; and, as he groped along the wall, his hand brought down patches of old lime, and was caught in spiders' webs almost as strong as if the spinner had meant to go a-fowling. When they had got into the parlour, he saw that the building was indeed a ruin; there was not a whole pane of glass in the window, nor a plank of wood in the damp floor; and the fireplace, without fire, or grate to hold it, looked like the entrance to a burying-vault. John, however, walked quietly in, and sat down on a heap of rubbish by the ingleside; and William, following his example, sat down over-against him. His heart now began to quake, and he was afraid, without knowing what he had to fear. He ran over in his mind the transactions of the evening—his walk, his reflections, his anxieties—embracing the whole, as if in one rapid and yet detailed glance of the soul, and then turned his eyes upon his brother both in fear and curiosity. What fearful secret could John have to communicate in a place like this? Could he not have spoken as well in the open air, where it was so much warmer, and in the blessed light of the moon? No one was dead, or likely to die, that he cared for; his dearest and almost only friends were at this moment talking and laughing round their social table, and near a bright fire, expecting his arrival, and John and he were—here! At length, repressing by a strong effort the undefined and undefinable feelings that were crowding upon him, he broke the silence, which was now beginning to seem strange and embarrassing.

"And how have you been, John?" said he, in the usual form of friendly inquiries; "and how have you got on in the world since we parted?"

"I have been well," replied John; "and I have got on as well as mortal man could desire."

"Yet you cannot be happy; you must have something to say—something I am almost afraid to hear. Out with it, in God's name! and let us go home."

"Yes," said John, "I have something to say; but it will not take long to hear, and then we shall both go home. I was apprenticed to the boat-building four years ago."

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"I know it," replied William; "you wrote to me about it yourself, John."

"I was made foreman before my time was out."

"I know that, too," said William; "Fanny gave me the whole particulars in a letter I received at Smyrna;—surely that cannot be all."

"I have more to tell," said John, solemnly: "my apprenticeship is out."

"What, in four years!—you are mad, John! What do you mean?"

"The indenture was cancelled this evening."

"How?" cried William, with a gasp, and beginning to tremble all over, without knowing why.

"I was wounded on the beach," said John, rising up, and walking backwards towards the window; while the moon, entering into a dense cloud, had scarcely sufficient power to exhibit the outlines of his figure. "It was by the point of a dagger," continued he, his voice sounding distant and indistinct, "*and I died of the wound!*"

William was alone in the apartment, and he felt the hair rising upon his head, and cold drops of sweat trickling down his brow. His ghastly and bewildered look was hardly noticed by his parents and sister during the first moments of salutation; and, when it was, the excuse was illness and fatigue. He could neither eat nor drink, (it seemed as if he had lost altogether the faculty of swallowing,) but sat silent and stupified, turning his head ever and anon to the door, till it struck one o'clock. About this time a knocking was heard, and the sister, jumping up, cried it was John come home, and ran to open the door. But it was not John; it was the minister of the parish; and he had scarcely time to break the blow to the parents with the shield of religion, when the dead body of their eldest son was brought into the house.—*Orient. Herald.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Zoological Gardens.

It is stated that upwards of one hundred and eighty pounds have been received for the admission of the public to these gardens during one week.

We omitted to mention last week, that one of the lamas was presented by Robert Barclay, Esq. of Bury Hill; a leopard by Lord Auckland; several animals from the Arctic regions by the Hudson's Bay Company, &c. The pair of emus were bred at Windsor, by Lord Mountcharles. The emu is hunted in New South Wales for its oil; it frequently weighs 100 lbs, and its taste, when cooked, more resembles beef than fowl.—See *Notes*, p. 378, vol. xi. MIRROR.

Venerable Orange Trees.

There is an orange tree, still living and vigorous, in the orangery at Versailles, which is well ascertained to be above 400 years old. It is designated the Bourbon, having belonged to the celebrated constable of that name in the beginning of the 16th century, and been confiscated to the crown in 1522, at which time it was 100 years old. A crown is placed on the box in which it is planted, with this inscription, "Sown in 1421."

Thirty-four orange-trees have lately been received at Windsor, as a present from the king of France to George IV.

Potato Mortar.

M. Cadet-de-Vaux found mortar of lime and sand, and also that made from clay, greatly improved in durability by mixing boiled potatoes with it.

An Experimental Farm,

As a school of practical husbandry for a part of central France, has been formed by the celebrated Abbé de Pradt. It is situated about a league from Avranches, on the great road from that city to Bort, in the department of Corrèze.—*Foreign Q. Rev.*

A Tunnel under the Vistula, at Warsaw,

Has been projected. This mode of communication will be of the utmost utility, especially at the times of the breaking up of the frost, when all intercourse is interrupted. The architect is a foreigner, and has engaged to complete the work in the space of three years.—*Paris Paper.*

Small White Slugs,

In gardens, are more injurious than the larger variety, because their diminutive size escapes the gardener's eye. A good way to keep them under is to make small holes, about an inch deep, and about the diameter of the little finger, round the plants which they infest. Into these holes the slugs will retreat during the day, and they may be killed there by dropping in a little salt, quicklime in powder, or by strong lime and water.—*Gardener's Mag.*

Turkish Method of Preserving Filberts.

When perfectly ripe, remove the husks, and dry the nuts, by rubbing with a coarse cloth; sprinkle the bottom of a stone jar with a very little salt; then place a layer

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of filberts, adding a small quantity of salt between each layer. The jar must be perfectly dry and clean. Secure the top from air, and keep them in a dry place; and, at the end of six months, they will peel.—*Ibid.*

Extinction of Fires.

When a chimney or flue is on fire, throw into the fire-place one handful after another of flower of sulphur. This, by its combustion, effects the decomposition of the atmospheric air, which is, in consequence, paralysed, or, in effect, annihilated.

Oysters.

After the month of May, it is felony to carry away the caltch (the spawn adhering to stones, old oyster-shells, &c.) and punishable to take any oysters, except those of the size of a half-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling rattling between them.

The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here, for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms (called the oyster-worm,) half an inch long, found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms. The sea-star, cockles, and muscles, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out.

While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downwards, but when it ebbs they turn on the other side.*

Swarming of Bees.

An interesting communication was read, at a recent sitting of the Royal Society, from T. A. Knight, Esq. describing the precaution taken by a swarm of bees, in reconnoitering the situation where they intend to establish their new colony, or swarm from the parent hive. The bees do not go out in a considerable body, but they succeed each other in going and returning, until the whole of the swarm have apparently made good the survey, after which the whole body take their departure in a mass. If by any chance a large portion of a swarm take their departure without the queen bee, they never proceed to take up the ulterior quarters without her majesty's presence. The result of Mr. Knight's observations tends to prove, that all the operations of a swarm of bees are dictated by previous concert, and the most systematic arrangement.

* See Bishop Spratt on Oysters.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

LADDER OF LOVE.

Men and women,—more or less,—
Have minds o' the self-same metal, mould, and form!—
Doth not the infant love to sport and laugh,
And tie a kettle to a puppy's tail?—
Doth not the dimpled girl her 'kerchief don
(Mocking her elder) mantilla wise—then speed
To mass and noontide visits; where are bandied
Smooth gossip-words of sugared compliment?
But when at budding womanhood arrived,
She casts aside all childish games, nor thinks
Of aught save some gay paranymph—who, caught
In love's stout meshes, flutters round the door,
And fondly beckons her away from home.—
The whilst, her lady mother fain would cage
The foolish bird within its narrow cell!—
And then, the grandame idly wastes her breath,
In venting saws 'bout maiden modesty—
And strict decorum,—from some musty volume:
But the clipp'd wings will quickly sprout again;
And whilst the doating father thinks his child
A paragon of worth and bashfulness,—
Her thoughts are hovering round the precious form
Of her sweet furnace-breathing Don Diego!—
And he, all proof 'gainst dews and nightly blasts,
In breathless expectation waits to see
His panting Rosa at the postern door;—
While she sighs forth "My gentle cavalier!"—
And then they straightway fall to kissing hands,
And antic gestures—such as lovers use,—
Expressive of their wish quickly to tie
The gordian knot of marriage;—Pretty creatures!—
But why not earlier to have thought of this?—
When he, the innocent youth, was wont to play
At coscogilla; and the prattling girl,
Amid her nursery companions, toiled
In sempstress labours for her wooden dolls.—
Ah! wherefore, did I ask?—Because forsooth,
Their ways are changed with their increasing years!—
For when for gallantry the time be come—
And when the stagnant blood begins to boil
Within the veins, my master—then the lads
Cast longing looks on damosels—for nature
Defies restraint—and kin birds flock together!—
And think not, Master, *Chance* disposes thus;
Or were it so, then chance directs us all—
Whene'er we have attain'd the important age!
I, ———, am a living instance!—
Was I not once a lively laughing boy?
And, in my stripling age, did I not love
The pastimes suited to those madcap days?—
Oh! would to heaven those times were present still!
But wherefore fret myself with hopes so vain?—
The silly thought doth find no shelter here,—
That any beauty, with dark roguish eyes,
With sparkling blood, and rising warmth of youth,
Would e'er affect this wrinkled face of mine:—
The very thought doth smack of foolishness!—
And, though the truth may be a bitter pill,
Yet, ———
It is most fitting that we know ourselves.

Spanish Comedy—Foreign Review.

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A HINT TO RETIRING CITIZENS.

Ye Cits who at White Conduit House,
Hampstead or Holloway carouse,
Let no vain wish disturb ye:
For rural pleasures unexplored,
Take those your Sabbath strolls afford,
And prize your *Rus in urbe*.

For many who from active trades
Have plung'd into sequester'd shades,
Will dismally assure ye,
That it's a harder task to bear
Th' ennui produced by country air,
And sigh for *Urbs in rure*.

The cub in prison born and fed,
The bird that in a cage was bred,
The hutch-engender'd rabbit,
Are like the long-imprison'd Cit,
For sudden liberty unfit,
Degenerate by habit.

Sir William Curtis, were he mew'd
In some romantic solitude,
A bower of rose and myrtle,
Would find the loving turtle dove
No succedaneum for his love
Of London Tavern turtle.

Sir Astley Cooper, cloy'd with wealth,
Sick of luxurious ease and health,
And rural meditation,
Sighs for his useful London life,
The restless night—the saw and knife
Of daily amputation.

Habit is second nature—when
It supersedes the first, wise men
Receive it as a warning,
That total change comes then too late,
And they must e'en assimilate
Life's evening to its morning.

Thrice happy he whose mind has sprung
From Mammon's yoke while yet unwrung
Or spoilt for nobler duty:—
Who still can gaze on Nature's face
With all a lover's zeal, and trace
In every change a beauty.

No tedium vitæ round him lowers,
The charms of contrast wing his hours,
And every scene embellish:—
From prison, City, care set free,
He tastes his present liberty
With keener zest and relish.

New Monthly Mag.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THREE HALFPENCE.

A GENTLEMAN on a wet evening entered the bar of an inn, and while standing before the fire, called to a servant girl who had come to receive his orders, "Margaret, bring me a glass of ale, a clean pipe, a spitoon, a pair of snuffers, and the newspaper. And Margaret, take away my great coat, carry it into the kitchen, and hang it before the fire to dry, and dry my umbrella, and tell me what o'clock it is; and if Mr. Huggins should come in, request him to come this way, for I think 'tis near seven, and he promised to meet me at that hour. And Margaret, get me change for a sovereign, and see that all the change is good, take for the glass of ale out of it, and put the coppers in a piece of paper. And Margaret, tell Jemima to bring some more coals, take away the ashes, and wipe the table. And Margaret, pull down the blinds, shut the door, and put to the window-shutters." — N.B. The gentleman had his own tobacco.

TWO EVILS, (EXTEMPORE.)

CAN man sustain a greater curse
Than to possess an empty purse?
Yes, with abundance to be blest,
And not enjoy the pow'r to taste.

G. K.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE GERMAN.

IF one has served thee, tell the deed to many?
Hast thou served many?—tell it not to any.

J. L. S.

A GENTLEMAN.

To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was meant to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it, was on visiting a stable to look at a horse, when, inquiring for the coachman, his stable-keeper replied, "He has just stepped to the public-house along with another gentleman."

The following is the negro's definition of a *gentleman*: — "*Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog: he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a* GENTLEMAN."

"VERY BAD.

WHY are washer-women, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are *so-apy* (so happy).

Why is a widower, going to be married, like Eau de Cologne? Because he is *re-wiving*.

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is listed and trained, has *ten-drills*, and shoots.

Why is a sailor, when at sea, not a sailor? Because he's *a-board*.

Why is a city gentleman, taken poorly in Grosvenor-square, like a recluse? Because he is *sick-westward* (sequestered.)

Why is it better for a man to have two losses than one? Because the first is a loss, and the second is *a-gain*.

"If Britannia rules the waves," said a qualmish writing-master, going to Margate last week in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em *straighter*."—*Lit. Gaz.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 332.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

THIS is another of Mr. Rider's beautiful "Views to Illustrate the Life of SHAKSPEARE,"*—it being the exterior of the cottage in which the poet's wife (whose maiden name was *Hathaway*) is said to have resided with her parents, in the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Neither the exterior nor interior of this humble abode, says Mr. Rider, appears to have been subjected to any renovating process; and as there exists no reasonable ground for distrusting the fact of its having been the abode of *Anne Hathaway*, previous to her marriage with Shakspeare, it must ever be regarded as one of the most interesting relics connected with his history. The occupier of the cottage in July, 1827, was an old woman, the widow of John Hathaway Taylor, whose mother was a Hathaway, and the last of the family of that name.

The widow Taylor showed Mr. Rider the old carved bedstead, mentioned by "Ireland," and assured him she perfectly recollected his purchasing of her mother-in-law the piece of furniture which had always been known by the designation of *Shakspeare's Courting-Chair*. From the wood-cut of this chair, given by Ireland in his "Views on the Avon," Mr. Rider has been enabled to introduce it in his representation of the interior of the cottage.

* Merridew and Rider, Warwick and Leamington and Goodhugh, Oxford-street, London.

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We have accordingly detached it for a vignette, and as the throne where

> ——— The lover,
> Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eye-brow—

it will probably be acceptable to the most enthusiastic of Shakspeare's admirers; not doubting that scores of our lady-friends will provide themselves with a chair of the same construction, if they would insure the fervour and sincerity of the poet's love, or by association become more susceptible of his inspirations of the master-passion of humanity.

The Novelist.

ANTONELLI;

(A Tale, from the German of Goethe.)

When I was in Italy, Antonelli, an opera-singer, was the favourite of the Neapolitan public. Her youth, beauty, and talents insured her applause on the stage; nor was she deficient in any quality that could render her agreeable to a small circle of friends. She was not indifferent either to love or praise; but her discretion was such as to enable her to enjoy both with becoming dignity. Every young man of rank or fortune in Naples, was eager to be numbered among her suitors; few however, met with a favourable reception; and though she was, in the choice of her lovers, directed chiefly by her eyes and her heart, she displayed on all occasions a firmness, and stability of character, that never failed to engage even such as were indifferent to her favours. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her, being on terms of the closest intimacy with one of her favoured admirers.

Several years were now elapsed, and she had become acquainted with a number of gentlemen, many of whom had rendered themselves disgusting by the extreme levity and fickleness of their manners. She had repeatedly observed young gentlemen, whose professions of constancy and attachment would persuade their mistress of the impossibility of their ever deserting her, withhold their protection in those very cases where it was most needed; or, what is still worse, incited by the temptation of ridding themselves of a troublesome connexion, she had known them give advice which has entailed misery and ruin.

Her acquaintance hitherto had been of such a nature as to leave her mind inactive. She now began to feel a desire, to which she had before been a stranger. She wished to possess a friend, to whom she might communicate her most secret thoughts, and happily, just at that time, she found one among those who surrounded her, possessed of every requisite quality, and who seemed, in every respect, worthy of her confidence.

This gentleman was by birth a Genoese, and resided at Naples, for the purpose of transacting some commercial business of great importance, for the house with which he was connected. In possession of good parts, he had, in addition received a very finished education. His knowledge was extensive; and no less care had been bestowed on his body, than on his mind. He was inspired with the commercial spirit natural to his countrymen, and considered mercantile affairs on a grand scale. His situation was, however, not the most enviable; his house had unfortunately been drawn into hazardous speculations, which were afterwards attended with expensive law-suits. The state of his affairs grew daily more intricate, and the uneasiness thereby produced gave him an air of seriousness, which in the present case was not to his disadvantage; for it encouraged our young heroine to seek his friendship, rightly judging, that he himself stood in need of a friend.

Hitherto, he had seen her only occasionally, and at places of public resort; she now, on his first request, granted him access to her house; she even invited him very pressingly, and he was not remiss in obeying the invitation.

She lost no time in making him acquainted with her wishes, and the confidence she reposed in him. He was surprised, and rejoiced at the proposal. She was urgent in the request that he might always remain her friend, and never shade that sacred name with the ambiguous claims of a lover. She made him acquainted with some difficulties which then perplexed her, and on which his experience would enable him to give the best advice, and propose the most speedy means for her relief. In return for this confidence, he did not hesitate to disclose to her his own situation; and her endeavours to soothe and console him were, in reality, not without a beneficial consequence, as they served to put him in that state of mind, so necessary for acting with deliberation and effect. Thus a friendship was in a short time cemented, founded on the most exalted esteem, and on the consciousness that each was necessary to the well-being of the other.

It happens but too often, that we make agreements without considering whether it is in our power to fulfil their conditions. He had promised to be only her friend, and not to think of her as a mistress; and

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yet he could not deny that he was mortified and disgusted with the sight of any other visiter. His ill-humour was particularly excited by hearing her, in a jesting manner, enumerate the good or bad qualities of some favourite, and after having shown much good sense in pointing out his blemishes, neglect her friend, and prefer his company that very evening.

It happened soon after that the heart of the fair was disengaged. Her friend was rejoiced at the discovery, and represented to her, that he was entitled to her affection before all others. She gave ear to his petition, when she found resistance was vain. "I fear," said she, "that I am parting with the most valuable possession on earth—a friend, and that I shall get nothing in return but a lover. Her suspicions were well founded: he had not enjoyed his double capacity long, when he showed a degree of peevishness, of which he had before thought himself incapable; as a friend he demanded her esteem; as a lover he claimed her undivided affection; and as a man of sense and education, he expected rational and pleasing conversation. These complicated claims, however, ill accorded with the sprightly disposition of Antonelli; she could consent to no sacrifices, and was unwilling to grant exclusive rights. She therefore endeavoured in a delicate manner to shorten his visits, to see him less frequently, and intimated that she would upon no consideration whatever give up her freedom.

As soon as he remarked this new treatment, his misery was beyond endurance, and unfortunately, this was not the only mischance that befel him; his mercantile affairs assumed a very doubtful appearance; besides this, a view of his past life called forth many mortifying reflections; he had from his earliest youth looked upon his fortune as inexhaustible, his business often lay neglected, while engaged in long and expensive travels, endeavouring to make a figure in the fashionable world, far above his birth and fortune. The law-suits, which were now his only hope, proceeded slowly, and were connected with a vast expense. These required his presence in Palermo several times; and while absent on his last journey, Antonelli made arrangements calculated, by degrees, to banish him entirely from her house. On his return, he found she had taken another house at a considerable distance from his own; the Marquess de S., who, at that time, had great influence on plays and public diversions, visited her daily, and to all appearance, with great familiarity. This mortified him severely, and a serious illness was the consequence. When the news of his sickness reached his friend she hastened to him, was anxious to see him comfortable, and discovering that he was in great pecuniary difficulties, on going away she left him a sum of money sufficient to relieve his wants.

Her friend had once presumed to encroach on her freedom; this attempt was with her an unpardonable offence, and the discovery of his having acted so indiscreetly in his own affairs, had not given her the most favourable opinion of his understanding and his character; notwithstanding the decrease of her affection, her assiduity for him had redoubled. He did not, however, remark the great change which had really taken place; her anxiety for his recovery, her watching for hours at his bedside, appeared to him rather proofs of friendship and love, than the effects of compassion, and he hoped, on his recovery, to be re-instated in all his former rights

But how greatly was he mistaken! In proportion as his health and strength returned, all tenderness and affection for him vanished; nay, her aversion for him now was equal to the pleasure with which she formerly regarded him. He had also, in consequence of these multiplied reverses, contracted a habit of ill-humour, of which he was himself not aware, and which greatly contributed to alienate Antonelli. His own bad management in business he attributed to others; so that, in his opinion, he was perfectly justified. He looked upon himself as an unfortunate man, persecuted by the world, and hoped for an equivalent to all his sufferings and misfortunes in the undivided affection of his mistress.

This concession he insisted on, the first day he was able to leave his chamber, and visit her. He demanded nothing less than that she should resign herself up to him entirely, dismiss her other friends and acquaintances, leave the stage, and live solely with him, and for him. She showed him the impossibility of granting his demands, at first mildly, but was at last obliged to confess the melancholy truth, that their former relation existed no more. He left her, and never saw her again.

He lived some years longer, seeing but few acquaintances, and chiefly in the company of a pious old lady, with whom he occupied the same dwelling, and who lived on the rent of an adjoining house, her only income. During this interval, he gained one of his law-suits, and soon after the other; but his health was destroyed, and his future prospects blasted. A slight cause brought on a relapse of his former illness; the physician acquainted him with his approaching end. He was

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resigned to his fate, and his only remaining wish was, once more to see his lovely friend. He sent the servant to her, who, in more happy days, had often been the bearer of tender messages. He prayed her to grant his request: she refused. He sent a second time, entreating most ardently she might not be deaf to his prayers, with no better success. She persisted in her first answer. The night was already far advanced, when he sent a third time; she showed great agitation, and confided to me the cause of her embarrassment, (for I had just happened to be at supper, at her house, with the Marquess, and some other friends.) I advised her—I entreated her, to show her friend this last act of kindness. She seemed undecided, and in great emotion; but after a few moments she became more collected. She sent away the servant with a refusal, and he returned no more.

When supper was over, we sat together in familiar conversation, while cheerfulness and good humour reigned among us. It was near midnight, when suddenly a hollow, doleful sound was heard, like the groaning of a human being; gradually it grew weaker, and at last died away entirely. A momentary trembling seized us all; we stared at each other, and then around us, unable to explain the mystery.

The Marquess ran to the window, while the rest of us were endeavouring to restore the lady, who lay senseless on the floor. It was some time before she recovered. The jealous Italian would scarcely give her time to open her eyes, when he began to load her with reproaches. If you agree on signs with your friends, said the Marquess, I pray you let them be less open and terrifying. She replied, with her usual presence of mind, that, having the right to see any person, at any time, in her house, she could hardly be supposed to choose such appalling sounds as the forerunners of happy moments.

And really there was something uncommonly terrifying in the sound; its slowly lengthened vibrations were still fresh in our ears. Antonelli was pale, confused, and every moment in danger of falling into a swoon. We were obliged to remain with her half the night. Nothing more was heard. On the following evening the same company was assembled; and although the cheerfulness of the preceding day was wanting, we were not dejected. Precisely at the same hour we heard the same hollow groan as the night before.

We had in the meantime formed many conjectures on the origin of this strange sound, which were as contradictory as they were extravagant. It is unnecessary to relate every particular: in short, whenever Antonelli supped at home, the alarming noise was heard at the same hour, sometimes stronger, at others weaker. This occurrence was spoken of all over Naples. Every inmate of the house, every friend and acquaintance, took the most lively interest; even the police was summoned to attend. Spies were placed at proper distances around the house. To such as stood in the street the sound seemed to arise in the open air, while those in the room heard it close by them. As often as she supped out all was silent, but whenever she remained at home, she was sure to be visited by her uncivil guest; but leaving her house was not always a means of escaping him. Her talent and character gained her admittance into the first houses; the elegance of her manners and her lively conversation, made her everywhere welcome; and, in order to avoid her unpleasant visiter, she used to pass her evenings in company out of the house.

A gentleman, whose age and rank made him respectable, accompanied her home one evening in his coach. On taking leave of him at her door, the well known voice issued from the steps beneath them; and the old gentleman, who was perfectly well acquainted with the story, was helped into his coach more dead than alive.

She was one evening accompanied by a young singer, in her coach, on a visit to a friend's. He had heard of this mysterious affair, and being of a lively disposition, expressed some doubts on the subject. I most ardently wish, continued he, to hear the voice of your invisible companion; do call him, there are two of us, we shall not be frightened. Without reflecting, she had the courage to summon the spirit, and presently, from the floor of the coach arose the appalling sound; it was repeated three times, in rapid succession, and died away in a hollow moan. When the door of the carriage was opened, both were found in a swoon, and it was some time before they were restored and could inform those present of their unhappy adventure.

This frequent repetition at length affected her health; and the spirit, who seemed to have compassion on her, for some weeks gave no signs of his presence. She even began to cherish a hope that she was now entirely rid of him—but in this she was mistaken.

When the Carnival was over, she went into the country on a visit, in the company of a lady, and attended only by one waiting maid. Night overtook them before they could reach their journey's end; and suffering an interruption, from the breaking of a chain, they were compelled to

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stop for the night at an obscure inn by the road side. Fatigue made Antonelli seek for repose immediately on their arrival; and she had just lain down, when the waiting-maid, who was arranging a night-lamp, in a jesting tone, observed, "We are here, in a manner, at the end of the earth, and the weather is horrible; will he be able to find us here?" That moment the voice was heard, louder and more terrible than ever. The lady imagined the room filled with demons, and, leaping out of bed, ran down stairs, alarming the whole house. Nobody slept a wink that night. This was the last time the voice was heard. But this unwelcome visiter had soon another and more disagreeable method of notifying his presence.

She had been left in peace some time, when one evening, at the usual hour, while she was sitting at table with her friends, she was startled at the discharge of a gun or a well-charged pistol; it seemed to have passed through the window. All present heard the report and saw the flash, but on examination the pane was found uninjured. The company was nevertheless greatly concerned, and it was generally believed that some one's life had been attempted. Some present ran to the police, while the rest searched the adjoining houses;—but in vain; nothing was discovered that could excite the least suspicion. The next evening sentinels were stationed at all the neighbouring windows; the house itself, where Antonelli lived, was closely searched, and spies were placed in the street.

But all this precaution availed nothing. Three months in succession, at the same moment, the report was heard; the charge entered at the same pane of glass without making the least alteration in its appearance; and what is remarkable, it invariably took place precisely one hour before midnight; although the Neapolitans have the Italian way of keeping time according to which midnight forms no remarkable division. At length the shooting grew as familiar as the voice had formerly been, and this innocent malice of the spirit was forgiven him. The report often took place without disturbing the company, or even interrupting their conversation.

One evening, after a very sultry day, Antonelli, without thinking of the approaching hour, opened the window, and stepped with the Marquess on the balcony. But a few moments had elapsed, when the invisible gun was discharged, and both were thrown back into the room with a violent shock. On recovering, the Marquess felt the pain of a smart blow on his right cheek; and the singer, on her left. But no other injury being received, this event gave rise to a number of merry observations. This was the last time she was alarmed in her house, and she had hopes of being at last entirely rid of her unrelenting persecutor, when one evening, riding out with a friend, she was once more greatly terrified. They drove through the Chiaja, where the once-favoured Genoese had resided. The moon shone bright. The lady with her demanded, "Is not that the house where Mr. ——— died?" "It is one of those two, if I am not mistaken," replied Antonelli. That instant the report burst upon their ears louder than ever; the flash issuing from one of the houses, seemed to pass through the carriage. The coachman supposing they were attacked by robbers, drove off in great haste. On arriving at the place of destination, the two ladies were taken out in a state of insensibility.

This was, however, the last scene of terror. The invisible tormentor now changed his manner, and used more gentle means. One evening, soon after, a loud clapping of hands was heard under her window. Antonelli, as a favourite actress and singer, was no stranger to these sounds; they carried in them nothing terrifying, and they might be ascribed to one of her admirers. She paid little attention to it; her friends, however, were more vigilant, they sent out spies as formerly. The clapping was heard, but no one was to be seen; and it was hoped that these mysterious doings would soon entirely cease.

After some evenings the clapping was no longer heard, and more agreeable sounds succeeded. They were not properly melodious, but unspeakably delightful and agreeable; they seemed to issue from the corner of an opposite street, approach the window, and die gently away. It seemed as if some aerial spirit intended them as a prelude to some piece of music that he was about to perform. These tones soon became weaker, and at last were heard no more.

I had the curiosity, soon after the first disturbance, to go to the house of the deceased, under the pretext of visiting the old lady who had so faithfully attended him in his last illness. She told me her friend had an unbounded affection for Antonelli; that he had, for some weeks previous to his death, talked only of her, and sometimes represented her as an angel, and then again as a devil. When his illness became serious, his only wish was to see her before his dissolution, probably in hopes of receiving from her some kind expression, or prevailing on her to give him

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some consoling proof of her love and attachment. Her obstinate refusal caused him the greatest torments, and her last answer evidently hastened his end; for, added she, he made one violent effort, and raising his head, he cried out in despair, "*No, it shall avail her nothing; she avoids me, but I'll torment her, though the grave divides us!*" And indeed the event proved that a man may perform his promise in spite of death itself.

Weekly Review.

UGGOLINO.

MODERNIZED FROM THE "MONK'S TALE" IN CHAUCER.

(For the Mirror.)

Of Uggolino, Pisa's hapless Count,
How shall my Muse the piteous tale relate!
Near to that city, on a gentle mount,
There stands a tow'r—within its donjon grate
They lock'd him up, and, dreadful to recount,
With him three tender babes to share his fate!
But five years old the eldest of the three—
Oh! who could rob such babes of liberty!

Doom'd was the Count within that tow'r to die,
Him Pisa's vengeful bishop did oppose;
With covert speech and false aspersions sly
He stirr'd the people, till they madly rose,
And shut him in this prison strong and high;
His former slaves are now his fiercest foes.
Coarse was their food, and scantily supplied,
A prelude to the death these captives died.

And on a luckless day it thus befell—
About their surly jailer's wonted hour
To bring them food, he enter'd not their cell,
But bolted fast their prison's outer door.
This on the County's heart rang like a knell—
Hope was excluded from this grizzly tow'r.
Speechless he sat, despair forbade to rave—
This hold was now their dungeon and their grave.

His youngest babe had not seen summers three;
"Father," he cried, "why does the man delay
To bring our food? how naughty he must be;
I have not eat a morsel all this day.
Dear father, have you got some bread for me?
Oh, if you have, do give it me, I pray;
I am so hungry that I cannot sleep—
I'll kiss you, father—do not, do not weep."

And day by day this pining innocent
Thus to his father piteously did cry,
Till hunger had perform'd the stern intent
Of their fierce foes. "Oh, father, I shall die!
Take me upon your lap—my life is spent—
Kiss me—farewell!" Then with a gentle sigh
Its spotless spirit left the suff'ring clay,
And wing'd its flight to everlasting day.

(He who has mark'd that wild, distracting mien,
Which for this Count immortal Reynold's drew,
When bitter woe, despair, and famine keen
Unite in that sad face to shock the view,
Will wish, while gazing on th' appalling scene,
For pity's sake the story is not true.
What hearts but fiends', what less than hellish hate,
Could e'er consign that group to such a fate?)

And when he saw his darling child was dead,
From statue-like despair the Count did start;
He tore his matted locks from off his head,
And bit his arms, for grief so wrung his heart.
His two surviving babes drew near and said,
(Thinking 'twas hunger's thorn which caus'd his smart,)
"Dear sire, you gave us life, to you we give
Our little bodies—feed on them and live!"

Like two bruis'd lilies, soon they pin'd away,
And breath'd their last upon their father's knee;
Despair and Famine bow'd him to their sway;
He died—here ends this Count's dark tragedy.
Whoso would read this tale more fully may
Consult the mighty bard of Italy;
Dante's high strain will all the sequel tell,
So courteous, friendly readers, fare ye well.

P. HENDON.

A LAPLANDER'S FAREWELL TO THE SETTING SUN.

(For the Mirror.)

Adieu thou beauteous orb, adieu,
Thy fading light scarce meets my view,
Thy golden tints reflected still
Beam mildly on my native hill:
Thou goest in other lands to shine,
Hail'd and expected by a numerous line,
Whilst many days and many months must pass
Ere thou shall'st bless us with one closing glance.
My cave must now become my lowly home,
Nor can I longer from its precincts roam,
Till the fixed time that brings thee back again
With added splendour to resume thy reign.

IOTA.

ANCIENT VALUE OF BOOKS.

(For the Mirror.)

We have it from good authority, that about A. D. 1215, the Countess of Anjou paid two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye, for a volume of Sermons—so scarce and dear were books at that time; and although the countess might in this case have possibly been imposed upon, we have it, on Mr. Gibbon's authority, that the value of manuscript copies of the Bible, for the use of the monks and clergy, commonly was from four to five hundred crowns at Paris, which, according to the relative value of money at that time and now in our days, could not, at the most moderate calculation, be less than as many pounds sterling in the present day. H. W. P.

MARINE GLOW WORMS.

(For the Mirror.)

These extraordinary little insects are more particularly noticed in Italy, during the period of summer, than in any other part of the world. When they make their appearance, they glitter like stars reflected by the sea, so beautiful and luminous are their minute bodies. Many

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contemplative lovers of the phenomena of nature are seen, soon after sun-set, along the sea coast, admiring the singular lustre of the water when covered with these particles of life, which it may be observed, are more numerous where the *alga marina*, or sea-weed abounds.

The marine glow-worm is composed of eleven articulations, or rings; upon these rings, and near the belly of the insect, are placed fins, which appear to be the chief instruments of its motion. It has two small horns issuing from the fore part of the head, and its tail is cleft in two. To the naked eye of man, they seem even smaller than the finest hairs; and their substance is delicate beyond description. They first begin to make their appearance upon the sea-weed about the middle of April, and very soon after multiply exceedingly over the whole surface of the water.

I think it is more than probable, that the heat of the sun causes the marine glow-worm to lay its eggs; at all events it is certain, that terrestrial insects of this species shine only in the heat of summer, and that their peculiar resplendency is produced during the period of their copulation.

G. W. N.

EPITAPHS.

(For the Mirror.)

The origin of epitaphs, and the precise period when they were first introduced, is involved in obscurity; but that they were in use several centuries prior to the Christian era is indisputable. The invention of them, however, has been attributed to the scholars of Linus, who, according to Diogenes, was the son of Mercury and Urania; he was born at Thebes, and instructed Hercules in the art of music; who, in a fit of anger at the ridicule of Linus, on his awkwardness in holding the lyre, struck him on the head with his instrument, and killed him. The scholars of Linus lamented the death of their master, in a mournful kind of poem, called from him *Ælinum*. These poems were afterwards designated *Epitaphia*, from the two words επι, *upon*, and ταφος, *sepulchre*, being engraved on tombs, in honour or memory of the deceased, and generally containing some eloge of his virtues or good qualities.

Among the Lacedæmonians, epitaphs were only allowed to men who died bravely in battle; and to women, who were remarkable for their chastity. The Romans often erected monuments to illustrious persons whilst living, which were preserved with great veneration after their decease. In this country, according to Sir Henry Chauncy, "Any person may erect a tomb, sepulchre, or monument for the deceased in any church, chancel, chapel, or churchyard, so that it is not to the hindrance of the celebration of divine service; that the defacing of them is punishable at common law, the party that built it being entitled to the action during his life, and the heir of the deceased after his death."

Boxhornius has made a well chosen collection of Latin epitaphs, and F. Labbe has also made a similar one in the French language, entitled, "*Tresor des Epitaphes.*" In our own language the collection of Toldewy is the best; there are also several to be found among the writings of Camden and Weaver, and in most of the county histories.

In epitaphs, the deceased person is sometimes introduced by way of prosopopœia, speaking to the living, of which the following is an instance, wherein the defunct wife thus addresses her surviving husband:—

"Immatura peri; sed tu, felicior, annos
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos."

The following epitaphs, out of several others, are worth preserving. That of Alexander:—

"Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis."

That of Tasso:—

"Les os du Tasse."

Similar to which is that of Dryden:—

"Dryden."

The following is that of General Foy, in Pere la Chaise:

"Honneur au General Foy.
Il se repose de ses travaux,
Et ses œuvres le suivent.
Hier quand de ses jours la source fut tarie,
La France, en le voyant sur sa couche entendu,
Implorait un accent de cette voix cherie.
Helas! au cri plaintif jeté par la nature,
C'est la premiere fois qu'il ne pas repondu"

The following is said to have been written by "rare Ben Jonson," and has been much admired:—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live."

To these could be added several others, but at present we shall content ourselves with quoting the two following, as specimens of the satirical or ludicrous:—

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Prior, on himself, ridiculing the folly of those who value themselves on their digree.

" Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and Eve,
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher."

" Here, fast asleep, full six feet deep,
And seventy summers ripe,
George Thomas lies in hopes to rise,
And smoke another pipe."

B. T. S.

THE following inscription, in a churchyard in Germany, long puzzled alike the learned and the unlearned :—

O quid tua te
be bis bia abit
ra ra ra
es
et in
ram ram ram
i i
Mox eris quod ego nunc.

By accident the meaning was discovered, and the solution is equally remarkable for its ingenuity and for the morality it inculcates :—" O superbe quid superbis ? tua superbia te superabit. Terra es, et in terram ibis. Mox eris quod ego nunc." —" O vain man ! why shouldst thou be proud ? thy pride will be thy ruin. Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return. Soon shalt thou be what I am now."

W. G. C.

The Cosmopolite.

WET WEATHER.

(For the Mirror.)

" John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass."—ARBUTHNOT.

No one can deny that the above is a *floating* topic; and we challenge all the philosophy of ancients or moderns to prove it is not. After the memorable July 15, (St. Swithin,) people talk of the result with as much certainty as a merchant calculates on *trade winds;* and in like manner, hackney-coachmen and umbrella-makers have their *trade rains.* Indeed, there are, as Shakspeare's contented Duke says, " books in the running brooks, and good in every thing ;"* and so far from neglecting to turn the ill-wind to our account, we are disposed to venture a few seasonable truisms for the gratification of our readers, although a wag may say our subject is a dry one.

In England, the weather is public news. Zimmerman, however, thinks it is not a safe topic of discourse. " Your company," says he, " may be *hippish.*" Shenstone, too, says a fine day is the only enjoyment which one man does not envy another. All this is whimsical enough; but doubtless we are more operated on by *the weather* than by any thing else. Perhaps this is because we are islanders; for talk to an " intellectual " man about the climate, and out comes something about our " insular situation, aqueous vapours, condensation," &c. Then take up a newspaper on any day of a wet summer, and you see a long string of paragraphs, with erudite authorities, about " the weather," average annual depth of rain, &c.; and a score of lies about tremendous rains, whose only authority, like that of most miracles, is in their antiquity or repetition. In short, *water* is one of the most popular subjects in this age of inquiry. What were the first treatises of the *Useful Knowledge* Society ? *Hydrostatics* and *Hydraulics.* What is the attraction at Sadler's Wells, Bath, and Cheltenham, but water ? the Brighton people, too, not content with the sea, have even found it necessary to superadd to their fashionable follies, artificial mineral waters, with whose fount the grossest duchess may in a few days recover from the repletion of a whole season ; and the minister, after the jading of a session, soon resume his wonted complacency and good humour.† Our aquatic taste is even carried into all our public amusements ; would the festivities in celebration of the late peace have been complete without the sham fight on the Serpentine ? To insure the run of a melo-drama, the New River is called in to flow over deal boards, and form a cataract ; and the Vauxhall proprietors, with the aid of a *hydropyric* exhibition, contrive to represent a naval battle. This introduction during the past season was, however, as perfectly *gratuitous* as that of the *rain* was uncalled for. Had they contented themselves with the latter, the scene would have been more true to nature.

We carry this taste into our money-getting speculations, those freaks of the funds that leave many a man with one unfunded coat. The Thames tunnel is too amphibious an affair to be included in the number; but the ship canal project, the bridge-building mania, and the

* Only the other evening we heard two sons of the whip on a hackney-coach stand thus invoke the showery deity : " God send us a good heavy shower :" then the fellows looked upwards, chuckled, and rubbed their hands.

† Even the greatest hero of the age, who has won all his glory *by land,* has lately been drinking the Cheltenham *waters.* The proprietor of the well at which he drank, jocosely observed that his was " the best *well-in-town.*"

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penchant for working mines by steam, evidently belong to them. The fashion even extends to royalty, since our good King builds a fishing-temple, and dines on the Virginia Water; and the Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, gives a *dejeuné à la fourchette* between Waterloo and Westminster bridges.

Whoever takes the trouble to read a paper in a late *Edinburgh Review* on the *Nervous System*, will doubtless find that much of our predilection for hanging and drowning is to be attributed to this "insular situation." Every man and woman of us is indeed a self *pluviometer*, or rain-gauge; or, in plain terms, our nerves are like so many musical strings, affected by every change of the atmosphere, which, if screwed up too tight, are apt to snap off, and become useless; or, if you please, we are like so many barometers, and our animal spirits like their quicksilver; so "servile" are we to all the "skyey influences." Take, for example, the same man at three different periods of the year: on a fine morning in January, his nerves are braced to their best pitch, and, in his own words, he is fit for any thing; see him panting for cooling streams in a burning July day, when though an Englishman, he is "too hot to eat;" see him on a wet, muggy ninth of November, when the finery of the city coach and the new liveries appear tarnished, and common councilmen tramp through the mud and rain in their robes of little authority—even with the glorious prospect of the Guildhall tables, the glitter of gas and civic beauty, and the six pounds of turtle, and iron knives and forks before him—still he is a miserable creature, he drinks to desperation, and is carried home at least three hours sooner than he would be on a fine frosty night. Then, instead of fifteen pounds to the square inch, atmospheric pressure is increased to five-and-forty, not calculating the *simoom* of the following morning, when he is as dry as the desert of Sahara, and eyes the pumps and soda-water fountains with as much *gout* as the Israelites did the water from Mount Horeb.

Man, however, is the most helpless of all creatures in water, and with the exception of a few proscribed pickpockets and swindlers, he is almost as helpless on land. This infirmity, or difficulty of keeping above water, accounts for the crammed state of our prisons, fond as we are of the element. On the great rivers of China, where thousands of people find it more convenient to live in covered boats upon the water, than in houses on shore, the younger and male children have a *hollow ball* of some light material attached constantly to their necks, so that in their frequent falls overboard, they are not in danger. Had we not read this in a grave, philosophical work, we should have thought it a joke upon poor humanity, or at best a piece of poetical justice, and that the hollow ball, &c. represented the head—fools being oftener inheritors of good fortune than their wiser companions. As the great secret in swimming is to keep the chest as full of air as possible, perhaps the great art of living is to keep the head a *vacuum*, a state "adapted to the meanest capacity." But had kind Nature supplied us with an air-bladder at the neck, the heaviest of us might have floated to eternity, Leander's swimming across the Hellespont no wonder at all, and the drags of the Humane Society be converted into halters for the suspension and recovery of old offenders and small debts.

A wet day in London is what every gentleman who does not read, or does not recollect, Shakspeare, calls *a bore*,* and every lady decides to be a *nuisance*. Abroad, everything is discomfiture; at home all is fidget and uneasiness. What is called a smart shower, sweeps off a whole stand of hackney-coaches in a few seconds, and leaves a few leathern conveniences called cabriolets, so that your only alternative is that of being soaked to the skin, or pitched out, taken up, bled, and carried home in "a state of insensibility." The Spanish proverb, "it never rains but it pours" soon comes to pass, and every street is momentarily washed as clean as the most diligent housemaid could desire. Every little shelter is crowded with solitary, houseless-looking people, who seem employed in taking descriptions of each other for the *Hue and Cry*, or police gazette. On the pavement may probably be seen some wight who with more than political obstinacy, resolves to "weather the storm," with slouched hat, which acts upon the principle of capillary attraction, drenched coat, and boots in which the feet work like pistons in tannin: now

> The reeling clouds,
> Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet,
> Which master to obey.

Company, in such cases, usually increases the misery. Your wife, with a new dress, soon loses her temper and its beauty; the children splash you and their little frilled continuations; and ill-humour is the

* This expression is not the exclusive property of Oxford, Cambridge, or the Horse Guards. See Shakspeare's Henry VIII. where the Duke of Buckingham says of Wolsey, "He *bores* me with some trick;" like another great man, the Cardinal must have been a great bore.

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order of the day; for on such occasions you cannot slip into a tavern, and follow Dean Swift's example:

> On rainy days alone I dine,
> Upon a chick, and pint of wine:
> On rainy days I dine alone,
> And pick my chicken to the bone.

Go you to the theatre in what is called a wet season, and perhaps after sitting through a dull five-act tragedy and two farces, your first solicitude is about the weather, and as if to increase the vexation, you cannot see the sky for a heavy portico or blind; then the ominous cry of "carriage, your honour"—"what terrible event does this portend"—and you have to pick your way, with your wife like Cinderella after the ball, through an avenue of link-boys and cadmen,* and hear your name and address bawled out to all the thieves that happen to be present. Or, perchance, the coachman, whose inside porosity is well indicated by his bundle of coats, as Dr. Kitchiner says, is labouring under "the unwholesome effervescence of the hot and rebellious liquors which have been taken to revive the flagging spirits," and like a sponge, absorbs liquids, owing to the pressure of the surrounding air.

That we are attached to wet weather, a single comparison with our neighbours will abundantly prove. A Frenchman seldom stirs abroad without his *parapluie;* notwithstanding he is, compared with an Englishman, an *al fresco* animal, eating, drinking, dancing, reading, and seeing plays—all out of doors. A shower is more effectual in clearing the streets of Paris than those of London. People flock into *cafés*, the arcades of the Palais Royal, and splendid covered passages; and as soon as the rain ceases, scores of planks are thrown across the gutters in the *centre* of the streets, which species of *pontooning* is rewarded by the sous and centimes of the passengers. In Switzerland too, where the annual fall of rain is 40 inches, the streets are always washed clean, an effect which is admirably represented in the view of Unterseen, now exhibiting at the *Diorama*. But in Peru, the Andes intercept the clouds, and the constant heat over sandy deserts prevents clouds from forming, so that there is no rain. Here it never shines but it burns.

Wet-weather in the country is, however, a still greater infliction upon the sensitive nerves. There is no club-house, coffee-room, billiard-room, or theatre, to slip into; and if caught in a shower you must content yourself with the arcades of Nature, beneath which you enjoy the unwished-for luxury of a shower bath. Poor Nature is drenched and drowned; perhaps never better described than by that inveterate bard of Cockaigne, Captain Morris:

> Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen
> But an ass on a common, or goose on a green.

We were once overtaken by such weather in a pedestrian tour through the Isle of Wight, when just then about to leave Niton for a geological excursion to the Needles. Reader, if you remember, the Sandrock Hotel is one of the most rural establishments in the island. Think of our being shut up there for six hours, with a thin duodecimo guide of less than 100 pages, which some mischievous fellow had made incomplete. How often did we read and re-read every line, and trace every road in the little map. At length we set off on our return to Newport. The rain partially ceased, and we were attracted out of the road to Luttrell's Tower, whence we were compelled to seek shelter in a miserable public-house in a village about three miles distant. No spare bed, a wretched smoky fire; and hard beer, and poor cheese, called Isle of Wight rock, were all the accommodation our host could provide. His parlour was just painted; but half-a-dozen sectarian books and an ill-toned flute amused us for an hour; then we again started, in harder rain than ever, for Newport. Compelled to halt twice, we saw some deplorable scenes of cottage misery, almost enough to put us out of conceit of rusticity, till after crossing a bleak, dreary heath, we espied the distant light of Newport. Never had we beheld gas light with such ecstasy, not even on the first lighting of St. James's Park. It was the eve of the Cowes' regatta, and the town was full; but our luggage was there, and we were secure. A delicious supper at the Bugle, and liberal outpourings of Newport ale, at length put us in good humour with our misfortunes; but on the following morning we hastened on to Ryde, and thus passed by steam to Portsmouth; having resolved to defer our geological expedition to that day twelve months. Perhaps we may again touch on this little journey. We have done for the present, lest our number should interrupt the enjoyment of any of the thousand pedestrians who are at this moment tracking

> The slow ascending hill, the lofty wood
> That mantles o'er its brow.

* Towards the close of the last opera season we heard a ludicrous mistake. One of these fellows bawled out "the Duke of Grafton's carriage; "No," replied the gentleman, smiling, and correcting the officious cadman, who had caught at the noble-euphony, "Mr. Crafter's."

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or coasting the castled shores and romantic cliffs of Vectis, or the Isle of Wight.

PHILO.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

DUELS IN FRANCE.

DUELS had at one time become so frequent in France as to require particular enactments for their prevention; as, for example, when the debt about which any dispute occurred did not amount to fivepence. The regulation of the mode in which the barbarous custom might be maintained had engaged the attention of several of the French kings. In 1205, Philip Augustus restricted the length of the club, with which single combat was then pursued, to three feet; and in 1260, Saint Louis abolished the practice of deciding civil matters by duelling. With the revival of literature and of the arts, national manners became ameliorated, and duels necessarily declined. It was still, however, not unusual for the French to promote or to behold those single combats over which the pages of romance have thrown a delusive charm, and which were, in early times, hallowed, in the opinion of the vulgar, by their accompanying superstitious ceremonies. When any quarrel had been referred to this mode of decision, the parties met on the appointed day, and frequently in an open space, overshadowed by the walls of a convent, which thus lent its sanction to the bloody scene. From day-break the people were generally employed in erecting scaffolds and stages, and in placing themselves upon the towers and ramparts of the adjacent buildings. About noon, the cavalcade was usually seen to arrive at the door of the lists; then the herald cried, "Let the appellant appear," and his summons was answered by the entrance of the challenger, armed cap-a-pie, the escutcheon suspended from his neck, his visor lowered, and an image of some national saint in his hand. He was allowed to pass within the lists, and conducted to his tent. The accused person likewise appeared, and was led in the same manner to his tent. Then the herald, in his robe embroidered with fleur-de-lis, advanced to the centre of the lists, and exclaimed, "Oyes, oyez! lords, knights, squires, people of all condition, our sovereign lord, by the grace of God, King of France, forbids you, on pain of death or confiscation of goods, either to cry out, to speak, to cough, to spit, or to make signs." During a profound silence, in which nothing but the murmurs of the unconscious streamlet, or the chirping of birds might be heard, the combatants quitted their tents, to take individually the two first oaths. When the third oath was to be administered, it was customary for them to meet, and for the marshal to take the right hand of each and to place it on the cross. Then the functions of the priest began, and the usual address, endeavouring to conciliate the angry passions of the champions, and to remind them of their common dependence on the Supreme Being, may have tended to benefit the bystanders, although it generally failed of its effect with the combatants.

If the parties persisted, the last oath was administered. The combatants were obliged to swear solemnly that they had neither about them nor their horses, stone, nor herb, nor charm, nor invocation; and that they would fight only with their bodily strength, their weapons, and their horses. The crucifix and breviary were then presented to them to kiss, the parties retired into their tents, the heralds uttering their last admonition to exertion and courage, and the challengers rushed forth from their tents, which were immediately dragged from within the lists. Then the marshal of the field having cried out, "Let them pass, let them pass," the seconds retired. The combatants instantly mounted their horses, and the contest commenced.—*Foreign Review.*

SUPERSTITION RELATING TO BEES.

ON further inquiry, it has been found that the superstitious practice, formerly mentioned,* of informing the bees of a death that takes place in a family, is very well known, and still prevails among the lower orders in this country. The disastrous consequence to be apprehended from noncompliance with this strange custom is not (as before stated) that the bees will desert the hive, but that they will dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community, with due form and ceremony, is this: to take the key of the house, and knock with it three times against the hive, telling the inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, &c., (as the case may be,) is dead!

Mr. Loudon says, when in Bedfordshire lately, "we were informed of an old man who sung a psalm last year in front of some hives which were not doing well, but which he said would thrive in consequence of that ceremony. Our informant could not state whether this was a local or individual superstition."—*Magazine of Natural History.*

* See page 75.

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Notes of a Reader.

LAW REFORMS.

We copy the following eloquent and impassioned paragraph from the last *Edinburgh Review*:—

"Thanks unto our ancestors, there is now no *Star-chamber* before whom may be summoned either the scholar, whose learning offends the bishops, by disproving incidentally the divine nature of tithes, or the counsellor, who gives his client an opinion against some assumed prerogative. There is no *High Commission Court* to throw into a gaol until his dying day, at the instigation of a Bancroft, the bencher who shall move for the discharge of an English subject from imprisonment contrary to law. It is no longer the duty of a privy councillor to seize the suspected volumes of an antiquarian, or plunder the papers of an ex-chief justice, whilst lying on his death-bed. *Government licensers of the press* are gone, whose infamous perversion of the writings of other lawyers will cause no future Hale to leave behind him orders expressly prohibiting the posthumous publication of his legal MSS., lest the sanctity of his name should be abused, to the destruction of those laws, of which he had been long the venerable and living image. An advocate of the present day need not absolutely withdraw (as Sir Thomas More is reported to have prudently done for a time) from his profession, because the crown had taken umbrage at his discharge of a public duty. It is, however, flattery and self-delusion to imagine that the lust of power and the weaknesses of human nature have been put down by the Bill of Rights, and that our forefathers have left nothing to be done by their descendants. The violence of former times is indeed no longer practicable; but the spirit which led to these excesses can never die; it changes its aspect and its instruments with circumstances, and takes the shape and character of its age. The risks and the temptations of the profession at the present day are quite as dangerous to its usefulness, its dignity, and its virtue, as the shears and branding-irons that frightened every barrister from signing Prynne's defence, or the writ that sent Maynard to the Tower. The public has a deep, an incalculable interest in the independence and fearless honour of its lawyers. In a system so complicated as ours, every thing must be taken at their word almost on trust; and proud as we, for the most part, justly are of the unsuspectedness of our judges, their integrity and manliness of mind are, of course, involved in that of the body out of which they must be chosen. There is not a man living whose life, liberty, and honour may not depend on the resoluteness as well as capacity of those by whom, when all may be at stake, he must be both advised and represented in a court of justice."

Our readers will easily recognise the great events in the history of the law in England, to which the reviewer alludes. Seldom have we read a more masterly page; it would even form an excellent rider to Mr. Brougham's recent speech on the same subject.

SUPPERS.

It is a mere mistake to condemn suppers. All the inferior animals stuff immediately previous to sleeping; and why not man, whose stomach is so much smaller, more delicate, and more exquisite a piece of machinery? Besides, it is a well-known fact, that a sound human stomach acts upon a well-drest dish, with nearly the power of an eight-horse steam-engine; and this being the case, good heavens! why should one be afraid of a few trifling turkey-legs, a bottle of Barclay's brown-stout, a Welsh rabbit, brandy and water, and a few more such fooleries? We appeal to the common sense of our readers and of the world.

TEA.

The consumption of tea is increasing every year. In 1823, the importation was 24,000,000 lb.; in 1826 it was 30,000,000 lb.; and in the year ending Jan. 5, 1828, 39,746,147 lb.—*Oriental Herald.*

POETS NOT BOTANISTS.

Addison, who was probably unacquainted with the flower described by Virgil, represents the Italian aster as a purple bush, with yellow flowers, instead of telling us that the flower had a yellow disk and purple rays.

Aureus ipse. sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum
Funduntur, violæ sublucet purpura nigræ
Virgil, Georgic iv.

The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the root, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below.
Addison.

Dryden falls into the same error:—

A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Aurelius called, and easy to be found;
For from one root the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves and violet purple boughs.
The flower itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold.
Mag. Nat. History.

RIVAL SINGERS.

In 1726-7, there was a sharp warfare in London between two opera singers, Le

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Faustina and La Cuzzoni, and their partizans. It went so far that young ladies dressed themselves *a la Faustina* and *a la Cuzzoni*. We need not wonder, therefore, at the hair *à la Sontag* in our days, or gentleman's whiskers *à la Jocko*.

SHARKS.

In a recent voyage from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, an Arab sailor of a crew, who was the stoutest and strongest man in the ship on leaving Bombay, pined away by disease, and was committed to the deep by his Arab comrades on board, with greater feeling and solemnity than is usual among Indian sailors, and with the accustomed ceremonies and prayers of the Mohamedan religion. The smell of the dead body attracted several sharks round the ship, one of which, eight feet in length, was harpooned and hauled on board.—*Oriental Herald.*

JONAH'S "WHALE."

At a late meeting of the Wernerian Society at Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Scot read a paper on the great fish that swallowed up Jonah, showing that it could not be a whale, as often supposed, but was probably a white shark.

MUSHROOMS.

The large horse-mushroom, except for catsup, should be very cautiously eaten. In wet seasons, or if produced on wet ground, it is very deleterious, if used in any great quantity.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The sweat of the brow is not favourable to the operations of the brain; and the leisure which follows the daily labour of the peasant and manufacturer, will, even if no other demands are made upon it, afford but little scope for the over acquisition of knowledge. Long will it be ere the English husbandman renounces for study the pleasures of his weekly holiday, and long may it be ere the Scottish peasant be withdrawn by a thirst for knowledge from the duties of his Sabbath, and from the simple rights of his morning and evening sacrifice.—*Foreign Rev.*

MR. CANNING.

A beautiful medal in memory of this celebrated statesman, has lately been struck at Paris, under the direction of M. Girard.

NATURE AND ART.

It is curious enough that people decorate their chimney-pieces with imitations of beautiful fruits, while they seem to think nothing at all of the originals hanging upon the trees, with all the elegant accompaniments of flourishing branches, buds, and leaves.—*Cobbett's English Gardener.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA

Lives in comparative retirement, in a small palace fitted up with the greatest simplicity, and his bed is really not better than that usually allotted to a domestic in England. His study is quite that of an official man of business. He has a large map of his own dominions; and in each town where troops are stationed he fixes a common pin, and on the head of the pin is a small bit of card, on which are written the names of the regiments, their numbers, and commanding officers, in the town. He thus, at any moment, can see the disposition of his immense army, which is very essential to such a government as Prussia, it being a mild despotic military system. He has a most excellent modern map of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and upon this is marked out every thing that can interest a military man. A number of pins, with green heads, point out the positions of the Russian army; and in the same manner, with red-and-white-headed pins, he distinguishes the stations of the different kinds of troops of the Turkish host.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE OPERA OF "OTELLO."

Othello is altogether unsuited to the lyrical drama, and supposing the contrary, Rossini, of all composers, was the most unfit to treat such a subject in music. The catastrophe in the English tragedy is necessary; we see it from the beginning as through a long and gloomy vista. We weep, or shudder, we draw a long sigh of despair, and feel that it could not have been otherwise. But in the opera, Othello is a ruffian, without excuse for his crime. We have suddenly a beautiful woman running distracted about the stage to a symphony—and a very noisy symphony—of violins, and butchered before our eyes to an allegro movement.—*Foreign Review.*

FRENCH NOVELS.

When last in Paris we were curious to know wherefore M. Jouy had written such exceptionable and abominable stuff as his last novel; and the gentleman to whom we addressed ourselves, answered, in a light lively vein; "Oh! M. Jouy has a name, and the booksellers pay well; and as they are very stupid, and depend on names for the sale of their books, he wrote down the first matter that came into his head."—*Foreign Review.*

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AMBER.

POLANGEN, the frontier town of Russia, is famous for its trade in amber. This substance is found by the inhabitants on the coast, between Polangen and Pillau, either loosely on the shore, on which it has been thrown by the strong north and westerly winds, or in small hillocks of sand near the sea, where it is found in regular strata. The quantity found yearly in this manner, and on this small extent of coast, besides what little is sometimes discovered in beds of pit coal in the interior of the country, is said to amount to from 150 to 200 tons, yielding a revenue to the government of Prussia of about 100,000 francs. As amber is much less in vogue in Western Europe than in former times, the best pieces, which are very transparent, and frequently weigh as much as three ounces, are sent to Turkey and Persia, for the heads of their expensive pipes and hookahs. Very few trinkets are now sold for ornaments to ladies' dresses; and the great bulk of amber annually found is converted into a species of scented spirits and oil, which are much esteemed for the composition of delicate varnish. In the rough state, amber is sold by the ton, and forms an object of export trade from Memel and Konigsberg. — *Granville's Travels in Russia.*

THE head of the late Dr. Gall has been taken off agreeably to his wishes, and dissected and dried for the benefit of science.

MUSICAL TALENT.

ALL the principal Italian composers were *in flower* about the age of twenty-five. There is scarcely an instance of a musician producing his *chef-d'œuvre* after the age of thirty. Rossini was not twenty when he composed his *Tancredi*, and his *Italiana in Algieri*.

THE most important principle perhaps in life is to have a pursuit—a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one. The unripe fruit tree of knowledge is, I believe, always bitter or sour; and scepticism and discontent — sickness of the mind—are often the results of devouring it.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

COFFIN OF KING DUNCAN.

A COFFIN has been discovered among the ruins of Elgin cathedral, supposed to be that of the royal victim of Macbeth.

AN IMPERIAL ENCORE.

WHEN Cimarosa's opera of *Matrimonio Segreto* was performed before the Emperor Joseph, he invited all the singers to a banquet, and then in a fit of enthusiasm, sent them all back to the theatre to play and sing the whole opera over again!—*Foreign Review.*

Dinner is a corruption of *devimer*, from *decimheure*, or the French repast *de dix-heure Supper* from *souper*, from the custom of providing soup for that occasion.

LARKS.

WE have heard much of *Dunstable larks*, but the enthusiasm with which *gourmets* speak of these tit-bits of luxury, is far exceeded by the Germans, who travel to Leipsic from a distance of many hundred miles, merely to eat a dinner of larks, and then return contented and peaceful to their families. So great is the slaughter of this bird at the Leipsic fair, that half a million are annually devoured, principally by the booksellers frequenting the city. What is the favourite bird at the coffee-house dinners of our friends in Paternoster Row?

PAINTING CATS.

GOTTFRIED MIND, a celebrated Swiss painter, was called the *Cat-Raphael*, from the excellence with which he painted that animal. This peculiar talent was discovered and awakened by chance. At the time when Freudenberger was painting that since-published picture of the peasant cleaving wood before his cottage, with his wife sitting by, and feeding her child with pap out of a pot, round which a cat is prowling, Mind cast a broad stare on the sketch of this last figure, and said in his rugged, laconic way, "That is no cat!" Freudenberger asked, with a smile, whether Mind thought he could do it better. Mind offered to try; went into a corner, and drew the cat, which Freudenberger liked so much that he made his new pupil finish it out, and the master copied the scholar's work—for it is Mind's cat that is engraven in Freudenberger's plate. Imitations of Mind's cats are already common in the windows of printsellers.

PLAY-WRITING.

WHEN the manager of a theatre engaged Sacchini to write an opera, he was obliged to shut him up in a room with his mistress and his favourite cats, without them at his side he could do nothing. The fifth act of *Pizarro* was actually finished by Sheridan on the first evening of its performance, when the illustrious playwright was shut up in a room with a plate of sandwiches and two bottles of claret, to finish his drama.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

THE BISHOPRICKS OF ENGLAND AND WALES

WERE instituted according to the following order of time, viz. London an Archbishoprick and Metropolitan of England, founded by Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, A. D. 185; Llandaff, 185; Bangor, 516; St. David's, 519. The Archbishoprick of Wales from 550 till 1100, when the Bishop submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury as his Metropolitan; St. Asaphs, 547. St. Augustine (or Austin) made Canterbury the Metropolitan Archbishoprick, by order of Pope Gregory, A. D. 596; Wells, 604; Rochester, 604; Winchester, 650; Lichfield and Coventry, 656; Worcester, 679; Hereford, 680; Durham, 690; Sodor and Man, 898; Exeter, 1050; Sherborne (changed to Salisbury) 1056; York (Archbishoprick) 1067; Dorchester (changed to Lincoln) 1070; Chichester, 1071; Thetford (changed to Norwich) 1088; Bath and Wells, 1088; Ely, 1109; Carlisle, 1133. The following six were founded upon the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.—Chester, Peterborough, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, and Westminster, 1538. Westminster was united to London in 1550.—*Vide Tanner's Notitia Monastica.*

C. G. E. P.

ADDINGTON, SURREY.

THE lord of this manor, in the reign of Henry III. held it by this service, viz. to make the king a mess of pottage at his coronation; and so lately as the reign of Charles II. this service was ordered by the court of claims, and accepted by the king at his table. C. G. E. P.

THE BELL-SAVAGE INN

On Ludgate-hill, has, for more than a century, since its name was mentioned by Addison in the *Spectator*, occasioned a great variety of conjectures. These conjectures, however, all appear to have been erroneous, as the inn took the addition to its name from its having belonged to, or been kept by, a person of the name of *Savage*. The sign originally appears to have been a bell hung within a hoop, a common mode of representation in former times. This origin has been proved by a grant in the reign of Henry VI. in which John French, gentleman of London, gives to Joan French, widow, his mother, "all that tenement or inn called Savage's Inn, otherwise called the Bell on the Hoop." In the original "vocat" Savagesynne, alias vocat "Le Belle on the Hope." Perhaps the phrase "Cock-a-Hoop, may be derived from the sign of that bird standing on a hoop, thus most conspicuously displaying himself, as we find that sign or rather design existed in the reign above mentioned.

PARISH FEASTING.

A DINNER always accompanies meetings on public occasions; feasting was formerly attached in like manner to chantries, anniversaries, &c.; and, as it appears in part of the curious items in the parish books of Darlington, clergymen officiated for a donation of wine. It appears, too, that both ministers and parishioners were saddled with charitable aids to itinerants of various kinds; that noblemen granted passes in the manner of briefs; and that it was deemed right and proper for even churchwardens and overseers to patronize knowledge. Accordingly we have,

"1630. To Mr. Goodwine, a distressed scholer, 2*s.* 6*d.*

"1631. Given to a poor scholler, 12*d.* —Given to Mary Rigby, of Hauret West, in Pembrokeshire, in Wales, who had the Earle of Pembroke's passe...To an Irish gentleman that had fouer children, and had Earl Marshall's passe, 12*d.*

"1635. To a souldier which came to the church on a Sunday, 6*d.*

"1639. For Mr. Thompson, that preached the forenoone and afternoone, for a quart of sack, 14*d.*

"1650. For six quartes of sacke to the ministre that preached, when we had not a ministere, 9*s.*"

It is to be observed that this was in the *puritanical era.*

"1653. For a primer for a poore boy, 4*d.*

"1666. For one quarte of sacke, bestowed on Mr. Jellet, when he preached, 2*s.* 4*d.*

"1684. To the parson's order, given to a man both deaf and dumb, being sent from minister to minister to London, 6*d.* —To Mr. Bell, with a letter from London with the names of the Royal Family, 6*d.*"

This is a curious item; for it shows that the Mercuries, diurnals, and intelligencers of the day, were not deemed sufficient for satisfactorily advertising public events.

"1688. To the ringers on Thanksgiving Day, for the young Prince, in money, ale, and coals, 7*s.* 4*d.*"

This must have been for the birth of the Pretender, of warming-pan celebrity.

"1691. For a pint of brandy, when Mr. George Bell preached here, 1*s.* 4*d.*— When the Dean of Durham preached here, spent in a treat with him, 3*s.* 6*d.*—

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For a stranger that preacht, a dozen of ale, 1*s.*"

Thus it plainly appears that churchwardens had a feast jointly with the minister at the parish expense, at least whenever a stranger preached.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

STATIONERY LETTER.

(For the Mirror.)

TO MR. ——, STATIONER, HOLBORN.

SIR,—Sometime ago I wrote to you to send me a *ream* of *foolscap*, which I begged might be sent without delay, as it was for the purpose of writing out my Christmas bills. I think you must have forgotten me; and if I do not have the *paper* soon, I may wear a *fool's-cap* on account of not having my bills out in time. Mr. ——, who, in your absence, must sustain the greatest weight of business, and is, as I may say, the *Atlas* of your house, was the person I chiefly depended on. As for Mr. ——, one of your household, he dresses in *royal purple*, and being but in a *medium* way between sickness and health, was drinking *imperial* when I saw him, and therefore did not in-*quire* about the business; nor did I choose to come *cap* in *hand* to a gentleman that seemed as stately as an *elephant*, though to my thinking he is a *bundle* of conceit, all *outside* show; in short, a piece of *lumberhand*, on whom I would not *waste paper* to write him a *note*.

My journeyman, who is but a *demy* sort of a chap, will make but a *small hand* of the bills, and I shall go to *pott*. You also will be a sufferer, if you *post*-pone sending my *paper*, for you shall have neither *plate paper*,* nor a *single crown*, no, nor a *cartridge* of halfpence from me this half year, unless you play your *cards* better. I have more bills to write out than a *bag cap*, made of the largest *grand eagle* you have in your warehouse, could contain; so that I shall look as *blue* as your *sugar*-paper, and bestow on you to boot some very ugly prayers, not in *single hand*, but by *thick* and *thin couples*, that will be a *fine copy* for my young man to take example by, if you disappoint

Your humble servant, J. J.

* Bank notes.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

A VILLAGE pastor was examining his parishioners in their Catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this: "What is thy only consolation in life and in death?" A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she, at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker, who lives in the Rue Agneaux."

TALL PEOPLE.

THE king of France, being at Calais, sent over an embassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the king of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the king ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon "what he thought of the French embassador?" He answer'd, "That he was a verie proper man."—"I," his majestie replied, "but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an embassador?"—"Sir," returned he, "it appears too often, *that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished.*"

THE following anecdote is perfectly indicative of that dry humour which forms what Oxonians call a *cool hand*:—When Mr. Gurney, afterwards rector of Edgefield, in Norfolk, held a fellowship of Bene't, the master had a desire to get possession of the fellows' garden for himself. The rest of the fellows resigned their keys, but Gurney resisted both his threats and entreaties, and refused to part with his key. "The other fellows," said the master, "have delivered up their keys."—"Then, master," said Gurney, "pray keep them, and you and I will keep all the other fellows out."—"Sir," continued the master, "am not I your master?"—"Granted," said Gurney, "but am I not your fellow?"

LOUIS XIV. was such a gourmand, that he would eat at a sitting four platesful of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlick, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and, afterwards, fruit and sweetmeats. The descendant Bourbons are slandered for having appetites of considerable action; but this appears to have been one of a four or five man power.

A FLASH CARD.

C. HAMMOND, Slap Kiksis Builder. Long Sleeve Kicksis got up right, and kept by an artful dodge from visiting the knees, when worn without straps. Trotter Cases, Mud Pipes, and Boot Kiv'ers, carved to fit any Pins, and turned out slap.—*(Verbatim et literatim copy.)*

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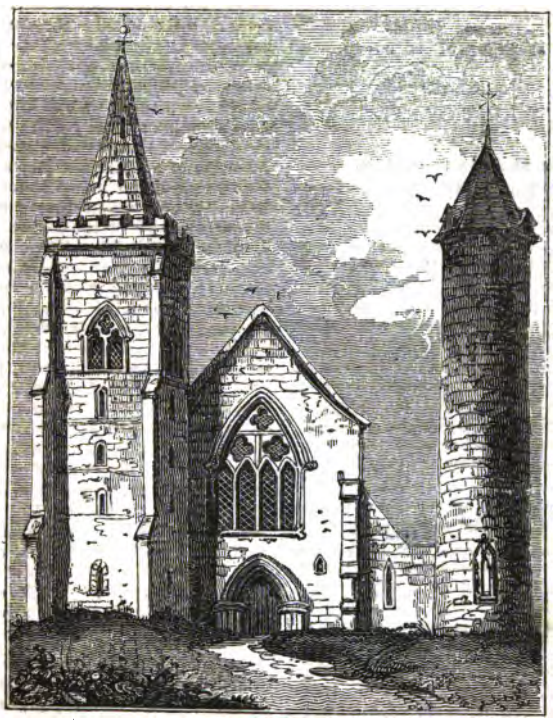
The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 333.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Fire Tower.



THROUGHOUT Scotland and Ireland there are scattered great numbers of *round towers*, which have puzzled all antiquarians. They have of late obtained the general name of *Fire Towers*, and our engraving represents the view of one of them, at Brechin, in Scotland. It consists of sixty regular courses of hewn stone, of a brighter colour than the adjoining church. It is 85 feet high to the cornice, whence rises a low, spiral-pointed roof of stone, with three or four windows, and on the top a vane, making 15 feet more, in all 100 feet from the ground, and measuring 48 feet in external circumference.

Many of these towers in Ireland vary from 35 to 100 feet. One at Ardmore has fasciæ at the several stories, which all the rest, both in Ireland and Scotland, seem to want, as well as stairs, having only abutments, whereon to rest timbers and ladders. Some have windows regularly disposed, others only at the top. Their situation with respect to the churches also varies. Some in Ireland stand 25 to 125 feet from the west end of the church. The tower at Brechin is included in the S.W. angle of the ancient cathedral, to which it communicates by a door.

There have been numerous discussions respecting the purposes for which these towers were built; they are generally adjoining to churches, whence they seem to be of a religious nature. Mr. Vallencey considers it as a settled point, that they were an appendage to the Druidical religion, and were, in fact, *towers for the preservation of the sacred fire** of the

* Like the ancient Jews and Persians, the Druids had a sacred and inextinguishable fire, which was preserved with the greatest care. At Kildare it was guarded, from the most remote

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Druids or Magi. To this Mr. Gough, in his description of Brechin Tower,* raises an insuperable objection. But they are certainly not belfries; and as no more probable conjecture has been made on their original purpose, they are still known as *Fire Towers.*

For this curious relic we are indebted to Mr. Godfrey Higgins's erudite quarto, entitled "The Celtic Druids," already alluded to at page 121 of our present volume.

SOME ACCOUNT OF STIRBITCH FAIR.

BY A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

(STIRBITCH FAIR, as our correspondent observes, was once the Leipsic or Frankfort of England. He has appended to his "Account" a ground plan of the fair, which we regret we have not room to insert; the gaps or spaces in which, serve to show how much this commercial carnival (for such it might be termed) has deteriorated; for the remaining booths were built on the same site as during the former splendour of the fair. Our correspondent accounts for this "decay, by the facilities of roads and navigable canals for the conveyance of goods;" the shopkeepers, &c. being able to get from London and the manufacturing districts, every article direct, at a small expense, the fair-keepers find no market for their goods, as heretofore." His paper is, however, a curious matter-of-fact description of Stirbitch, "sixty years since." We have been compelled to reject all but one verse of the "Chaunt," on account of some local allusions, the justice of which we do not deny, but which are scarcely delicate enough for our pages.

Stirbitch is still a festival of considerable extent, although it has lost so much of its commercial importance. There are but few fortnight fairs left: Portsmouth, we *recollect*, lasts 14 days, and there is a fair held on some fine downs in Dorsetshire, which extends to that period.)

STIRBITCH FAIR is held in a large field near Barnwell, about two miles from Cambridge, covering a space of ground upwards of two miles in circumference. It commences on the 16th day of September, and continues till the beginning of October, for the sale of all kinds of manufactured and other goods, and likewise for horses.

The etymology of the name of this fair has been much disputed. A silly tradition has been handed down, of a pedlar who travelled from the north to this fair, where, being very weary, he fell asleep at the only inn in the place. A person coming into the room where he lay, the pedlar's dog growled and woke his master, who called out, "Stir, bitch;" when the dog seized the man by the throat, which proved to be the master of the inn, who, to get released from the gripe of the dog, confessed his intention was, with the aid of the ferryman who rowed him over from Chesterton, to rob the pedlar; from which circumstance the fair ever after obtained the name of *Stirbitch.* But a more reasonable derivation might be found in the known custom of holding a festival on the anniversary of the dedication of any religious foundation. There is a small and very ancient chapel, or oratory, of Saxon architecture, still standing in the field where the fair is kept; but to what saint dedicated, is not recorded. I know not if a St. Ower is to be found in the calendar; if there is, it will, by adding "wijk," or "wych," a district or boundary, be no great stretch of invention to account for a transition from "St. Ower wijch" to *Stirbitch;* or perhaps from a rivulet which empties itself into the Cam at Quy-water, small streams, in some counties, being called "stours."

Leaving this argument, however, at the road-side chapel, we must proceed to the fair, where the "busy hum of men" announced the approach of the mayor and corporate body to make proclamation. First are,

Mr. Samuel Saul, the beadle, and his assistant, in full costume, with their staves tipped with silver, bearing the arms of the Corporation.
Next followed two trumpeters, in gowns, on horseback.
Sackbut and clarionets.
The mace.
The Worshipful the Mayor, in a scarlet gown.
The Vicar of Barnwell, (formerly the Abbot,) and other of the Clergy and Collegians.
The Corporate Body, two and two.
The Deputy Beadle.
All the train, as above, on horseback, robed in full costume.
Then followed Gentlemen and Ladies in their carriages and on horseback, invited by the Mayor to the grand dinner given on the occasion.

The proclamation was read, (heads uncovered,) first at the upper end of the fair, next in the Mead where the potters,

antiquity, by an order of Druidesses, who were succeeded in later times by an order of Christian Nuns. The fire was fed with peeled wood, and never blown with the mouth, that it might not be polluted.

* "On the west front of the tower are two arches, one within the other in relief. On the point of the outermost is a crucifix, and between both, towards the middle, are figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, the latter holding a cup with a lamb. The outer arch is adorned with knobs, and within both is a small slit or loop. At the bottom of the outer arch are two beasts couchant. If one of them *by his proboscis was not evidently an elephant*, I should suppose them the supporters of the Scotch arms. Parallel with the Crucifix are two plain stones, which do not appear to have had anything upon them. Here is not the least trace of a door in these arches, nor anywhere else, except in the church."

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and coal fair were held, and last at a little inn near the horse fair, in which place a "Pied-poudre" court was held during the fair, for deciding disputes between buyers and sellers, and for punishing abuses and breaches of the peace in a summary way—stocks and a whipping-post being placed before the door for that purpose. Here the mayor and the cavalcade partook of some refreshment.

Should the harvest be backward, and the corn not off the ground, the booths, nevertheless, are erected, the farmers being, as they admit, more than indemnified for their losses in that case, by the immense quantity of litter, offal, and soil left on the ground after the standings and booths are cleared away; besides which, they seize on every thing left upon the land after a fixed day. This has sometimes occurred, and the forfeiture of the goods and chattels so seized has been recognised judicially as a fine for the trespass. This local custom, sanctioned by usage from time immemorial, is without appeal.

The booths were from 15 to 20 feet wide by 25 to 30 feet deep; they were set out in two apartments, the one behind, about 10 feet wide, serving for bed-room, dining-room, parlour, and dressing-room, The bedstead was of *four posts and a lath bottom*, on which was laid a truss of clean, dry straw, serving as a palliasse, with bed and bedding. The front was fitted up with counters and shelves. The stubble was well trodden into the ground; over which were laid sawdust and boards behind and before the counters, to secure the feet from damp. The shutters, of the space allowed for the windows, were fixed with hinges, and when let down, rested upon brackets, serving as show-boards for goods. The booths were constructed of new boards, with gutters for carrying the rain off, and covered with stout hair cloth, with which also a covering was made to an arcade in front, about 10 feet wide. Under this the company walked, protected from rain or the heat of the sun.

The proclamation being made, the clamour and din from the trumpets, drums, gongs, and other noisy instruments, began. The road from Cambridge was actually covered with post-chaises, hackney-coaches from London, gigs, and carts, which brought visiters to the fair from Jesus-lane, in Cambridge, at sixpence each. As soon as you passed the village of Barnwell, your attention was attracted by flags streaming from the show-booths, suttling-booths, &c.; whilst your ears were stunned with the "harsh discord" of a thousand Stentorian bawlers, and the clang of jarring instruments of music. The show-booths were the first on entering the fair, being situated on the north side of the high road. Here were three companies of players, viz. the Norwich company, a very large booth; Mrs. Baker's, whose clown, Lewy Owen, was "a fellow of infinite jest and merriment;" and Bailey's. The latter had formerly been a merchant, and was the compiler of a Directory which bore his name, and was a work of some celebrity and great utility. Fronting these were the fruit and gingerbread stands. On the opposite side of the road stood the cheese fair, attended by dealers from all parts, and where many tons' weight changed hands in a few days, some for the London market, by the factors from thence; and such cheeses as were brought from Gloucester, Cheshire, and Wiltshire, and not made elsewhere, were purchased by the dealers and farmers of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. Opposite the cheese fair, on the north side of the road, stood the small chapel, which was then used as a warehouse for wool, hops, seed, and leather.* Here were the wool-staplers, hop-factors, leather-sellers, and seedsmen. The range of booths in the front were for glovers, leather-breeches makers, saddlers, and other dealers in leather. Opposite to this, at the end of the line of show-booths, Garlick-row commenced; the first range being occupied by hardwaremen, silversmiths, jewellers, and fine ironmongery. The next range was the row of mercers and linen-drapers, where a draper from Holborn had a stock of not less than 5,000*l.* value. The next range of booths was occupied by stuff-merchants, hosiers, lacemen, milliners, and furriers; here one vender has been known to receive from 1,000*l.* to 1,200*l.* for Norwich and Yorkshire goods. A lace-dealer from Tavistock-street likewise attended here with a stock of 2,000*l.* value, together with many other respectable tradesmen, with goods according to the London fashion. Then followed the ladies and gentlemen's shoe-makers, hatters, and perfumers; and next to the inn was an extensive store of oils, colours, and pickles, kept by an oilman from Limehouse, whose returns were seldom less than 2,000*l.* during the fair; and the father of the writer of this article, who attended the fair during forty years, usually brought away from 1,200*l.* to 1,500*l.* for goods sold and paid for on the spot, exclusive of those sold on credit to respectable dealers, farmers, and gentry. On

* A church or chapel is generally to be found throughout the whole Christian world near a ferry, to which the passenger went to propitiate the Deity before embarking, and to express his gratitude when safely arrived.

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the outside of the inn were temporary stables for baiting the horses belonging to the visiters. The carriages were drawn up in the fields in a line with the stables or standings for the horses.

Next was the oyster fair; the oysters from Lynn, called the Lynn channel, were the size of a horse's hoof, and were opened with a pair of pincers. At the bottom, in the Mead, next the river, was the coal fair; opposite which were the pottery and fine Staffordshire wares. Returning to and opposite the oyster fair was the horse fair, held on the Friday in the week after the proclamation. The show of beautiful animals here was, perhaps, unrivalled by any fair in the empire; the choicest hunters and racers from Yorkshire, muscular and bony draught-horses from Suffolk and every other breeding county, drew together dealers and gentlemen from all quarters, so that many hundreds of valuable animals changed masters in the space of twelve hours. Higher up was Dockrell's coffee-house and tavern, spacious and well stored with excellent accommodations. About 200 yards onward was Ironmonger-row, where the dealers from Sheffield, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and other parts, kept large stocks of all sorts of iron and tin wares, agricultural implements, and tools of every description. About 20 yards from them, westward, and bordering on the road, were slop-sellers, dealers in haubergs, wagoners' frocks, and other habiliments for ploughmen; and next, the Hatters'-row. Behind Garlick-row, next the show booths, stood the basket fair, where were sold rakes for haymakers, scythe-hafts, and other implements of husbandry, of which one dealer has been known to sell a wagon-load or two.

Having now made the promenade of the fair, let us step into one of the suttling booths. The principal booth was the Robin Hood, behind Garlick-row, which was fitted up with a good sized kitchen, detached from a long room and parlour. Here were tables covered with baize, and settles of common boards covered with matting. The roof covering was of hair cloth, the same as the shops, but not boarded.

When a new-comer or fresh man arrived to keep the fair, he was required to submit to the ceremony of christening, as it was called, which was performed as follows:—On the night following the horse-fair day, which was the principal day of the whole fair, a select party occupied the parlour of the Robin Hood, or some other suttling-booth, to which the novice was introduced, as desirous of being admitted a member, and of being initiated. He was then required to choose two of the company as sponsors, and being placed in an arm-chair, his shoes were taken off, and his head uncovered. The officiator, vested in a cantab's gown and cap, with a book in one hand and a bell in the other, with a verger on each side, robed, and holding staves (alias broomsticks) and candles, preceded by the suttler, bearing a bowl of punch, entered the parlour, and demanded "If there was an infidel present?" Being answered, "Yes," he asked, "What did he require?" Answer. "To be initiated." *Q.* "Where are the oddfathers?" *R.* "Here we are." He then proceeded as follows:—

(Plain chant.)
"Over thy head I ring this bell,
[Rings the bell.
Because thou art an infidel,
And such I know thee by thy smell.
CHORUS.
With a boccius proxius mandamus,
Let no vengeance light on him,
And so call upon him."

Supper was then served up, at the moderate charge of one shilling a head, exclusive of beer and liquors. The cloth being cleared, the smokers ranged themselves round the fire, and kept up the meeting with mirth and harmony, till all retired and were lulled to anticipating dreams of the profits of the coming day, to which they woke with the sun, cheerful and unenvious of each other's success. Such was Stirbitch fair some sixty years ago, as witnessed by

Your constant reader,

Ignoa.

NOTES ON NORTHERN LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

TORDENSKIOLD is a name frequently met with in the annals of Denmark. A singular anecdote is connected with one of the bravest individuals who ever bore the name—the renowned Admiral Tordenskiold, of the days of Frederick IV. While he was yet a young and undistinguished naval officer, he chanced to be in the hall of the royal palace at the time that the king, wearied with the flatteries of some courtiers, who were congratulating him on the success of his war with Sweden, exclaimed, "Ay, I know what you will say, but I should like to know the opinion of the Swedes themselves." Tordenskiold slipped unobserved from the royal palace, hurried to his ship, set sail, and was in an hour on the coast of Sweden. The first sight that caught his eye on landing was a bridal procession. Hastily seizing bride, bridegroom, minister, peasants, and all, he hurried them

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aboard, and returned to Denmark. Two hours had scarcely elapsed from the moment of the king's expressing his wish, when Tordenskiold, stepping from the crowd of courtiers who surrounded his majesty, informed him that he had now an excellent opportunity of gratifying his wishes, as Swedes of every class of society were in waiting. The astonished monarch, who had not yet missed the young captain from the hall, demanded his meaning; and on being informed of the adventure, summoned the captives to his presence. After gratifying his curiosity, he dismissed them with a handsome present, and ordered them to be conveyed back to Sweden. The promptness of young Tordenskiold was not forgotten, and he speedily rose to the high admiralship of Denmark, a post which he filled with more glory than any other of his countrymen, either before or since.

THE memoirs of Lewis Holberg, which have lately appeared in English, are remarkably curious and interesting. It is not generally known, that this celebrated writer, the Moliere of Denmark, was educated at Oxford, whither he repaired penniless, to secure a good education.

HOLBERG, Samsoe, and Oehlenschlager are the three dramatic luminaries of Denmark. The best production of Samsoe is the play of *Dyveke*, produced a few days after his death. Such was the enthusiasm it excited, that the following epitaph was proposed to be inscribed on his tomb, in the public cemetery of Copenhagen:—

"Here lies Samsoe;
He wrote *Dyveke* and died."

THE best poet that Sweden has ever produced is Esaias Tegner, the bishop of Wexio, now living. His first production was *Axel*, a short poem on the adventures of one of those pages of Charles XII. who were sworn to a single life, to be entirely devoted to the fortunes of war. He has struck out great interest by plunging this hero in love, and painting the conflicts between his passion and his reverence for his oath. The words have been translated into Danish, German, and English. The latter translation appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Although the Danish language is so akin to the Swedish, that translation is the worst of the three. It is said that this poem procured Tegner the bishoprick of Wexio. A singular circumstance is connected with it. A German literary gentleman was so delighted with the version of it in his own language, that he actually studied Swedish for the sole purpose of reading it in the original. A compliment like this has rarely been paid, as the poem does not contain more than about a thousand lines. Since then, Tegner has written a poem, entitled *Frethioff's Sage*, founded on one of the wild and singular traditions of the North. It has been more popular than even *Axel*, and the announcement of a third poem from the same hand, said to outdo all former efforts, excites the greatest interest in Stockholm.

NOVELS have only been introduced within these few years in Denmark. Ingemann is their most successful manufacturer. His last production is entitled *Valdemar Seier*, or Waldemar the victorious. The Danes have translations of Sir Walter Scott and Cooper.

IT is supposed there are not above three persons in Copenhagen who cannot speak German. Oehlenschlager, the best modern author of Denmark, writes equally well in German and Danish.

ANGLO-SVECUS.

PLEASURES OF SNUFF-TAKING.

LET some the joys of Bacchus praise,
The vast delights which he conveys,
And pride them in their wine;
Let others choose the nice *morceau*,
The piquant joys of feasting know,
But other gifts are mine.

Give me, ye gods, my quantum suff.
Of Grimstone's or Gillespie's snuff—
These are the sorts I crave;
Defend me from the Lundyfoot,
'Tis to my nostrils worse than soot,
And from the Irish save.

Your Prince's Mixture I despise,
It clogs the head and dims the eyes—
The nose rejects such burden;
Sure 'tis the critic's vast delight,
So dull and stupidly they write,
I call for witness ——.

Oh! where shall I for courage fly?
Or what restorative apply?
A pinch be my resource;
Perchance the French are not polite,
And with my country wish to fight,
Then I must grieve perforce;

Or, if with doubt the bosom heaves,
The heart for Grecian sorrows grieves,
And pines to see them fall.
Such critics sometimes court the muse,
And I perchance the rhymes peruse,
Then heaves the breast with pain.

To soothe the mind in such an hour,
A pinch of snuff has ample power—
One pinch—all's well again.
A pinch of snuff delights again,
And makes me view with great disdain,
And soothes my patriot grief.

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Thus for the list of human woes,
The pangs each mortal bosom knows,
I find in snuff relief:
It makes me feel less sense of sorrow,
When modern bards their verses borrow,
And soothes my patriot grief.

Then let me sing the praise of snuff—
Give me, ye gods, I pray, enough—
Let others boast their wine;
Let some prefer the nice *morceau*,
And piquant joys of feasting know,
The bliss of snuff be mine.

ODE ON A COLLEGE FEAST DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! hear ye not yon footsteps dread
That shook the hall with thundering tread?
With eager haste,
The fellows past,
Each intent on direful work,
High lifts the mighty blade and points the deadly fork!

But hark! the portals sound and pacing forth,
With steps, alas! too slow,
The college gips of high illustrious worth
With all the dishes in long order go;
In the midst, a form divine,
Appears the fam'd Sir-loin:
And soon with plume and glory crown'd,
A mighty pudding sheds its sweets around.
Heard ye the din of dinner bray?
Knife to fork, and fork to knife:
Unnumber'd heroes through the glorious strife,
Through fish, flesh, pies, and puddings cut their destin'd way.

See, beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
Low the fam'd Sir-loin is laid,
And sinks in many a gulph profound.
Arise, arise, ye sons of glory,
Pies and puddings stand before ye;
See, the ghosts of hungry bellies
Point at yonder stand of jellies;
While such dainties are beside ye,
Snatch the goods the gods provide ye:
Mighty rulers of this state,
Snatch before it be too late,
For, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,
Contract their giant bulks, and shrink to pigmy size.

From the table now retreating,
All around the fire they meet,
And, with wine, the sons of eating,
Crown, at length, the mighty treat:
Triumphant plenty's rosy graces
Sparkle in their jolly faces:
And mirth and cheerfulness are seen
In each countenance serene.
Fill high the sparkling glass,
And drink the accustom'd toast;
Drink deep, ye mighty host,
And let the bottle pass.
Begin, begin, the jovial strain,
Fill, fill, the mystic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again,
For drinking fires the soul.

But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel
Each on his seat begins to nod,
All conquering Bacchus' power they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly god.
At length with dinner, and with wine oppressed,
Down in their chairs they sink, and give themselves to rest.

HUGH DELMORE.

The Topographer.

VISIT TO MATLOCK BATHS.

(For the Mirror.)

IT was on a fine evening in autumn, when the rays of departing day began to glimmer in the west, and twilight had just spread her dusky gloom. All was silent, save the low rushing of the Derwent stream, purling its way through dense groves, and winding round the stupendous rock of *Matlock's Vale*. As I paced along, the grave, sombre hue of evening fell full on the rocks, which rose in magnificent grandeur, and seemed to look with contempt on all around them. These beauties, combined with the gray tint of the stone, the cawing of the rooks, which nestle in the crevices and underwood, with now and then the screeching of the night-owl,—were such as would make the most cold and indifferent acknowledge the delight to be enjoyed in the silent walks of nature.

Perhaps among all the varied scenery in the north of England, none is more sublime than that of Matlock; whose romantic range, interspersed with some of the finest touches of art, forms an interesting contrast. The road from the village to the Baths is as diversified as sublime. It is situated in the bosom of a deep vale; here, on one side, rocks or crags, tower above you to the height of two hundred feet; at the base they form a graceful slant, which is covered with thick, clustering foliage. On the summit, verdure is seen; and sometimes sheep, unconscious of their danger, will stray, and nip the grass from the very edge. Beneath flows the river Derwent, now, in rapid, though solemn state, reminding us of the peaceful stream of life—but only in fictitious calm, luring on to its more ruffled scenes; next, a rushing noise reminds you a cataract is near, which, combined with the rustling of the foliage by the breeze, wakens the mind to gratifying contemplation. The other side is bounded by immense hills, which have a gradual ascent. Along the regular connexion of the road are cottages, whose symmetry adds the charm of artificial embellishment to this luxuriant display of nature. Here you per-

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give a sumptuous villa; a little farther, a simple cot, where nature has displayed her master-hand: but the most charming group is where three rows of cottages rise in regular succession towards the summit of the hill, their gardens contrasting with the barren appearance of their opposite neighbours. These delightful scenes alternate until your arrival at the Baths.

The Baths are situate about one mile from the village of Matlock, and are a collection of lodging-houses, which, during the summer season, are usually occupied. The baths are filled by springs, which issue in great abundance from lime-stone-rocks; the water is exceedingly clear, and bears a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit. Here are the wells which produce the petrifactions; any substance placed in them being, in the course of a few months, covered with stone. Visiters are in the habit of leaving various articles, which, by the ensuing season, thus become incrusted. Birds' nests with eggs in them, baskets, shoes, &c. &c. are among the articles which may be seen here.

Matlock abounds with subterraneous caverns, which excite the surprise and admiration of strangers. These are entered by a passage, formed with immense labour through the solid rock. In the interior you are surrounded by brilliant crystallizations, various kinds of metallic ores, spars, &c., with petrifactions hanging from the roof, pendent as icicles. The roofs of the numerous caves are of different descriptions; some have the appearance of arches formed by the hand of man, others appear to be immense masses of rock, which have fallen into their present situation by chance, or through some violent convulsion of the earth, by which they have been disjointed and separated. In several of them there are fine springs of limpid water. Here are likewise several productive lead mines.

At the Museum the most interesting productions of the Peak are to be seen. Many of the specimens are manufactured into vases, copied from the antique. Besides the natural productions of the place, there are a great variety of fine alabaster vases from Florence, with statues of various kinds of Italian marble. Immediately facing the museum are the gardens, called the Museum Gardens, in which are several grottoes, curiously ornamented. Perched upon a rock, just at the entrance, is a fine venerable hawk, of the bustard species, which was winged about four years ago, and took its station there, from which spot it rarely moves.

The Botanical Gardens, belonging to Mr. Bowles, are much visited, and contain nearly seven hundred indigenous plants. They are situated along the side of the hill, known by the name of the Heights of Abraham, from the summit of which can be enjoyed the most extensive views of the scenery round Matlock.

About half a mile from Matlock Baths is situated Willersley Castle, the seat of R. Arkwright, Esq., built by his father, the late Sir R. Arkwright. No spot could be more happily chosen for the site of a mansion than that of Willersley. By the liberality of Mr. A. strangers are admitted to the grounds, gardens, &c.; after passing through which, you reach the summit of the hills, which immediately face the Old and New Baths. This range of rocks is variously named; one, called the Lover's Leap, is a most terrific height. After winding by a circuitous route, you are led to the Lover's Walk, which is a shady path immediately at the base. Here lovers may in

"Sweet retirement court the shade."

In passing through one of the caverns, our guide, after describing to us the various places, in general had a comment to make; one I well remember. The solemnity of the situation, and stupendous grandeur of the cave, struck me with mournful awe. At one part of the cave there was a large hole or well, surrounded by a wooden railing, which our guide informed us was fathomless. A party passing through the cavern, in the full buoyancy of youth, after having expressed their surprise and admiration at the wonders of the place, were preparing to retire, when this spot was mentioned to them. Anxious to see all the curiosities, they returned to this, when one of the party, in a playful mood, placed his hands upon the shoulders of a young lady, and gently pushed her forward. Somewhat terrified, she uttered a scream, but finding herself unhurt, she endeavoured to turn round, when, horrible to relate, the railing gave way, and she was precipitated into the abyss. Picture to yourselves, if possible, the consternation caused by this dreadful occurrence. The alarm was given, ropes, &c. provided, a man immediately lowered, but all their efforts were ineffectual, for the body was never discovered.

M. S. P.

STEAKS.

PEOPLE who want to enjoy a steak should eat it with shalots and tarragon. Mr. Cobbett says, an orthodox clergyman once told him that he and six others once ate some beef-steaks with shalots and tarragon, and that they "voted unanimously, that beef-steaks never were so eaten before."

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Fine Arts.

THE CAT RAPHAEL.

GOTTFRIED MIND was born at Bern, in the year 1768. His father, but a short time before, had come in the capacity of joiner and form-cutter into Switzerland from Lipsich, in Upper Hungary, and had fixed his abode at Warblaufen, a village near Bern, where he was chiefly employed for the paper-manufactory of one Herr Gruner, and soon after his arrival purchased the freedom of Pizif, in the Waadtland. Young Mind, on account of his weak constitution of body, was in great measure left to himself, perhaps in the hope of making him healthier and stronger by the cheap and easy means of idle running about. Herr Gruner was a lover of art; during summer he had a German artist, named Legel, in his house, a talented and active man, who often, in country excursions, drew buildings and cattle from nature. This excited the attention of young Mind in some of his idle rambles: he followed Legel every where, and watched him while he worked. Legel, touched with compassion for the poor boy, showed him what he was engaged with, or what he had already finished; and, in the end, would take him along with him in his walks, or amuse him in his own apartment with exhibitions of prints. In particular, he allowed the boy, as often as he liked, to turn over Ridinger's Animals, of which Herr Gruner had a collection; and some of these Mind was not long in trying to imitate with the lead pencil, preferring above all lions, which continued long his favourite animals. These attempts Legel from time to time corrected, and, from less to more, the youngster at length ventured to copy from nature, like his master, and to draw some sheep, goats, and *cats*.

His father, the joiner, however, thought that to draw on paper was nothing, and wood was the only material on which it was worth one's pains to work. Accordingly, whenever the boy asked paper for drawing, he threw him a bit of wood; so that Gottfried was fain to try also cutting animals in wood, an art in which he speedily attained such dexterity, that, by degrees, his wooden sheep and goats came to ornament all the presses and mantel-pieces in the village. Occasionally, too, he tried drawing likenesses of some peasant boys of Worblaufen, or carving them in wood; and these attempts were not unsuccessful.

It is unknown on whose recommendation Mind, in his eighth year, was placed at the academy for poor children, which Pestalozzi had previously instituted at Neuenhof, near Bern, Aargau; but, in the year 1778, we find, in the authentic account of that institution, published by the Economic Society of Bern, the following short and somewhat clumsily expressed notice:—"Friedly Mynth of Bossi (Mind of Pizy), of the bailliwick of Aubonne, resident in Worblaufen, very weak, incapable of hard work, full of talent for drawing, a strange creature, full of artist-caprices, along with a certain roguishness: drawing is his whole employment: a year and a half here: ten years old." Neither do we know how long he remained at this academy; somewhere between the years 1780 and 1785, he came to the painter, Sigmund Heudenberger, at Bern, a man who had formed himself mostly at Paris in the Boucher school, but afterwards rather inclined to Greuze's style, and who, by his painting of Swiss family pieces, had acquired a considerable sum of money, and a reputation not undeserved. With this person Mind learnt his art of drawing, and colouring with water-colours, &c. but nothing more; in all the other branches of human knowledge he remained at the lowest grade; for he could with difficulty be made to write his name, and he had not the slightest idea of arithmetic. Thus, for example: — once, when he had to pay the postman six kreuzers for a letter, and Madame Freudenberger gave him the money in two silver pieces, he positively refused to take them and carry them down, affirming that two pieces were not enough; and, though his mistress assured him that these were equal in value to six kreuzers, still he persisted in his refusal, and went on grumbling until the six kreuzers, one by one, were counted into his hand. This ignorance and helplessness his master was not slow to take advantage of, so that poor Mind never once thought of looking about him for a better place. From his entrance into Freudenberger's house up to the time of his death, there is nothing to tell of him except that he spent his whole life on the selfsame stool, busied in colouring Freudenberger's sheets so long as he was alive, and, after his death, in drawing and painting, after his own fancy, bears, cats, and children at play, for the benefit of the widow, with the same pitiful day's wages which he had formerly received from his master. Many artists, after Freudenberger's death, would gladly have taken poor Mind into their service, but, like his beloved cats, he was so attached to the house, to his corner and its appurtenances, that he constantly turned a deaf ear to such propo-

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sals; and, at last, when Madame Freudenberger began to notice that the people wished to buy away her Friedli from her, she would not let them come near him; and only at rare times, and by way of special favour, allowed a few acquaintances, whom she could depend on, to visit him in her presence. She used, for the most part, to sit beside him herself, with her knitting implements, spurring him on to work. When he had to copy any of his drawings, he usually sketched the outline of them against the glass of the window; and if, on these occasions, it chanced that some boy, cat, dog, or other street passenger he might think worth looking at, withdrew his eye for a moment from the work, his taskmistress failed not to squall forth—"Gaping out again! Not a bit of work done all day! Sit down with thee! Mind thy paper, and give over spying!" How meanly he was kept in regard to clothing—how he had to sleep, for his life long, in a child's bed, far too short for him, for want of a straw mattress—and how, under such continual toil and miserable constraint, he at last sank, and died of water in the chest, it is now needless to say or to lament. We turn, rather, to the more pleasing contemplation of what Mind, in this most unfavourable situation, nevertheless succeeded in performing, and rendering himself as an artist.

Mind's special talent for representing cats was discovered and awakened by chance.* It was not till after Freudenberger's death that Mind fully developed his peculiar talent for the objects to which, subsequently, through his whole life, he applied himself with such special affection, and which, accordingly, he succeeded in representing with such fidelity and truth. The condition of peasant children, their sorrows and joys, their sports and bickerings—the coarse insolence of the richer, the timid dispiritment of the needy, all stood in lively remembrance before his fancy, which liked to go back into that first and only period of his freedom, though, perhaps, also of his beggarhood. In Freudenberger's school he had learned a natural, easy, and comprehensible arrangement of little groups, and a neat, dainty manner, in which wise it was no difficult task for him to represent such scenes with truth and grace. Thus we find these pictures of his, which, for the most part, are painted on small sheets, his sports, banterings, quarrellings, sledge-parties of children, with their half-frozen but still merry faces, in their puffy yet not unpicturesque costume; his beggar-boys, with their rag-ware on their backs, are almost always genial and pleasing. In the course of his narrow, in-doors life, he had worked himself into a friendly, nay, as it were, almost paternal relation with domestic and fire-side animals, especially with cats. While he sat painting, a cat might generally be seen sitting on his back or on his shoulder; and many times he kept, for hours, the most awkward postures, that he might not disturb it. Frequently there was a second cat sitting by him on the table, watching how the work went on; sometimes a kitten or two lay in his lap under the table. Frogs (in bottle) floated beside his easel; and with all these creatures he kept up a most playful, loving style of conversation; though, often enough, any human beings about him, or such even as came to see him, were growled or grunted at in no social fashion. His countenance, especially in latter years, was a mixture of the bear's, the lion's, and the human, for most part of a dull brick-colour; so that many people, particularly children, were afraid to look at him. In figure he was very small, and beat; but, at the same time, had hands and fingers of extraordinary size and coarseness, with which, nevertheless, he produced the cleanest and prettiest drawings. His chief diligence and most careful elegance he brought to work in the painting of his beloved cats. In right delineation of their forms he had the art to seize the general nature of this animal, and, in the portrait-like indication of their various physiognomies, to reflect the specific character of each. The sycophantic look full of falseness, the dainty movements of the kittens, several of which are sometimes painted sporting round their dam—all this, in the most multifarious postures, turns, groups, sports, and quarrels, is depicted with a true observance to nature,—nay, one might say with genius and fidelity.

On Sundays and winter nights, Mind, by way of pastime, used, out of dried, wild chestnuts, to carve little cats, bears, and other beasts, and this with so much art that these little dainty toys were shortly in no less request than his drawings. It is a pity that insects, such as frequently exist in the interior of chestnuts, have already destroyed so many of these carvings.

At the *Barengraben* (bear-yard) in Bern, where a few live bears are always to be seen, Mind passed many a happy hour; and, between the beasts and him there seemed to prevail a singularly confidential feeling. The moment Friedli—such was the name Mind was best known by in Bern—made his appearance, the bears hastened towards him with friendly

* See "Painting Cats," page 190.

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grumbling, stationed themselves on their hind feet, and received, impartially, each a piece of bread or an apple out of his pocket. For this reason, bears, next to cats, were a favourite subject of his art; and he reckoned himself, not unjustly, better able to delineate these animals than even celebrated painters have been. Moreover, next to his intercourse with living cats and bears, Mind's greatest joy was in looking at objects of art, especially copper-plates, in which, too, animal figures gave him most satisfaction.

Herr Sigmund Wagner, of Bern, who possesses a choice collection of copper-plates, frequently invited Mind, on winter Sunday evenings, to his house, and would then show him his volumes. While Herr Wagner might be writing, reading, or drawing, Mind, grumbled to himself half-aloud, made his remarks on each sheet, and frequently gave a true, stubborn, rugged judgment even on the most celebrated masters, especially on pictures of animals; for, among these, nothing pleased him but the lions of Rubens, of Rembrandt, and Potter, and the stags of Ridinger; the other animals of the latter he declared to be falsely drawn. Even the most applauded cats of Cornelius Vischer and Wenzel Hollar could not obtain his approbation. After such picture-reviewing he used to drink tea with Herr Wagner; and it seemed as if the baked ware presented therewith was somewhat to his taste. Such evenings were, to a certain extent, his heaven upon earth; nevertheless, he sometimes replied to Herr Wagner's invitation with a "could not come—his Busi (puss) was sick—he must stay with her." Another time he signified "that Busi was like to have kittens to-day, and so it was impossible to leave her."

Mind seldom drew from Nature; at most he did it with a few strokes. His conception was so strong, that whatever he had once strictly observed, stamped itself so firmly in his memory that, on his return home, and often a considerable time afterwards, he could represent it with entire fidelity. On such occasions he would look now and then, as i were, into himself; and when at these moments, he lifted his head, his eyes had something dreamy in them.

An increasing disorder in the breast had put him past all exertion for the space of a year; and, on the 17th of November, 1814, a paroxysm of his malady carried him off, in the 46th year of his age.

Foreign Review.

THE COLISEUM, REGENT'S PARK,

Will be opened in about four months. Our readers are aware that it will present a *Panoramic View of London*, taken from the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and imitated in a bungling manner in a recent pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre. The picture covers 40,000 square feet, or nearly an acre of canvass; the dome of the building on which the sky is painted, is 30 feet more in diameter than the cupola of St. Paul's; and the circumference of the horizon visible from the point of view, is nearly 130 miles. "The *Coliseum*" is evidently a misnomer, since the building is very similar to the *Pantheon* at Rome; but we perceive by a letter from the proprietor, that its proper designation is the "*Colosseum.*"

MR. HAYDON

Has just finished a companion to his admirable picture of the *Mock Election to the King's Bench*, viz. the *Chairing of the Members*. The first-mentioned is now in the king's collection at Windsor.

Notes of a Reader.

THE JEWS.

THE undeviating and uniform identity of the features and general character of countenance, which accompany the Jews, wherever they settle, is one of the most curious phenomena in nature; climate and all those physical circumstances belonging to localities, which work such wonderful changes in the physical character of man, appear to have no influence upon the tribe of Israel. The circumcised of Monmouth-street is as like that of Judea-Gape, in Frankfort, as two individuals of the same nation can be; let them be by birth and residence German, English, Russian, Portuguese, or Polish, still the one and only set of features belonging to the race will be seen equally in all.—*Granville's, Tour.*

FRENCH MUSIC.

ABOUT the year 1760, Piccini, who was the Rossini of his day, was called to Paris to reform the grand opera. The French, roused by the elegant tirades of Rousseau, and the piquant witticisms of all the foreigners who visited Paris, began to conceive it possible that their music was not the finest in the world. The reform which Piccini introduced, was however, but partial, and the French insisted on having Italian music adapted to French words. They have still an

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opera of their own; but nothing can be more noisy, or less harmonious than the music at the Académie Royale—all tumult, glitter, and show. There is no ballet, except that incidental to the opera; but in scenery and machinery they surprise the English visiter. The French military bands too are equally discordant; so fond are they of drums, that they seem to have converted the tympana of their ears into parchment.

MATHEMATICS.

We consider it quite possible to bring down to ordinary capacities even the truths of pure mathematics, by the substitution of a less general and precise species of evidence. We have ourselves made the attempt, and hence we are satisfied of its entire practicability. Into what a small space would the useful and practical truths of geometry be reduced, were we to dispense with the auxiliary propositions which are required merely to complete the rigid process of demonstration. How simple, for example, would be the doctrine of parallel lines!—*Foreign Review.*

THE SOUTH SEAS.

The government of the United States are fitting out a commercial expedition to explore the South Seas. The vessels are to stay long enough to complete the necessary inquiries, to ensure the safety of the traders, and to give time for the establishment and consolidation of relations of reciprocal utility. The advantages which it is evident America must derive from this undertaking will, it is supposed, not cost more than 50,000 dollars.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE OPERA.

Rousseau defines the opera to be a dramatic, lyrical, and scenic representation, in which agreeable sensations are conveyed by the combined effect of all the fine arts, the poetry and action being addressed to the mind, the music to the ear, and the scenic decorations to the eye of the spectator.

PICTURESQUE DRESSES IN SPANISH MARKETS.

On entering Madrid by the gate of Toledo, or the Place de la Cenada, where the market is held, nothing is more striking than the confused mass of people from the country and provinces. There a Castilian draws around him with dignity the folds of his ample cloak, like a Roman senator in his toga. Here a cowherd from La Mancha, with his long goad in his hand, clad in a kilt of oxskin, whose antique shape bears some resemblance to the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Farther on may be seen men with their hair confined in long nets of silk. Others wearing a kind of short brown vest, striped with blue and red, conveying the idea of Moorish garb. The men who wear this dress come from Andalusia.

HYMN.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

Oh God, oh good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair!
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!

MECHANICAL TRIUMPHS.

To those interested in the mechanical sciences, and their application to manufactures and the arts, England offers larger scope of observation than any other country in the world. Throughout the vast establishments of our cotton, woollen, linen, silk, and hardware manufactures, there is even less to create astonishment in the multitude and variety of the products, than in the exquisite perfection of the machinery employed—machinery, such in kind, that it seems almost to usurp the functions of human intelligence. No one can conceive its completeness, who has not witnessed the workings of the power-loom, or seen the mechanism by which the brute power of steam is made to effect the most minute and delicate processes of tambouring. Nor can any one adequately comprehend the mighty agency of the steam-engine, who has not viewed the machinery of some of our mining districts, where it is employed on a scale of magnitude and power unequalled elsewhere. In Cornwall,* especially, steam-engines may be seen working with a thousand horse power, and capable (according to a usual mode of estimating their perfection as machinery) of raising nearly 50,000,000 pounds of water through the space of a foot, by the combustion of a single bushel of

* It is a remarkable proof of the amount of improvement effected in some of the Cornish steam engines, that the result obtained from a given quantity of coal, estimated in the manner alluded to above, is nearly three times as great

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coals. No Englishman, especially if destined to public life, can fitly be ignorant of these great works and operations of art which are going on around him; and if time can be afforded in general education for Paris, Rome, and Florence, time is also fairly due to Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield.—*Q. Rev.*

LEARNING FRENCH.

FASHION dominates in this, as in other things. Of late its dictation has been to cradle children in French; often, even to prohibit English in the nursery and school-room; and, frequently, at a later time, to detach our youth from their own country, for the sake of forwarding the same object in foreign *pensions*, or schools. We have seen this fashion extending itself to more mature life; and serious and discreet men, senators and judges, toiling painfully through elements, vocabularies, and rules of pronunciation, to acquire an amount of speech sufficient to attract ridicule, and produce inconvenience, but very inadequate to any useful or ornamental purpose.—*Ibid.*

POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON

Is a term applied to the remains of a shoulder of mutton, which, after it has done its regular duty as a roast at dinner, makes its appearance as a broiled bone at supper, or upon the next day.

The late Earl of B., popularly known by the name of *Old Rag*, being indisposed in a hotel in London, the landlord came to enumerate the good things he had in his larder, to prevail on his guest to eat something. The earl at length, starting suddenly from his couch, and throwing back a tartan night-gown which had covered his singularly grim and ghastly face, replied to his host's courtesy; "Landlord, I think I *could* eat a morsel of a *poor man*." Boniface, surprised alike at the extreme ugliness of Lord B.'s countenance, and the nature of the proposal, retreated from the room, and tumbled down stairs precipitately; having no doubt that this barbaric chief, when at home, was in the habit of eating a joint of a tenant or vassal when his appetite was dainty.—*Jamieson's Dict.*

now as it was twenty years ago. Nor will the spectator find more cause for astonishment in the magnitude of these engines, than in the order, or even beauty, of every minute part pertaining to them. The furniture of a drawing-room is not more scrupulously arranged, or preserved in a state of higher polish, than are those huge representatives of human power.

THE GREEN ROOM.

NOTHING can be more striking than to hear a lady, who has just been figuring upon the stage as a coquette or a romp, explaining to some friend the distress she is labouring under in consequence of the serious illness of her mother or aunt; or to see a gentleman fresh from the boards, upon which he has been amusing the audience as Caleb Quotem or Jeremy Diddler, with tears in his eyes, and a low comedy wig on his head, giving an account of the melancholy state of his wife and three children, all dying of scarlatina; but such is too often the case: too often, while the player is tortured with physical pain, or sinking under moral distress, he is obliged in his vocation to wear the face of mirth, and distort his features into the extremes of grimace. The actress, writhing under the pangs of ingratitude in man, or insult from woman, is similarly driven to strain her lungs to charm the ears of an audience, or exhibit her graceful figure to the best advantage in the animated dance, for the amusement of the half-price company of a one shilling gallery, while her heart is bursting with sorrow; add to all these inevitable ills, the constant labour of practice and rehearsal, the caprice of the public, the tyranny of managers, the rarity of excellence, the misery of defeat, and the uncertainty of health and capability, and then might one ask, Who would be an actor, who could be any thing else?—*Hook's Gervase Skinner.*

THE first Italian performer that made any distinguished figure in London was Valentini, a true, sensible singer at that time, but of a throat too weak to sustain those melodious warblings, for which the fairer sex have since idolized his successors. However, this defect was so well supplied by his action, that his hearers bore with the absurdity of his singing his first part of Turnus, in *Camilla*, all in Italian, while every other character was sung and recited to him in English.—*Life of Colley Cibber.*

TO attain complex and difficult ends by simple means, whether in physics or politics, falls not to the lot of man. What should we think of the man who should insist on having a *simple watch*, which should answer every object of that machine, and yet possess the simplicity of a sun-dial? The artificer would naturally say to such a customer, "Sir, if you want a sun-dial, you can have a very cheap and a very simple one; but if you desire a watch, I shall be glad to learn how its operations are to be accomplished without complex mechanism.

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A RUSSIAN WEDDING.

(From Dr. Granville's Travels.)

EARLY one day in November, a kind young friend, the son of Mr. Anderson, the oldest English merchant in St. Petersburgh, whose attentions to me were unremitting, put a finely embossed card into my hands, on which was printed, in Russian characters, the following invitation, literally translated:—

"Ivan Ivanovitch and Prascovia Constantinova Ivanoff humbly request the favour of your attendance on the marriage ceremony of their daughter Anna Ivanowna with Nicholai Demetrivich Borissow, and to the dinner-table, this November the 13th day, in the year 1827, at two o'clock in the afternoon."

On the embossed border of the card, delicately edged with rose colour, the emblematic figure of Hymen was represented on the one side, standing under a palm-tree, between the sleeping dogs of fidelity, and inviting from the other side the figures of the bride and bridegroom. I learned that the parties were wealthy Russian hemp-commission agents, and most excellent people; and as such an invitation promised to afford me an opportunity of witnessing the church marriage ceremony, of which I had read so many dissimilar accounts, I gladly accepted it. At two, the friends of the parties assembled from all quarters in the winter church of the *Annunciation*, in the Vassileiostrow, where a great concourse of people had already collected round the choristers or chanters, who, in the most delightful manner imaginable, and in the fuga style, were singing hymns, mixing with skilful combination the sopranos and bass voices. We beguiled half an hour in listening to their strains, waiting for the arrival of the bride. In the meantime I surveyed the picturesque groups of people that kept gradually forming in various parts of the church, where the kaftaned Russian, with his well-caressed beard, mixed with the throng of young and good-looking females. Some of the latter, dressed in the fashion of the country, their heads profusely ornamented with gold and embroidered veils; and others, according to the more attractive garb of the French, presented a striking contrast to many of the assembled men, whom I understood to belong to the class of Russian merchants, but who wore neither the kaftan nor the beard. Their smooth and shaven faces, with the general style of dress common to most of the European nations, scarcely permitted their being distinguished from several English merchants present, who had been invited on the occasion. The officiating priest, decked in his rich church vestments, accompanied by the deacon advanced from the sanctuary towards the door of entrance into the church, and there received the pair about to be made happy, to whom he delivered a lighted taper, making, at the same time, the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. Incense was scattered before them, while maids, splendidly attired, walked between the paranymphy, or bridegroom and bride. The Greek church requires not the presence of either of the parents of the bride on such an occasion. Is it to spare them the pain of voluntarily surrendering every authority over their child to one who is a stranger to her blood? I stood by the side of the table on which were deposited the rings, and before which the priest halted at the conclusion of a litany, wherein the choristers assisted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud and impressive voice, the following prayer, his face being turned towards the sanctuary, and the bride and bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers:—

"O Eternal God! thou who didst collect together the scattered atoms by wonderous union, and didst join them by an indissoluble tie, who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and made them heirs of thy promise; give thy blessing unto these thy servants, and guide them in every good work: for thou art the merciful God, the lover of mankind, and to thee we offer up our praise, now and for ever, even unto ages of ages."

The import of this beautiful invocation was at the time, interpreted to me by a friend well acquainted with the whole service and office of espousals, the language of which he assured me was all equally impressive. The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and taking the rings from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man, and proclaiming aloud that they stood betrothed, "now and for ever, even unto ages of ages," which declaration he repeated thrice to them, while they mutually exchanged the rings an equal number of times. The rings were now again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the forehead of the couple with them, and put them on the fore-finger of the right hand of each; and turning to the sanctuary, read another impressive part of the ser-

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vice, in which an allusion is made to all the circumstances in the Holy Testament, where a ring is mentioned as the pledge of union, honour, and power; and prayed the Lord "to bless the espousals of thy servants, Anna Ivanowna and Nicholai Demetrivich, and confirm them in thy holy union; for thou in the beginning didst create them, male and female, and appointed the woman for a help to the man, and for the succession of mankind. Let thine angel go before them to guide them all the days of their life." The priest now taking hold of the hands of both parties, led them forward and caused them to stand on a silken carpet, which lay spread before them. The congregation usually watch this moment with intense curiosity, for it is augured that the party who steps first on the rich brocade will have the mastery over the other through life. In the present case, our fair bride secured possession of this prospective privilege with modest forwardness. Two silver imperial crowns were next produced by a layman, which the priest took, and first blessing the bridegroom, placed one of them on his head, while the other, destined for the bride, was merely held over her head by a friend, lest its admirable superstructure, raised by Charles, the most fashionable perruquier of the capital, employed on this occasion, should be disturbed. That famed artist had successfully blended the spotless flower, emblematic of innocence, with the rich tresses of the bride, which were further embellished by a splended tiara of large diamonds. Her white satin robe, from the hands of Mademoiselle Louise, gracefully penciling the contours of her bust, was gathered around her waist by a zone studded with precious stones, which fastened to her side a *bouquet* of white flowers. The common cup being now brought to the priest, he blessed it, and gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to her who was to be his mate, for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short pause, and some prayers from the responser, in which the choristers joined with musical notes, the priest took the bride and bridegroom by the hand, the friends holding their crowns, and walked with them round the desk thrice, having both their right hands fast in his, from west to east, saying—

"Exult, O Isaiah! for a virgin has conceived and brought forth a son, Emanuel, God and man; the East is his name. Him do we magnify, and call the virgin blessed!"

Then taking off the bridegroom's crown, he said—

"Be thou magnified, O bridegroom, as Abraham! Be thou blessed as Isaac, and multiplied as Jacob, walking in peace, and performing the commandments of God in righteousness."

In removing the bride's crown, he exclaimed—

"And be thou magnified, O bride, as Sarah! Be thou joyful as Rebecca, and multiplied as Rachael; delighting in thine own husband, and observing the bounds of the law, according to the good pleasure of God."

The ceremony now drew to its conclusion, the tapers were extinguished and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who walking towards the holy screen were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other. We all now hurried to our carriages, the youngest to their sledges, and took the direction of the house of the bride's father, where we were received by that person in his Russian costume, and with a flowing beard, who conducted the company, at the sound of a full band of music, into the banqueting-room, already prepared for about fifty guests, with tables decked with golden *plateaux* and vases bearing artificial flowers, mixed with piles of fruit and *bonbons*. Here a large assemblage of friends had already met, through which we made our way to an inner room, where the bride, seated by the side of her mother, and surrounded by matrons and damsels, received, with becoming modesty, our congratulations. I was surprised at finding in the gynæceum of a class of society of this description, such agreeable and easy manners, untainted by the least *gaucherie* or awkward pretensions. My engagement prevented my remaining to dinner; but I returned time enough in the evening to be present at the conclusion of the day's ceremony. The dinner had passed off without any remarkable occurrence, and considering the ominous quantity of Champagne consumed (a very favourite beverage on all gala days with the middle classes of society at St. Petersburgh), I found the party *almost* philosophical. Toasts to the bride and bridegroom had been repeatedly drunk, and the night was far advanced when the *passajonaiatetz* took the bride by the hand, and conducted her into the bed-chamber, where he consigned her to the care of all the married ladies present, himself retiring immediately after. Those matrons assisted in disrobing her of the bridal vestments, and in assuming the garb appropriate to the chamber in which they were. The passajonaiatetz next performed the like office of conducting the bridegroom to the cham-

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ber, who put on his *schlafrock*, or night-gown, the married ladies having previously retired. These operations being concluded, the doors of the bed-chamber were thrown open, and we all walked in in procession, quaffing a goblet of Champagne to the health of the parties, kissing the bride's hands, who returned the salutations on our cheeks, and embracing *à la Francaise* the cheeks of the bridegroom, who luckily, in the present instance, had neither the Russian beard nor the modern English whiskers. With one voice we then wished the happy pair a hearty blessing, and withdrew, when the doors were closed. The company gradually dispersed. Dinners and dancing went on for three successive days. On the first of these I attended for a few minutes, being determined to satisfy my curiosity to the last. I had, however, to pay for this indulgence, having been compelled, by immemorial usage, on entering the room, to drink a bumper of the sparkling juice to the dregs in honour of the bride, to undergo the same ceremony of bride and bridegroom's salutation, and to whirl half a round of a waltz with the former. But I had made up my mind to bear even worse *inconveniences* than these, should it have been necessary, rather than forego the advantage of judging for myself of the truth or falsehood of the many exaggerated and fanciful descriptions given by travellers of a Russian wedding. To complete this account of what I *witnessed*, I should add, that on the eighth day, the happy pair attended once more at the church, for the ceremony of "dissolving the crowns," which is performed by the priest, with appropriate prayers, in allusion to the rites of matrimony.

The Anecdote Gallery.

DOCTOR PARR.

DR. PARR'S nature was highly social; and he almost always spent his evenings in the company of his family and his domestic visiters, or in that of some neighbouring friends. He was fond of the pleasures of the table; and probably, in the course of the whole year, few days passed in which he did not meet some social party, round the festive board, either at home or abroad. At such times his dress was in complete contrast with the costume of the morning, for he appeared in a well-powdered wig, and always wore his band and cassock. On extraordinary occasions he was arrayed in a full-dress suit of black velvet, of the cut of the old times, when his appearance was imposing and dignified.

After dinner, but not often till the ladies were about to retire, he claimed, in all companies, his privilege of smoking, as a right not to be disputed; since, he said, it was a condition, "no pipe, no Parr," previously known, and peremptorily imposed on all who desired his acquaintance. Speaking of the honour once conferred upon him, of being invited to dinner at Carlton-house, he always mentioned, with evident satisfaction, the kind condescension of his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who was pleased to insist upon his taking his pipe as usual. Of the Duke of Sussex, in whose mansion he was not unfrequently a visiter, he used to tell, with exulting pleasure, that his Royal Highness not only allowed him to smoke, but smoked with him. He often represented it as an instance of the homage which rank and beauty delight to pay to talents and learning, that ladies of the highest stations condescended to the office of lighting his pipe. He appeared to no advantage, however, in his custom of demanding the service of holding the lighted paper to his pipe from the youngest female who happened to be present; and who was, often, by the freedom of his remarks, or by the gaze of the company, painfully disconcerted. This troublesome ceremony, in his later years, he wisely discarded.

The reader will probably recollect, in the well-known story, his reply to the lady by whom he had been hospitably entertained, but who refused to allow him the indulgence of his pipe. In vain he pleaded that such indulgence had always been kindly granted in the mansions of the highest nobility, and even in the presence and in the palace of his sovereign. "Madam," said Dr. Parr to the lady, who still remained inexorable, "you must give me leave to tell you, you are the greatest—" whilst she, fearful of what might follow, earnestly interposed, and begged that he would express no rudeness —"Madam," resumed Dr. Parr, speaking loud, and looking stern, "I must take leave to tell you, you are the greatest—tobacco-stopper in England." This sally produced a loud laugh; and having enjoyed the effects of his wit, he found himself obliged to retire, in order to enjoy the pleasures of his pipe.

Dr. Parr was accustomed to amuse himself in the evening with cards, of which the old English game of whist was his favourite. But no entreaties could induce him to depart from a resolution, which he adopted early in life, of never playing, in any company whatever, for more than a nominal stake. Upon one occasion only, he had been persuaded,

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contrary to his rule, to play with the late Bishop Watson for a shilling, which he won. Pushing it carefully to the bottom of his pocket, and placing his hand upon it, with a kind of mock solemnity, "There, my Lord Bishop," said he, "this is a trick of the devil; but I'll match him: so now, if you please, we will play for a penny;" and this was ever after the amount of his stake. He was not, on that account, at all the less ardent in the prosecution, or the less joyous in the success, of the rubber. He had a high opinion of his own skill in this game, and could not very patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party, in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned? when he replied, "Pretty well, Madam, considering that I have three adversaries!"

Even ladies were not spared, who incurred his displeasure, either by pertinacious adherence to the wrong in opinion, or by deficiency of attention to the right and the amiable in conduct. To one, who had violated, as he thought, some of the little rules of propriety, he said, "Madam, your father was a gentlemen, and I thought that his daughter might have been a lady." To another, who had held out in argument against him, not very powerfully, and rather too perseveringly, and who had closed the debate by saying, "Well, Dr. Parr, I still maintain my opinion." He replied, "Madam, you may, if you please, *retain* your opinion, but you cannot *maintain* it."

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

OBSTINATE PUN.

Aliquid is mater unite dextra ordinari lato he at.

A liquid is matter united extraordinarily to heat.

A WORTHY Cambrian at the recent Eisteddfod, or Welsh Musical Festival, after staying a short time at the concert, walked off, shaking his head, exclaiming, "I like singing and drinking by turns—here it is all sing and no drink—that will never do."

PARISIAN MARRIAGE MART.

AMONG the curious institutions in Paris, is an establishment by a marriage negotiator, by means of which persons who are seeking for wives are enabled to view all the females upon his list, who are placed in different rooms with glazed doors, so classed as to give an easy reference to the particulars on his books, as to their ages, fortunes, and qualifications. When the inspector is satisfied with these particulars, and with the personal appearance, an interview takes place, and the bargain is struck.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL has addressed a letter to a Scotch newspaper, stating that the story of his *walking* 16,000 miles in fifteen months, is a hoax—the whole journey being performed in land conveyances and steam-vessels! Not a line is written of the "Book" of these exploits, said to be "in the press;" the latter is by no means so great a blunder as the former.

A FACETIOUS *gourmand* suggests that the old story of "lighting a candle to the devil," or as it has been corrupted, "*holding* a candle to the devil," probably arose from the adage of "GOD sends meat, and the devil sends cooks,"—and was an offering to his Infernal Majesty, by some epicure who was in want of a cook.

GERMAN MODE OF PREVENTING TIPPLING.

THE following is a late order from the mayor of a department in the Isere:—"All persons drinking and tippling upon Sundays and holidays, in coffee-houses, &c. during the celebration of mass or vespers, are hereby authorized to depart without paying for what they have had."

*** ERRATA at page 169—for *Quoites* read *Quoties*, and in the same line insert hyphen—thus, *mori-*.

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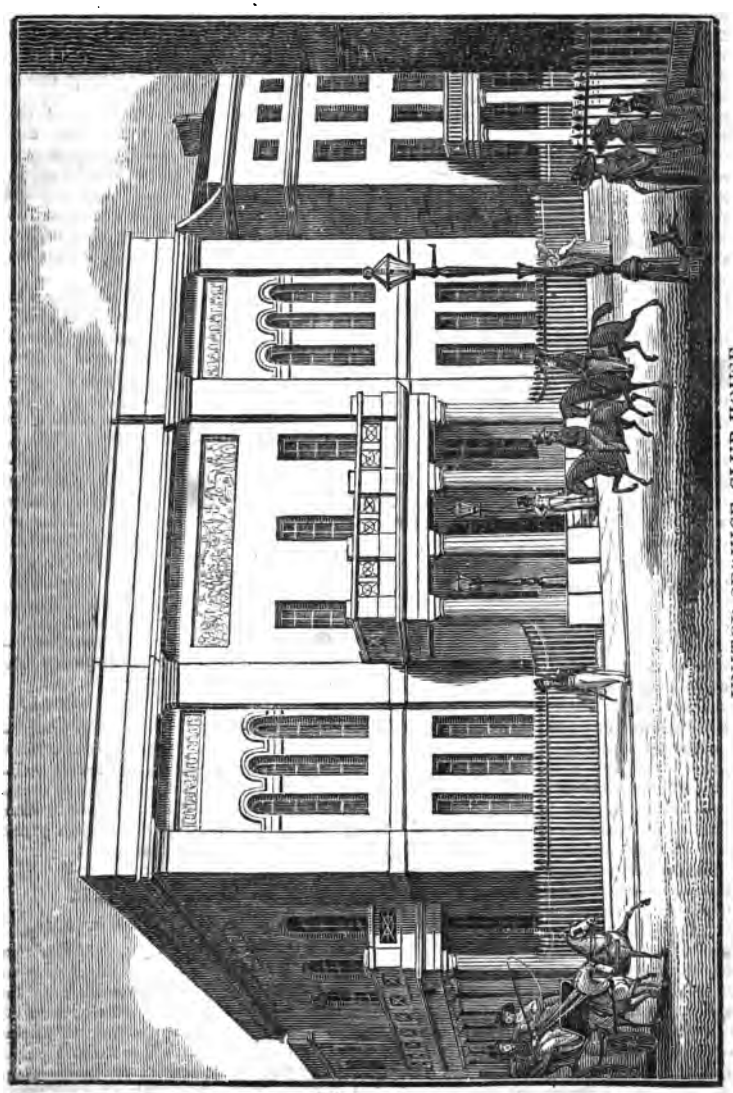
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 334.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1828. [PRICE 2d.



UNITED SERVICE CLUB-HOUSE.

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UNITED SERVICE CLUB-HOUSE.

MODERN club-houses are, for the most part, splendid specimens of the style which luxury and good-living have attained in this country. Such are their internal recommendations; but to the public they are interesting for the architectural embellishment which they add to the streets of the metropolis. If we reason on Bishop Berkeley's theory—that all the mansions, equipages, &c. we see abroad, are intended for our gratification—we must soon forget the turtle, venison, and claret that are stored in the larders and cellars of club-houses, whilst our admiration is awakened at the taste which is lavished on their exteriors.

The "United Service" Club-House is, as its name implies, intended for the Officers of the Army and Navy, who, in these pacific times, may here enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, and fill up the intervals of refection, in reading the "history of the war," from the noble quarto to the last dispatches received at the Foreign Office.

The above Club-House, which occupies an angle of Charles-street and Regent-street, is, however, but a meagre specimen of the abilities of the architect, Mr. Smirke. It has none of the characteristic decorations of either service, if we except the bas-relief on the entrance-front in Charles-street, which represents Britannia distributing laurels to her brave sons by land and sea. The architecture of the whole is cold and unfeeling, and even the columns supporting the porticoes are of a very rigid order—when we consider that the club-house is not an official establishment, but one intended for luxurious accommodation, and that it would have admitted of much more florid embellishment. At the same time, although we quarrel with the frigidity of the exterior, we do not question the warmth of its kitchens, or the potency of its cellars; neither do we affect any knowledge of the latter—nay, not even enough to weave into a "fashionable" novel.

A new mansion is building for the United Service Club, on the site of Carlton House, under the superintendance of Mr. Nash, and which, with another new club-house for the Athenæum, will form an entrance to the new square opposite Waterloo-Place. The taste of the sword and pen does not, however, agree, and their buildings are dissimilar. In the United Service Club are two rooms of 150 feet by 50, the floors of which are constructed of cast-iron girders. At the back of these club-houses will be a large ornamental garden.

FUNERAL GARLANDS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE primitive Christians censured a practice prevalent among the Romans, of decorating a corpse, previous to interment or combustion, with garlands and flowers. Their reprehension extended also to a periodical custom of placing the "first-fruits of Flora" on their graves and tombs. Thus Anchises, in Dryden's Virgil, *Æneid*, book 6, says,

"Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with *funeral flowers* his body strew—
This gift, which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift I may bestow."

Notwithstanding the anathemas of the church, these simple, interesting, and harmless (if not laudable) practices still remain. The early customs and features of all nations approximate; and whether the following traits, which a friend has kindly obliged me with, are relics of Roman introduction, or national, I leave the antiquary to decide.

On Palm Sunday, in several villages in South Wales, a custom prevails of cleaning the grave-stones of departed friends and acquaintances, and ornamenting them with flowers, &c. On the Saturday preceding, a troop of servant girls go to the churchyard with pails and brushes, to renovate the various mementos of affection, clean the letters, and take away the weeds. The next morning their young mistresses attend, with the gracefulness of innocence in their countenances, and the roses of health and beauty blooming on their cheeks. According to their fancy, and according to the state of the season, they place on the stones snow-drops, crocuses, lilies of the valley, and roses.

A sacrifice such as this, so pure, so innocent, so expressive, is surely acceptable to the great God of nature.

QUÆSITOR.

*** To our Correspondent's communication, which is worthy of record, from its originality, we could add many well-authenticated accounts of the rite of decorating graves, &c. There is in our drawer an interesting paper on the subject; but we give *Quæsitor* the priority.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

To the curious among the perusers of the MIRROR, it may not be uninteresting to know that a beautiful impression may be taken on paper of the reticulated web of the *field-spider*, by sprinkling it finely with any dark-coloured liquid, and placing the paper intended for the impression behind the web, and drawing it gently to-

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wards you. I do not know of what ingredients bookbinders' blue-sprinkle is made, but it seems to absorb the gelatinous matter of which the web is composed. The idea that an impression might be produced in this manner, was suggested to me by observing the dew on the web in the morning.

Rugby. W. I. T.

*** Our ingenious Correspondent has, on the fly-leaf of his letter, furnished us with the impression of a web, as a proof of the practicability of the above.

ATAR GUL.

(For the Mirror.)

WHO hath not inhaled with ecstasy the delicious, the heavenly odour of "the Atar Gul, more precious than gold?" Who hath not in fancy wandered, as he inspired it, to the terrestrial paradise from whence it is procured? And who that knew not how so volatile an essence was collected, hath not marvelled, over the enjoyment of Otto of Roses? Persia, Turkey, and Egypt, are the principal countries in which it is manufactured, and the Atar of Persia is generally allowed to be the most superior, and the most difficult to be obtained genuine. The rose of Cashmire is proverbial throughout the east for its brilliancy and fragrance; and "the Roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled; mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon." I transcribe from a published account in my possession, the method of obtaining Atar Gul in the *east* (for I have heard that some *English* chemists have endeavoured to procure it from *English* roses,) merely begging to observe that it exactly corresponds with that given to me by a gentleman who had witnessed the process in Egypt.

"*Otto of Roses.*—The usual method of making it is, to gather the roses with their calyces, and put them into a still with nearly double their weight of pure spring water; which, when sufficiently distilled, will be highly scented with roses; this is then poured into shallow vessels and exposed to the nocturnal air. Next morning, the *Atar*, or *essential oil* of the flowers is found swimming in small congealed particles on the surface of the water; it is carefully collected and preserved in small glass bottles."* A hundred pounds of the flowers scarcely afford in India two drachms of essential oil. "Cen tlivres de petales de Roses," says a French chemist, "N'en fournissent par la distillation que *quatre* drachmes." Tachenius from the same quantity obtained half an ounce, and Hoffman a much larger proportion. The trials of other chemists have been attended with various results. It is most difficult to procure the *genuine* Otto of Roses, since even in the countries where it is made, the distillers are tempted to put sandal wood, scented grasses, and other oily plants into the still with the roses, which alter their perfume, and debase the value of the Atar; colour is no test of genuineness; green, amber, and light red or pink. The hues of the *real* otto, are also those of the adulterated; the presence of the sandal wood may be detected by the simple sense of smelling; but in order to discover the union of a grosser oil with the *essential*, drop a very little otto on a piece of clean writing paper, and hold it to the fire; if the article is *genuine*, it will evaporate without leaving a mark on the paper, so ethereal is the *essential oil of roses!* if otherwise, a grease-spot will declare the imposition. I need scarcely expatiate upon the delicate and long-continuing fragrance which this luxuriant perfume imparts to all things with which it comes in contact; it is peculiarly calculated for the drawer, writing-desk, &c. since its aroma is totally unmingled with that most disagreeable effluvium, which is ever proceeding from alcohol. Lavender-water, *esprit* de rose &c. &c. are quite disgusting shut up in box or drawer, but the Atar Gul, is as delightful there as in the most open and airy space. Some persons there are, however, who have an antipathy to it, and others will, as they inhale its delicious odour, fancy with myself, what may be

THE SONG OF THE ATAR GUL!

I'm come! I'm come! for you've charm'd me here
Soul of the Rose, from divine Cashmire
I'm come,—all orient, odorous, rare,
An Eden-breath in your boreal air;

* Having, not long since, purchased a bottle of Persian Otto, warranted *genuine*, (as is all) I laid it carefully by, wrapped thickly round with cotton wool; the Atar which was certainly excellent, was in a curious bottle of rough misshapen workmanship, but ornamented with sundry circles, and lozenges, of various coloured glass. I was inclined to regard this bottle as a more *genuine* specimen of oriental art, than one of those, which, enamelled with gold, stands forth in its way an *elegant* of the first water, and I hoped to have kept it long. On visiting my Otto shortly afterwards, I found that not only had it *all* evaporated, but destroyed its receptacle. Its *strength* (I conclude) had dissolved the cement of the aforesaid coloured bits of glass, and left me only an empty and *plain* bottle, the ugliest of the ugly. I mention this circumstance as a *caution* to amateurs in Atar Gul.

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I'm come. I'm come! like a seraph's sigh*
Breath'd to ethereal minstrelsy,
And well ye'll deem what a sigh must be
From the tearless heirs of eternity!

I've fled my bright frame from Tirnagh's stream,
And, wand'ring here, am sweet as the dream
Of passion, which stirs the Peri's breast,
Whom her dear one's winglets fan to rest;
I've dwelt i' the rose-cup, and drunk the tone—
Of my lover the Bulbul, all low and lone;
And the maid's soul-song, who forth hath crept,
When pale stars peer'd, and night flow'rs wept.

But oh! from the songs of Cashmire's vale,
The rose, the lute, and the nightingale,
From flow'rs, whose odours were *too* divine;
From gems of beauty whose souls were mine;
From floating eyes, that could wound, yet bless,
In their warm, dark, deep, voluptuousness;
I'm come, in young iv'ry breasts to lie,
Betray'd like Love, by my luscious sigh!

I'm come, and my holy, rich, perfume
Makes faint your roses of palest bloom;
Soul, as *I* am, of an orient gem,
My aroma's too divine for them;
I'm come! but mine odorous, elfin wing
Rises from earth, and that one fair thing
First Love's *first* sigh, which ye know to be,
More exquisite, and more brief than *me!*

M. L. B.

SHOOTING AT THE POPINJAY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Popinjay or Popingo (signifying painted bird) is a very favourite and popular diversion in Denmark, and of which it may be interesting to give some account. A society is constituted of various members, called the "King's Shooting Club," who have a code of laws and regulations drawn up for their observance; and are under the direction of nine managers. The entrance-money is 60 dollars. Members are admitted by ballot, and on election receive a diploma on parchment, with the seal of the society.

The meetings are held in a large building in the environs, and members are decorated with an order or badge of distinction, which is the figure of a gilded bird with outstretched wings, perching on a branch of laurel. This is worn on the left breast, and attached to a button-hole of the waistcoat by a green silk riband. On the breast are marked the letters "*D. C.*" meaning "*Danish Company.*" On one side of the branch is the date 1542, and on the other 1739.* In the month of August, when the amusement commences, the members meet in their hall, and proceed in formal procession to an adjoining field on the western side of the city; where arrangements are previously made for the numerous spectators. The bird to be shot at is about the size of a parrot, gilded, and placed on the top of a high pole. On their way to the field they are attended by a band of music, which precedes the members as they march with their pieces over their shoulders.

According to a law of the institution, the competitors fire at this mark with large rifle pieces charged with balls, and rested on triangular stands. Whoever is so fortunate as to strike the wing of the Popingo first, is entitled to a prize. This is sometimes a pair of handsome candlesticks, or a silver tea-pot and spoons. Whoever hits the tail is entitled to another prize not inferior to the last; but he who wounds the body of the bird is complimented with the principal one which weighs at least 65 ounces of silver, and is honoured with the title of the "BIRD KING." These prizes are surmounted with the royal cipher and crown. His Danish majesty opens this ceremony in person, and is entitled to the first shot, and the queen to the second, then they are followed by the other branches of the royal family in succession. The firing continues until the bird falls. In returning to the hall, the "Bird King," accompanied by the procession, first enters the room, and is placed at the head of the table laid out for an entertainment, even in the presence of his majesty. On this occasion he is understood to be invested with peculiar privileges, such as proposing toasts, directing the order of the feast, &c. and his own health is first given by the judges. The members pay 100 dollars each. The festival is honoured by the presence of the royal family, and no person excepting the members, the foreign ministers, and other distinguished persons, who are specially invited, can be admitted.

The practice of shooting at the Popingo or Popinjay, however, is not peculiar to Denmark. In Scotland a nearly similar amusement is observed, where the head marksman receives the title of "Captain." In a future paper, perhaps, I may notice the subject again, as it may prove interesting. W. H. H.

* I imagine this to mean the time of the introduction of the sport, and the year when the company was instituted.

IMMENSE TROUT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN No. 331 of the MIRROR, I observed an article on Trout-fishing in Westmoreland. The writer states, that the largest trout ever caught in that county weighed four pounds and a half. This circum-

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stance induces me to send you the annexed account respecting trout in Kent.

The county of Kent affords a vast number of trout-streams, which are nowhere surpassed in England; and fish of extraordinary size and beauty have frequently been caught in them. Some years ago, at Farningham, (a village through which a noble trout-stream takes its course), stood a flour-mill, the proprietor of which informed my father, that he had often observed an enormous trout in the stream, near the mill-head, and that he would endeavour to catch it, in order to ascertain its real dimensions, as he was very desirous to have a picture done from it. My father having consented to undertake the picture, the proprietor caused the trout, though with much difficulty, to be caught in a stub-net. It appeared of a most beautiful colour, and was finely variegated with spots; but it possessed such exceeding strength, that the assistance of two men was necessary to hold it down on a table while the measurement was made. It proved to be twenty-six inches in length, and weighed *nine pounds*. The proprietor returned it to the water unhurt, for he would by no means suffer it to be killed, but caused food from time to time to be thrown into the stream. This food chiefly consisted of meal and flour, made into small balls, which allured the trout to remain near the mill-head. When the particulars concerning this remarkable fish were circulated, many persons came from different parts of Kent, and even from London, to obtain a sight of it.

Numerous individuals now living at Farningham can attest the truth of this account; and, probably, the painting may still be seen at that place.

September 20, 1828. G. W. N.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BROOK.

(For the Mirror.)

SUR UN RUISSEAU.

Coule gentil ruisseau, sous cet épais feuillage;
Ton bruit charme les sens—il attendrit le cœur.
Coule gentil ruisseau, car ton cours est l'image
D'un beau jour écoulé dans le sein du bonheur.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

IMITATED FROM THE ABOVE.

FLOW, gentle stream, thy course pursue
Beneath the shade of waving bowers,
Where sunbeams lightly glancing through,
The dew-drops kiss from off the flowers.

Thy murmurs charm the list'ning ear,
And soothe the senses to repose—
No wayward passion rages here,
The heart no throbbing tumult knows.

Thy waters, as they glide along,
Reflect but images of peace;
Emblem of days, too swiftly flown,
Pass'd in the midst of happiness.

Flow on, fair stream, thy course pursue
Beneath the shade of waving bowers,
Where sunbeams lightly glancing through
Kiss the bright dew from off the flowers.

S. N.

NATIONAL VARIETIES.

(Continued from page 165.)

IT is almost impossible to lay down any rule which would define the variations of national manners as having any reference to climate. We frequently find that the passage of a river, or a chain of mountains, dividing countries of the same natural features, brings us among an entirely new people, and presents us with a fresh scene in the melo-drama of life. The inhabitants of Languedoc and Gascony, and the southern parts of France, are the gayest and most lively of the subjects of Charles X.; but the moment we have crossed the Pyrenees, we are among one of the gravest nations in the world, the Spaniards. Again, contrast the solemnity and deep sense of honour of the Turks, with the vivacity and, we regret to add, the deceit and bad faith of the unfortunate modern Greeks. The virtuous spirit will, we trust, revive in the Morea with the return of civilization and freedom; for, as no one will attribute the degradation of the modern Greeks from the high moral cultivation of their ancestors, to any alteration in the climate of their country, so let us never despair of the return of virtue, of poetry, of the arts and sciences, whilst Parnassus and Helicon still enjoy the same glorious sun, and whilst the Isles are still gilded by eternal summer. We want no proofs that patriotism still lives in Greece, and with that feeling will ever be associated the powers that are able to invigorate a nation.

Although a mountainous country like Greece, situated in the loveliest climate in the world, must of course have some effect on the spirit of the people, yet the degree of it seems extremely uncertain. The Swiss seem in a great measure to have lost their renown for patriotism, by their slavish submissions to foreign yokes during the late war, and by the apathy with which they allow their rights to be trampled on at this day by a tyrannical aristocracy at home. There is now a proverb of "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse!*"—a melancholy reflection for a land where Tell drew his unerring shaft in the cause of freedom—where, so late as 1798, a patriot of the canton of Schwyz concluded an address with these words:—"The dew of the mountain may still,

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moisten its verdure—the sweets of the valley may still shed their fragrance around you—the purple grape may still mingle with the green vine—the note of the maiden may still sound sweetly to the ear of her lover—the soft cry of the infant charm the feelings of the father—the confiding wife may yet gladden the home of her husband—but the heart of man will be rotten—the spirit of your ancestors extinguished—Switzerland no more, if you submit to the French. If you love your country, and value your honour, be men, and resist. If not, prove cowards, and obey."

Patriotism, however, does not confine itself to mountains, as witness the history of the ancient and modern republics of Italy; of the resistance of Holland and Belgium to their oppressors; of the English and French revolutions. It is unnecessary to look across the Atlantic, to prove the existence of the pure plant in its most healthy and vigorous growth. The new world is dedicated to the cause of liberty, and from that good seed is now springing forth fruit an hundred fold; the progress of civilization, of knowledge, of virtue, and happiness in the United States, is, by every recent traveller there, proved to be immense. The example of her own children is becoming an additional security for right principles to the mother country; and long may it so continue:

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

We cannot even contend that the sun has the effect of inflaming the imaginations of men, and infusing into them either vivacity or a poetic spirit. The French, Greeks, Egyptians, and Persians are all remarkable for gaiety; while the Spaniards, Turks, and Chinese, the latitudes of whose countries vary but little, are noted for a grave and serious deportment. The land that has given birth to Shakspeare and Milton has no reason to complain of the want of warmth of imagination. Klopstock and Goëthe,—the latter now allowed to be first of the living poets,—are instances of the wide range of the spirit of poetry. Shall we, who have seen Byron writing, as it were, in the midst of us, yield assent to calling Greece and Italy the countries of imagination, *par excellence*, because they have produced Homer and Dante? Assuredly not. We cannot even admit, as a general proposition, that the languages of the south are always the smoothest and most melodious, and the northern ones harsh, and not adapted for music. The liquid, smooth, and effeminate language of modern Italy is totally different from the strong, energetic, and harsh Latin used by the ancient Romans. The Arabic will be immediately admitted, by any who has heard a page of it read, to be extremely uncouth and disagreeable. The Russian, on the contrary, is soft and musical. And to recur to a more familiar instance, we shall find the Welsh tongue, on examination, to be in fact very poetic, and peculiarly capable of giving force and expression—whether of grandeur, of terror, or of melody—to the idea the words are intended to convey. Let the reader who understands the Welsh pronunciation judge whether the following distich is not an echo to, and as it were a picture of, the sense of the majestic sound of thunder:—

"Tân a dwr yn ymwriaw,
Ywr taranau dreigiau draw."

The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
Is water warring with aërial fire.

The next specimen will show the capability of the Welsh to express soft and melodious sounds:—

"Mae mil o leisiau melusos,
Mal mêl o hyd ym mola hon."

The mellifluence of these lines, written on a harp, is totally lost in the translation:—

Within the concave of its womb is found
The magic scale of soul-enchanting sound.

The best illustration of the comparative degree of mental excellence between the southern and northern nations, is, perhaps, that of Bishop Berkeley, who compares the southern wits to cucumbers, which are commonly all good of their kind, but at best an insipid fruit; while the northern geniuses are like melons, of which not one in fifty is good; but when it is so, it has an excellent relish. Now it is not probable that the same climate which is favourable to the study of the sciences and to the reasoning powers, would prevent their being pushed to the utmost extent; and the solution of this difference may, perhaps, depend on the question, whether a general diffusion of learning among a people is a state of things usually accompanied by a remarkable perfection in particular persons. A man of ordinary acquirements in the present day might have passed for a prodigy in the thirteenth century; and the novelty and distinction attaching to one who rises above the rest, is, of course, more difficult to attain in an age where knowledge is possessed universally. Inasmuch, therefore, as the liberal arts have been imported to us from the south, and their progress is as yet not so extensive in cold countries, the stimulus to their cultivation in the latter is so much the greater; which

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is one way of accounting for the giants in science that have appeared in the north. It is moreover remarkable, that the northern nations have a stronger apprehension of abstract propositions, and a greater fondness for generalizing, than seems to be the case in the south. The difference between a Frenchman and a German is observable in this particular, by any one who attends to their manner of telling stories. The former, in giving you an account of his being robbed by a servant to whom he had been particularly kind, first tells you the facts, and concludes with a reflection, "*Voila que le monde est ingrât!*" The German, on the other hand, in order to prove to you the general proposition of the unthankfulness of men to their benefactors, gives you the instance that has recently happened. To the one, the fact is interesting, because it proves the proposition; to the other, the proposition is a conclusion, which he hastily draws from an individual occurrence that has suggested it.

The climate does not appear to affect even the bodies of men to any great degree. We cannot pronounce that it is the sun which makes the African black, when we see the same heat pouring down on the copper-coloured American, in the same degree of latitude, though in another longitude. The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego are of a very dark hue, approaching to black; and yet that island experiences as severe cold as any part of the earth, as Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander have testified. The complexion and appearance of the Jews, and other emigratory races, is the same in all parts of the world. And a stronger proof cannot be given, than the marked distinction which still exists among the three great families that divide Europe. These three have been for the last 2,500 years, and still are, the Celts, the Teutonic race, and the Slavonic race.

The Celts have black hair and eyes, and a white skin, verging to brown. They chiefly inhabit the west of Europe, viz. the south of France, (called by M. Dupin, *France obscure*,) Spain, Portugal, and the greatest part of Italy. To them also belong the ancient Britons, the Welsh, Bretons, Irish, Highland Scotch, and the Manks, or people of the Isle of Man. The great German race, with blue eyes, yellow or reddish hair, and a fair and red skin, occupies the middle of Europe. It includes the Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, Danes, ancient and modern Germans, Saxons and English, Caledonians and Lowland Scotch, the Belgians, the Vandals, and the Goths.

The east of Europe contains the Sarmatian and Slavonic tribes, with dark hair and eyes, darker skin than the Germans, and larger limbs than the Celts. This race includes the Russians, Poles, Croats, Slavons, Bohemians, Bulgarians, Cossacks, and other tribes using the Slavonic language.

We trust we shall not give offence to such of our readers as wear the Celtic appearance, if we assume, as undisputed, the general superiority of the Teutonic to the Celtic or Slavonic races in mental acquirements. We believe that the German race are pre-eminent for their sense of order, of law, and of social institutions; and whether they derive these advantages from the east, whence their origin has now been satisfactorily traced, or however they have attained them, we have only to reflect on the civilization introduced by the Saxons into England—on the actual state of the ancient Britons at present inhabiting Wales and the Highlands—and on the terrible disorder and barbarism that reigns in Ireland—to be thankful that the pure Celtic blood has not been allowed to remain unmixed in these islands.

What, then, it will be asked, is the result of these speculations? Are we to conclude that the races of men are essentially different, or that the variations are attributable to the various degrees of moral cultivation that each nation has received? And our answer is, that we are inclined to believe the capacities for improvement of races, as of individuals, to have been differently bestowed by nature; but that none are actually incapable of culture. There is no land, however sterile, that the art of man may not make to produce fruit; but the difficulty and expense of tillage must be in proportion to the intrinsic richness or poverty of the soil. We fear that the soil of the Negroes,* of the American Indians, and of the Esquimaux, must be laboured at early and late, before it brings forth even an average crop. But we do not despair even here. Still less could we for a moment depreciate the labours of those who are carrying education to the utmost bounds of the earth. The more degraded and stupid the condition of any set of people may be, the more meritorious and thankworthy are those efforts that are made to advance them one point nearer to the heavens—one step above the beasts that perish. The advancement of Hayti, though much overrated, is nevertheless considerable; and we trust that national independence

* The idea of the ancient Egyptians, as mentioned by Herodotus, having been of the same family as the Negroes, is now completely refuted by the inquiries of Cuvier and other naturalists. The examinations of mummies have been highly useful in setting this question at rest.

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will co-operate there also with the progress of learning, for the increase of happiness and prosperity. A free government, high public spirit, and an eager desire for wisdom are permanent securities for the welfare of the state, and the happiness of the citizens; and though we cannot control nature, let us endeavour by art to supply what is wanting, where her bounty has been limited; "let us," in the words of Lord Bacon, "labour to restore and enlarge the power and dominion of the whole race of man over the universe of things!" D.

MORTON BRIDGE.

A BALLAD.

(For the Mirror.)

The remorseless tragedy on which this ballad is founded, took place upwards of a century ago. In the retired village of Romanby, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, there resided a desperate band of coiners, whose respectability and cunning concealment precluded all possibility of suspicion as to their proceedings. The victim of their revenge was Mary Ward, the servant of one of those ruffians. Having obtained an accidental view of some secret apartments appropriated to their treasonable practices, she unguardedly communicated her knowledge to an acquaintance; which reaching her master's ears, he determined to destroy her. The most plausible story, time, and means were selected for this purpose. On a Sunday evening, after sunset, an unknown personage on horseback arrived at her master's mansion, half equipped, to give colour to his alleged haste, and stated that he was dispatched for Mary, as *her mother was dying*. She lingered to ask her master's permission; but he feigned sleep, and she departed without his leave. On the table of her room was her Bible, opened at those remarkable words in Job, "They shall seek me *in the morning*, and shall not find me; and where I am, they shall not come." Her home was at the distance of eight miles from Romanby; and Morton Bridge, hard by the heath where she was murdered, is the traditionary scene of her nocturnal revisitings. The author has seen the tree said to have been distorted by her in endeavouring to climb the fence; and has visited the village and bridge, from which his descriptions are accurately taken. The impression of her re-appearance is only *poetically* assumed, for there is too much of what Coleridge would term "the divinity of nature" around Morton Bridge, to warrant its association with supernatural mysteries.

Oh! sights are seen, and sounds are heard,
On Morton Bridge, at night,
When to the woods the cheerful birds
Have ta'en their silent flight.

When through the mantle of the sky
No cheering moonbeams delve,
And the far village clock hath told
The midnight hour of twelve.

Then o'er the lonely path is heard
The sigh of sable trees,
With deadly moan of suffring strife
Borne on the solemn breeze—

For Mary's spirit wanders there,
In snowy robe array'd,
To tell each trembling villager
Where sleeps the murder'd maid.

It was a Sabbath's eve of love,
When nature seem'd more holy;
And nought in life was dull, but she
Whose look was melancholy.

She lean'd her tear-stain'd cheek of health
Upon her lily arm;
Poor, hapless girl! she could not tell
What caus'd her wild alarm.

Around the roses of her face
Her flaxen ringlets fell;
No lovelier bosom than her own
Could guiltless sorrow swell!

The holy book before her lay,
That boon to mortals given,
To teach the way from weeping earth
To ever-glorious heaven;

And Mary read prophetic words,
That whisper'd of her doom—
"Oh! they will search for me, but where
I am, they cannot come!"

The tears forsook her gentle eyes,
And wet the sacred lore;
And such a terror shook her frame,
She ne'er had known before.

She ceas'd to weep, but deeper gloom
Her tearless musing brought;
And darker wan'd the evening hour,
And darker Mary's thought.

The sun, he set behind the hills,
And threw his fading fire
On mountain rock and village home,
And lit the distant spire.

(Sweet fane of truth and mercy! where
The tombs of other years
Discourse of virtuous life and hope,
And tell of by-gone tears!)

It was a night of nature's calm,
For earth and sky were still;
And childhood's revelry was o'er,
Upon the daisied hill.

The ale-house, with its gilded sign,
Hung on the beechen bough,
Was mute within, and tranquilly
The hamlet-stream did flow.

The room where sat this grieving girl
Was one of ancient years;
Its antique state was well display'd
To conjure up her fears;

With massy walls of sable oak,
And roof of quaint design,
And lattic'd window, darkly hid
By rose and eglantine.

The summer moon now sweetly shone
All softly and serene;
She clos'd the casement tremblingly
Upon the beauteous scene.

Above that carved mantle hung,
Clad in the garb of gloom,
A painting of rich feudal state,—
An old baronial room.

The Norman windows scarcely cast
A light upon the wall,
Where shone the shields of warrior knights
Within the lonely hall.

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And, pendent from each rusty nail,
Helmet and steely dress,
With bright and gilded morion,
To grace that dim recess.

Then Mary thought upon each tale
Of terrible romance;—
The lady in the lonely tower—
The murd'rer's deadly glance—

And moon-lit groves in pathless woods,
Where shadows nightly sped;
Her fancy could not leave the realms
Of darkness and the dead.

There stood a messenger without,
Beside her master's gate,
Who, till his thirsty horse had drunk,
Would hardly deign to wait.

The mansion rung with Mary's name,
For dreadful news he bore—
A dying mother wish'd to look
Upon her child once more.

The words were, "Haste, ere life be gone;"
Then was she quickly plac'd
Behind him on the hurrying steed,
Which soon the woods retrac'd.

Now they have pass'd o'er Morton Bridge,
While smil'd the moon above
Upon the ruffian and his prey—
The hawk and harmless dove.

The towering elms divide their tops;
And now a dismal heath
Proclaims her "final doom" is near
The awful hour of death!

The villain check'd his weary horse,
And spoke of trust betray'd:
And Mary's heart grew sick with fright,
As, answering, thus she said—

"Oh! kill me not until I see
My mother's face again!
Ride on, in mercy, horseman, ride,
And let us reach the lane!

"There slay me by my mother's door,
And I will pray for thee—
For she shall find her daughter's corse"—
"No, girl, it cannot be.

"This heath thou shalt not cross, for soon
Its earth will hide thy form;
That babbling tongue of thine shall make
A morsel for the worm!"

She leap'd upon the ling-clad heath,
And, nerv'd with phrensied fear,
Pursued her slippery way across,
Until the wood was near.

But nearer still *two* fiends appear'd,
Like hunters of the fawn,
Who cast their cumb'ring cloaks away,
Beside that forest lone;

And bounded swifter than the maid,
Who nearly 'scap'd their wrath,
For well she knew that woody glade,
And every hoary path,

Obscur'd by oak and hazel bush,
Where milk-maid's merry song
Had often charm'd her lover's ear,
Who blest her silv'ry tongue.

But Mary miss'd the woodland stile—
The hedge-row was not high;
She gain'd its prickly top, and now
Her murderers were nigh.

A slender tree her fingers caught—
It bent beneath her weight;
'Twas false as love and Mary's fate!
Deceiving as the night!

She fell—and villagers relate
No more of Mary's hour,
But how she rose with deadly might,
And, with a maniac's power,

Fought with her murd'rers till they broke
Her slender arm in twain:
That none could e'er discover where
The maiden's corse was lain.

When wand'ring by that noiseless wood,
Forsaken by the bee,
Each rev'rend chronicler displays
The bent and treach'rous tree.

Pointing the barkless spot to view,
Which Mary's hand embrac'd,
They shake their hoary locks, and say,
"It ne'er can be effac'd!"

**H.

Spirit of Discovery.

Tanning.

THE tanner steeps the skin at first in a weak infusion of bark, until it has acquired a nutmeg brown colour, and then he gradually increases the strength of the steeping liquors, and after a time he draws the skin out, and finds that it is converted into leather. A thick piece of hide requires ten, twelve, or fourteen months, to be converted into good leather; and when you consider the length of time consumed in the process, and the great capital necessarily employed, you cannot feel surprised that various plans should have been proposed to lessen both. It was proposed to tan with warm instead of cold liquors; and although the tan appeared to promote the skins in a shorter time, the quality of the leather was so much injured, that it was soon given up. Then it was tried to force the tan through the pores of the skin, by employing great pressure; but this was not found to answer. But you may ask why the tanner does not put the skins at once into a strong liquor? The reason is, that the exterior surface of the skin would soon become tanned, and the central part would remain untanned, which, in a short time, would begin to rot and decay, and the leather so treated would soon fall to pieces. The tanner, therefore, judges of the perfection of the tanning by cutting through the leather; and if he finds it of an uniform brown colour, without any white streak in the centre, he considers that the process has been successfully conducted. It would

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require much time to describe all the operations of the *tan-yard*, but many of them are interesting, as regards the chemical agents employed. I might have mentioned to you, that the mode of preparing the skin for tanning, is first to soak it in lime-water, by which the hair is easily detached; but the cuticle and under part of the skin, the cellular substance, are scraped off after it has been soaked in the lime water. A great variety of substances have been used for tanning, as the acorn-cup of the oriental bark; catechu and sumach have been also used; but the oak bark is most generally used, as furnishing a large quantity of astringent matter. It is not the business of the chemist to describe the different kinds of leather, but I may just mention, that the upper leather of shoes is called *curried* leather; the leather having been tanned, is rubbed over with oil before it is dried, and it is then very flexible, pliable, and durable; but if you take a piece of dry leather, and try to rub it over with oil or grease, you cannot make it enter the pores of the leather; the black colour is produced by rubbing it over with a solution of green vitriol, the sulphate of iron. *Russian* leather is tanned in an infusion of birch bark, and is said to be afterwards mixed with a quantity of birch tar, to give it that odour for which it is peculiar, which renders it valuable for book-binding, on account of preventing it from being attacked by insects. *Tawed* leather, used for gloves, is made by impregnating the skin with a liquor containing alum and salt, and afterwards washed in a mixture of yolks of eggs and water; the saline and animal masters combine, and give it that peculiar softness, and such leather is afterwards coloured as may be required; having been rolled over wooden rollers, in which are grooves, it is called *Morocco* leather. These are the principal varieties of leather employed in this country.—*Brande's Lectures—Lancet.*

Mites.

An indefatigable naturalist has undertaken the very difficult task of arranging the family of *acarides*, or mites; he divides them into sixty-nine genera, the greater part of them new!

Electro-Attraction of Leaves.

The results of a French experimentalist have lately led him to conclude that the leaves, hairs, and thorns of plants tend to maintain in them the requisite proportion of electricity; and, by drawing off from the atmosphere what is superabundant, they also act in some measure as thunder-rods.

Enormous Whale.

The skeleton of a whale, 95 feet long by 18 feet high, has lately been deposited in the Cabinet of Natural History at Ghent. In the opinion of many naturalists, among whom is M. Cuvier, this fish could not have been less than 900 or 1,000 years old!

Fly in Wheat.

In North America, much damage is done to crops of wheat by the Hessian fly. The female deposits from one to eight or more eggs upon a single plant of wheat, between the vagina or sheath of the inner leaf and the culm nearest the roots; in which situation, with its head towards the root or first joint, the young larva pass the winter. They eat the stem, which thus becomes weak, and breaks; but are checked by another insect, called the destructor, otherwise whole crops of wheat would be annihilated.

Spiders.

A correspondent of Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* says, that he lately amused himself for more than an hour in observing the proceedings of a little spider, whose bag of eggs had been removed and restored!

Light of the Sea.

Its appearance previous to a storm is a very old observation among sailors. It is, however without foundation, as it is to be seen, more or less, all the year round in the Carribean sea, where there are no storms but in the hurricane months. In the hand it has a kind of mucous feel.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Woodpeckers.

A specimen of the *least woodpecker* was lately shot near Newcastle; and another has since been heard and seen near Coventry. Its noise resembles that made by the boring of a large auger through the hardest wood; whence the country people sometimes call the bird "the pump-borer."—*Ibid.*

The Tea Shrub

Has been naturalized in Java with complete success; so that, sooner or later, the Chinese monopoly will come to an end.

Floating Island.

From the earliest times, there are to be found in authors, notices of the singular geological phenomena of floating islands. Pliny tells us of the floating islands of the Lago de Bassanello, near Rome; in Loch Lomond, in Scotland, there is or was a floating island; and in the Lake of

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Derwent Water, in Cumberland, such islands appear and disappear at indefinite periods. Mr. A. Pettingal, jun. has recently described a floating island, about a mile southwards of Newbury port, 140 poles in length, and 120 in breadth. It is covered with trees; and in summer, when dry weather is long continued, it descends to the bottom of the lake.—*American Journal of Science.*

An immense Medusa.

A species of sea-serpent, was thrown on shore near Bombay, in 1819. It was about 40 feet long, and must have weighed many tons. A violent gale of wind threw it high above the reach of ordinary tides; in which situation it took nine months to rot; during which process travellers were obliged to change the direction of the road for nearly a quarter of a mile, to avoid the offensive effluvia. It rotted so completely, that not a vestige of bone remained.—(*C. Telfair, Esq. to R. Barclay, Esq. of Bury Hill.*)

Himalaya Mountains.

Captain Gerard, in exploring these mountains, with a view to measurement, had ascended to the height of 19,600 feet, being 400 feet higher than Humboldt had ascended on the Andes. The latter part of Captain Gerard's ascent, for about two miles, was on an inclined plane of 42°, a nearer approach to the perpendicular than Humboldt conceived it possible to climb for any distance together.—*Heber's India.*

Hippopotamus.

The head of a Hippopotamus has recently been brought to England, with all the flesh about it, in a high state of preservation. This amphibious animal was harpooned while in combat with a crocodile, in a lake in the interior of Africa. The head measures near four feet long, and eight feet in circumference; the jaws open two feet wide, and the cutting-teeth of which it has four in each jaw, are above a foot long, and four inches in circumference. Its ears are not bigger than a terrier's, and are much about the same shape. This formidable and terrific creature, when full-grown, measures about 17 feet long from the extremity of the snout to the insertion of the tail, above 16 feet in circumference round the body, and stands above 7 feet high. It runs with astonishing swiftness for its great bulk, at the bottom of lakes and rivers, but not with as much ease on land. When excited, it puts forth its full strength, which is prodigious. "I have seen," says a mariner, as we find it in Dampier, "one of these animals open its jaws, and seizing a boat between its teeth, at once bite and sink it to the bottom. I have seen it on another occasion place itself under one of our boats, and rising under it, overset it, with six men who were in it, but who, however, happily received no other injury." At one time it was not uncommon in the Nile, but now it is no where to be found in that river, except above the cataracts.

The Cosmopolite.

A CHAPTER OF BULLS.

I confess it is what the English call *a bull*, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough.—POPE.

WE are friends to the exposition of the weak sides of great men, inasmuch as it reads them a valuable lesson on their own infallibility, and tends to lower the mole-hills of conceit that are raised in the world as stumbling-blocks along every road of petty ambition. It would, however, be but a sorry toil for the most cynical critic to illustrate these vagaries otherwise than so many slips and trippings of the tongue and pen, to which all men are liable in their unguarded moments—from Homer to Anacreon Moore, or Demosthenes to Mr. Brougham. Our course is rather that of a good-humoured *exposé*, the worst effect of which will be to raise a laugh at the expense of poor humanity, or a merited smile at our own dulness and mistaken sense of the ridiculous.

First, of the ancient Poets, who make departed spirits know things past and to come, yet ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretels what should happen to Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer, yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, that the then habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies; and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin hell; yet Ajax in Homer, endures not a conference with Ulysses.

In Painting alone we have a rich harvest. Burgoyne in his travels, notices a painting in Spain, where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac *with a pistol!*

There is a painting at Windsor, of Antonio Verrio, in which, he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

In the Luxembourg is a picture of Reubens, in which are the queen-mother in council, with two cardinals, and *Mercury!*

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There may be, also, a sort of anachronism of the limbs, as in the case of the painter of Toledo, who painted the story of the three wise men of the east coming to worship, and bringing their presents to our Lord, upon his birth, at Bethlehem, whence he presents them as three Arabian, or Indian kings; two of them are white, and one of them black; but, unhappily, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, which, to be sure, was done after their faces, their legs being necessarily a little intermixed, he made three black feet for the negro king, and but three white feet for the two white kings; and yet never discovered the mistake till the piece was presented to the king, and hung up in the great church.

There was, also, in the Houghton Hall collection, Velvet Brughel's Adoration of the Magi, in which were a multitude of figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness; in fact, the ideas are rather a little too Dutch, for the Ethiopian king is dressed in a surplice, with boots and spurs, and brings, for a present, a gold model of a modern ship.

The monks of a certain monastery at Messina, exhibited, with great triumph, a letter written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand. Unluckily for them, this was not, as it easily might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion, a visiter, to whom this was shewn, observed, with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the mother of our Lord had ascended into heaven.

In the church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, is the picture of a Virgin and Child, whom an angel is entertaining with an air upon the violin. Jean Belin was the artist, in 1500. So, also, in the college library of Aberdeen, to a very neat Dutch missal, are appended elegant paintings on the margin, of the angels appearing to the shepherds, with one of the men playing on the bagpipes.

There is a picture in a church at Bruges that puts not only all chronology, but all else, out of countenance. It is the marriage of Jesus Christ with Saint Catherine of Sienna. But who marries them? St. Dominic, the patron of the church. Who joins their hands? Why, the Virgin Mary. And to crown the anachronism, King David plays the harp at the wedding!

Albert Durer represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

Lewis Cigoli painted a picture of the Circumcision of the Holy Child, Jesus, and drew the high priest, Simeon, with spectacles on his nose; upon a supposition, probably, that, in respect of his great age, that aid would be necessary. Spectacles, however, were not known for fourteen centuries afterwards.

In a picture painted by F. Chello della Puera, the Virgin Mary is placed on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a paroquet, and about to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

In another, painted by Peter of Cortona, representing the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, (now in the French Museum), the painter has represented a steeple or belfry rising over the trees. A belfry in the mountains of Mesopotamia, in the time of Jacob!

N. Poussin's celebrated picture, at the same place, of Rebecca at the Well, has the whole back-ground decorated with Grecian architecture.

Paul Veronese placed Benedictine fathers and *Swiss soldiers* among his paintings from the Old Testament.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters, who were stretching out of the water, *red!* probably having never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anachronism, he extricated himself by observing, that the whole affair was a miracle, and that thus the miracle was made still greater.

In the Notices des MSS. du Roi, VI. 120, in the illuminations of a manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms, are two persons playing at cards; and under Job and the Prophets are coats of arms and a windmill.

Poussin, in his picture of the Deluge has painted boats, not then invented. St. Jerome, in another place, with a clock by his side; a thing unknown in that saint's days.—*Nous revenons.*

The Topographer.

VIRGINIA WATER,

(The favourite Retreat of his Majesty.)

VIRGINIA WATER was planted, and the lake executed, under the direction of Paul Sandby, at a time when this part of Windsor Forest was the favourite residence of Duke William of Cumberland. The artificial water is the largest in the kingdom, with the single exception of Blenheim; the cascade is, perhaps, the most striking imitation we have of the great works of nature; and the grounds are arranged in

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the grandest style of landscape-gardening. The neighbouring scenery is bold and rugged, being the commencement of Bagshot Heath; and the variety of surface agreeably relieves the eye, after the monotony of the first twenty miles from town, which fatigues the traveller either upon the Bath or Western roads. At the time when the public were allowed to visit Virginia Water, the best point of entrance was at the gate at Bishopsgate; near which very pretty village, or rather green, the Royal Lodge is at present situated. Shelley, who had a true eye for the picturesque, resided for some time at this place; and it would have been difficult for a poet to have found, in any of the highly cultivated counties of England, a spot so full of the most exquisite variety of hill and dale, of wood and water,—so fitted to call forth and cherish the feelings upon which poetry must depend for its peculiar nurture.

Bishopsgate is situated about a mile to the right of the western road from London, after you ascend the hill beyond Egham. To the left, St. Anne's Hill, the favoured residence of Charles Fox, is a charming object; and upon the ridge which the traveller ascends, is the spot which has given a name to Denham's celebrated poem. "Cooper's Hill" is not shut out from the contemplative searchers after the beauties of nature; and, however the prospect here may be exceeded by scenes of wider extent, or more striking grandeur, certainly the *locale* of the earliest, and perhaps the best, descriptive poem of our language, is calculated to produce the warmest feelings of admiration, both for its actual beauty and its unrivalled associations. From an elevation of several hundred feet, you look down upon a narrow fertile valley, through which the Thames winds with surpassing loveliness. Who does not recollect the charming lines with which Denham describes the "silver river:"—

"Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full."

Immediately at your feet is the plain of Runnemede, where the great battle between John and the Barons was fought; and in the centre of the river is the little fishing island, where Magna Charta was signed. At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers. We recollect the scene as Windsor *was*. Whatever Mr. Wyattville may have done for its internal improvement, and for its adaptation to the purposes of a modern residence without sacrificing all its character of antiquity, we fear that he has destroyed its picturesque effect in the distant landscape. Its old characteristic feature was that of a series of turrets rising above the general elevation. By raising the intermediate roofs, without giving a proportionate height to the towers, the whole line has become square and unbroken. This was, perhaps, an unavoidable fault; but it is a fault.

From Cooper's Hill, the entrance to Virginia Water is a walk of a quarter of an hour. We were accustomed to wander down a long and close plantation of pines, where the rabbit ran across with scarcely a fear of man. A more wild and open country succeeded; and we then followed the path, through many a "bosky bourn," till we arrived at a rustic bridge, which crossed the lake at a narrow neck, where the little stream was gradually lost amongst the underwood. A scene of almost unrivalled beauty here burst upon the view. For nearly a mile, a verdant walk led along, amidst the choicest evergreens, by the side of a magnificent breadth of water. The opposite shore was rich with the heather-bloom; and plantations of the most graceful trees —the larch, the ash, and the weeping birch ("the lady of the woods"), broke the line of the wide lake, and carried the imagination on, in the belief that some mighty river lay beyond that screening wood. The cascade was at length reached. Cascades are much upon the same plan, whether natural or artificial; the scale alone makes the difference. This cascade is sufficiently large not to look like a plaything; and if it were met with in Westmoreland or Wales, tourists would dilate much upon its beauties. At this point the water may be easily forded; and after a walk of the most delicious seclusion, we used to reach a bold arch, over which the public road was carried. Here have been erected some of the antique columns, that, a few years ago, were in the court-yard of the British Museum.

From this arch a variety of walks, of the most delightful retirement, present themselves. They are principally bounded with various trees of the pine tribe, intermingled with laurel and acacia. The road gradually ascends to a considerable elevation, where there is a handsome building, called the Belvidere. The road from this spot is very charming. We descend from this height, through a wild path, by the side of trees of much more ancient growth than the mass around; and, crossing the high road, again reach the lake, at a point where its dimensions are ample and magnificent. About this part a splen-

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did fishing-temple has lately been erected. Of its taste we can say nothing.

The common road from Blacknest (the name of this district of Windsor Forest) to the Royal Lodge is strikingly beautiful. Virginia Water is crossed by a very elegant bridge, built by Sandby; on one side of it the view terminates in a toy of the last age—a Chinese temple; on the other it ranges over a broad expanse of water. The road sometimes reminds one of the wildness of mountain scenery, and at another turn displays all the fertility of a peaceful agricultural district. We at length pass the secluded domain of the Royal Lodge; and when we reach the edge of the hill, we look upon a vista of the most magnificent elms, and over an expanse of the most striking forest scenery, with the splendid Castle terminating the prospect—a monument of past glories, which those who have a feeling for their country's honour may well uphold and cherish.—*London Magazine.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TEA.

THE principal article of our commerce with China, namely, tea, is, perhaps, more singular in its history than any other article of commerce in the known world. A simple and unsophisticated shrub, in little more than half a century, has become an article of such general consumption, that it seems to form one of the prime articles of existence among the great bulk of mankind. It is the peculiar growth of a country, of which it forms almost the only link of connexion with the rest of the world. It forms the source of the largest commercial revenue to the British Government of any other commodity whatever, and of the largest commercial profits to the individuals concerned in its importation. Withal, it is the simplest, the most harmless thing that ever was offered to the gratification of man,—having, it is believed and argued by many, a moral influence wherever it is diffused. It is the rallying point of our earliest associations; it has ever given an additional charm to our firesides; and tends, perhaps, more than any one thing, to confirm the pre-existing domestic habits of the British public. Its exhilarating qualities are eagerly sought after as a restorative and solace from the effects of fatigue or dissipation; the healthy and the sick, the young and the old, all equally resort to the use of it, as yielding all the salutary influence of strong liquors, without their baneful and pernicious effects. Yet this shrub, so simple and so useful, is delivered to the community of this country, so surcharged with duties and profits beyond its original cost, that, did it contain all the mischievous qualities that are opposed to its real virtues, it could not be more strictly guarded from general use.

For the whole of our imports, including factory expenses and commission, the original cost in China amounts to the sum of two millions sterling. This is wonderfully increased before the British public can have any access to the article of consumption; thus:—

1. The value of the Company's importations from China into Great Britain, as established by their own statements, is	£2,000,000
2. On this they charge 100 per cent, for their own especial benefit	2,000,000
3. And the Government duty, as by law established, is equal to the original cost, and the profits charged by the company, both forming the *sale price*	4,000,000
Oriental Herald.	£8,000,000

DEATH OF YOUNG PARK.

IT is quite inconceivable with what increased zeal new candidates for African discovery come forward the moment that the death of any fresh victim to this pestilential country is announced. To the list of those who have already fallen, may be added young Park, the son of the late enterprising Mungo Park, and a midshipman of his majesty's ship Sybille. He went out in this ship with a full determination to proceed on foot, and alone, from the coast to the spot where his father perished, in the hope of hearing some authentic and more detailed account of the catastrophe than had yet been received. With leave of the commodore, he set out from Accra, and proceeded as far as Yansong, the chief town of Acquimbo, distant from the coast about one hundred and forty miles. Here the natives were celebrating the Yam feast, a sort of religious ceremony, to witness which Park got up into a Fetish tree, which is regarded by the natives with fear and dread. Here he remained a great part of the day, exposed to the sun, and was observed to drink a great quantity of palm wine. In dropping down from one of the lower branches, he fell on the ground, and said, that he felt a severe

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shock in his head. He was that evening seized with a fever, and died in three days, on the 31st October, 1827. As soon as the king, Akitto, heard of his death, he ordered all his baggage to be brought to his house, and instantly despatched a messenger to Accra, first making him swear "by the head of his father," that he would not sleep till he had delivered the message; it was to inform the resident of the event, and that all the property of the deceased would be forthwith sent down to Accra. This was accordingly done, and it did not appear on examination, that a single article was missing; even an old hat, without a crown, was not omitted. There was an idle report of Park being poisoned, for which there appears not the slightest foundation.—*Q. Rev.*

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW,

Who died in consequence of being stung in the eye.

PEERLESS, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd LN G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For, ah! the Fates, I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

LN exclaim'd, "Vile, spiteful B!
If ever I catch U
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,
Across the Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y;
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y!
For should a B C U at T,
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave, L deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B;
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
Her dirge and LEG.

New Monthly Magazine.

LINES SENT WITH A GOOSE.

"WHEN this you see,
Remember me,"
Was long a phrase in use;
And so I send
To you, dear friend,
My proxy. "What?" A goose!

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CORPORATION LEARNING.

AT a late meeting of a certain corporation in Dorsetshire, for the nomination of a person to fill the office of Mayor, a sufficient number of the burgesses not being in attendance, it was intimated that an application would be made for a *Mandamus*, when one of "the worthy electors," being un-"learned in the law," innocently remarked, "I hope *he* will come, and then *he'll* put *un* all right and make *un* elect one."

Sept. 25, 1828.

*** This is not a Joe Miller joke, but one of actual and recent occurrence; although there is a similar story fathered on a sapient civic authority.

SELLING A WOMAN.

THE value that was set upon the bond-servants in the West Indies, is curiously exemplified in the following anecdote:—

There was a planter in Barbadoes that came to his neighbour, and said to him, "Neighbour, I hear you have lately brought good store of servants out of the last ship that came from England; and I hear withal that you want provisions. I have great want of a woman servant, and would be glad to make an exchange. If you will let me have some of your woman's flesh, you shall have some of my hog's flesh." So the price was set, a groat a-pound for the hog's flesh, and sixpence for the woman's. The scales were set up, and the planter had a maid that was extremely fat, lazy, and good for nothing; her name was Honour. The man brought a great fat sow, and put it in one scale, and Honour was put in the other. But when he saw how much the maid outweighed his sow, he broke off the bargain and would not go on.

SMOKING.

SUCH is the passion for smoking at Hamburgh, that children about ten years of age may be seen with pipes in their mouths, whiffing with great gravity and composure.

PUBLIC ROADS.

THE turnpike-roads of England are above twenty thousand miles in length, and upwards of a million sterling is annually expended in their repair and maintenance.

JOHN BULWER, M.D. was author of many books, the most curious of which were his "Anthropo Metamorphoses,"

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and Pathomyotomia. We might conclude he was of Irish extraction; St. Patrick, the old song says, "ne'er shut his eyes to complaints," and Bulwer in his "Instructions to the Deaf and Dumb," tells us they are intended "to bring those who are so born to *hear* the sound of words with their *eyes!*"—*Wadd's Memoirs.*

CRANIOLOGY.

PHILOSOPHY is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties, more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers.—One man cannot think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head. Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man's temperament, from his *nose!*—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ; while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of its tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!—*Ibid.*

WILSON THE PAINTER.

THE late Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, while selling a collection of pictures, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures; he cannot paint anything like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better."

SCOTCH DEGREE.

A FEW years since, a vain old country surgeon obtained a diploma to practice, and called on Dr. H——, of Bath, with the important intelligence. At dinner, the doctor asked his new brother, if the form of diplomas ran now in the same style as at the early commencement of those honours? "Pray Sir, what might that form be?" says the surgeon, "I'll give it to you," replied our Galen, when stepping to his daughter's harpsichord, he sung the following prophecy of the Witches to *Macbeth*:

He must, he must,
He shall, he shall
Spill much more blood
And become worse,
To make his title good.

"That, sir, was the true ancient mode of conferring a Scotch degree on Dr. Macbeth." G. J. Y.

THREE FACES.

THREE faces wears the doctor; when first sought
An angel's—and a god's the cure half wrought;
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks then less terrible than he.

This epigram is illustrated by the following conversation, which passed between Bouvart and a French marquis, whom he had attended during a long and severe indisposition. As he entered the chamber on a certain occasion, he was thus addressed by his patient: "Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me."—"I am sure of it," replied the doctor; "the very first expression you used convinces me of it."—"Pray explain yourself."—"Nothing more easy; in the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am Mr. Bouvart; depend upon it you are quite recovered."

LYING.

A DUTCH ambassador, entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, after which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard, that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied, "Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now *I am sure you lie.*"

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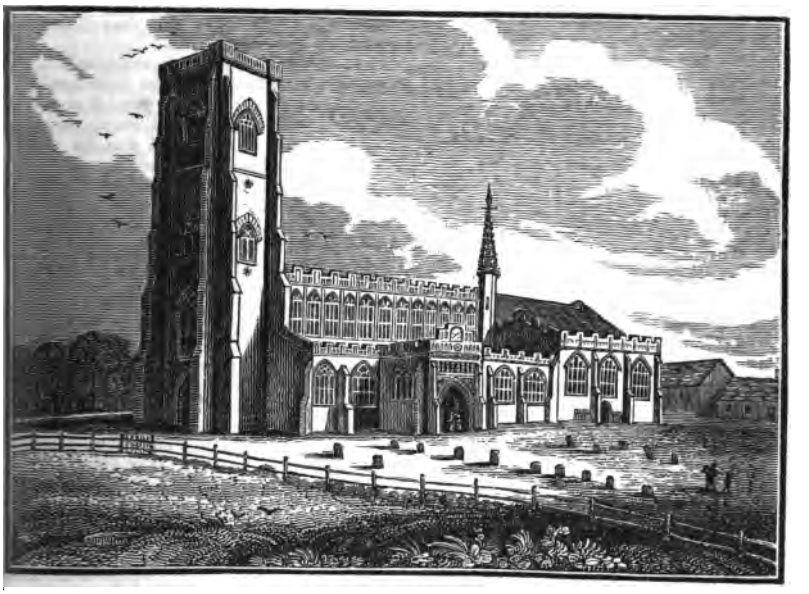
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 335.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1828. [PRICE 2*d*.

Lavenham Church.



LAVENHAM, or *Lanham*, a small town north of Sudbury, was once eminent for its manufactures, when there were eight or nine cloth-halls in the place, inhabited by rich clothiers. The De Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose names are blazoned in our history, held the manor from the reign of Henry I. till that of Elizabeth, and one of the noble family obtained a charter from Edward III. authorizing his tenants at this place to pass toll-free throughout all England, which grant was confirmed by Elizabeth. But the manufacturing celebrity of Lavenham has dwindled to spinning woollen yarn, and making calimancoes and hempen cloth; the opulent clothiers have shuffled off their mortal coil, and proved that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

The church of Lavenham is, however, a venerable wreck of antiquity, and is accounted the most beautiful fabric of the kind in Suffolk. It is chiefly built of freestone, the rest being of curious flint-work; its total length is 156 feet, and its breadth 68. From concurrent antiquarian authorities we learn that the church was built by the De Veres, in conjunction with the Springs, wealthy clothiers at Lavenham. This is attested by the different quarterings of their respective arms on the building. The porch is an elegant piece of architecture, very highly enriched with the shields, garters, &c. of many of the most noble families in the kingdom, among which are the letters I. O., probably intended for the initials of John, the 14th Earl of Oxford, who married the daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. He is conjectured to have erected this porch.

In the interior, the roof is admirably carved, and the pews belonging to the Earls of Oxford and the Springs, though now much decayed, were highly-finished pieces of Gothic work in wood. Some of the windows are still embellished with painted glass, representing the arms of the De Veres and others. Here also is a costly monument of alabaster and gold, erected to the memory of the Rev. Henry Copinger,* rector of Lavenham, with alte-

* Dr. Fuller relates the following anecdote of this divine:—Dr. Reynolds, who held the living of Lavenham, having gone over to the Church of

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relievo figures of the reverend divine and his wife.

In the north aisle is a small mural monument, upon which are represented a man and woman, engraved on brass, kneeling before a table, and three sons and daughters behind them. From the mouth of the man proceeds a label, on which are these words:—In manus tuas dne commendo spiritum meum. Underneath is this inscription, which, like that of the label, is in the old English character:—

Contynuall prayse these lynes in brasse,
Of Allaine Duter here,
A clothier, vertuous while he was
In Lavenham many a yeare.
For as in lyefe he loved best
The poore to clothe and feede,
So with the rich and all the rest
He neighbourlie agreed;
And did appoynte before he dyed,
A special yearlie rent,
Which should be every Whitsontide
Among the poorest spent.
Et obiit Anno Dni 1534.

Although this benefaction is written in brass, the good man's successors have found enough of the same metal to pervert it; for it is now lost, and no person can give any account of it. It needs not brass to outlive honesty; a mere breath will often destroy her. There are, however, several substantial charities belonging to Lavenham, the disposal of which has fallen into better hands.

In the churchyard is a very old gravestone, which formerly had a Saxon inscription. Kirby, in his account of the monasteries of Suffolk, says that here, on the tomb of one John Wiles, a bachelor, who died in 1694, is this odd jingling epitaph:—

Quod fuit esse quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non erit esse.

But as the point and oddity may not be directly evident to all, perhaps some of our readers will furnish us with a pithy translation for our next.

F. R. of Lavenham, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of Lavenham Church, informs us that this fine building will shortly undergo a thorough repair.

Rome, the Earl of Oxford, the patron, presented Mr. Copinger, but on condition that he should pay no tithes for his park, which comprehended almost half the land in the parish. Mr. Copinger told his lordship, that he would rather return the presentation, than by such a sinful gratitude betray the rights of the church. This answer so affected the earl, that he replied, "I scorn that my estate should swell with church goods." His heir, however, contested the rector's right to the tithes, and it cost Mr. Copinger £1,600. to recover that right, and leave the quiet possession of it to his successors.

FIRE TOWERS AND BELFRIES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 333 of the Mirror, there is an article on the ancient *round towers* in Scotland and Ireland, in which it is stated that the said towers "have puzzled all antiquarians," that they are now generally called *fire towers*, and that "*they certainly were not belfries.*"

I have often thought that antiquarians, and particularly our modern Irish antiquarians, have affected to be puzzled about what, to the rest of mankind, must appear to be evident enough; and this for the purpose of making a parade of their learning, and of astonishing the common reader by the ingenuity of their speculations.

I think I shall be able to show, that a motive of this kind must have operated in the case of these *round towers*, otherwise "all the antiquarians" could not have been so sadly puzzled about what to the rest of the world appears a very plain matter.

The fact is, that when St. Patrick planted the Christian faith in Ireland, in the middle of the fifth century, (he died A.D. 492,) the practice of hanging bells in church steeples had not begun; and we know from history, that they were first used to summon the people to worship in A.D. 551, by a bishop of Campania; the churches, therefore, that were erected by St. Patrick, (and he built many,) were originally without belfries; and when the use of bells became common, it was judged more expedient to erect *a belfry detached from the church*, than by sticking it up against the side or end walls, to mar the proportions of the original building

This is the account of the matter given by the old Irish historians, not one of whom appears to have been aware what "puzzlers" these *round towers* were to become in after ages; and in a life of St. Kevin, of Glendaloch, (co. Wicklow,) who died A.D. 628, we are told that "the holy bishop did, a short time before his death, "erect a *bell-house* (cloig-theach) contiguous to the church *formerly* erected by him, in which he placed *a bell*, to the glory of God, and for the good of his own soul."

I am not unaware, in giving you the above quotation, that "all the antiquarians," and particularly those of Scotland, have long since decided, that in every matter connected with the ancient history of Ireland, her native historians (many of whom were eye-witnesses of the facts they relate) are on no account to be credited; and that the safest way of dealing with those chroniclers is, in every thing, to take for granted exactly the reverse of

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what they may at any time assert. In deference, therefore, to such high authorities, I shall waive any advantage which I might claim on account of a quotation from the works of a *native historian*, and proceed to show, from the reasonableness of the thing itself, that these towers which you state "were certainly never belfries," were in fact belfries, and were never any thing else.

First.— They are all situated within a few yards of *some ancient church*, and which church is invariably *without a steeple.*

Secondly.—It is impossible to conceive from their slender shape, their great height, and their contiguity to the church, for what other purpose they could have been intended, having, to a spectator inside, who looks up to the top, exactly the appearance of an enormous gun-barrel.

Thirdly.—That in all of them now entire, the holes, for the purpose of receiving the beam to support the bell, remain; and that in one at least, that upon Tory Island, co. Donegal, the beam itself may be seen at this day.

Fourthly, and which appears to me *more conclusive than all the rest*, that these towers, in every part of Ireland, are, to this day, called in Irish by the name of *clogach*, (cloig-theach,) that is, *bell-house*, and that they are never called (in Irish at least) by any other name whatever. H. S.

P.S. We have heard a good deal of late of a chimney or high tower erected at Bow, by the East London Water Company, on account of its having been erected *without any outside scaffolding.* It is remarkable, that the traditions of all the people in the neighbourhood of the *round towers* in Ireland, agree in stating that they were built *in the same manner.*

BELLE SAVAGE INN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Observing in the daily papers an extract from the Mirror respecting the Belle Savage Inn, I copy you an advertisement out of the *London Gazette* for February, 1676, respecting that place, which appears to have been called "*ancient*" so long back as that period.

Leonard Wilson.

"An antient inn, called the *Bell Savage Inn*, situate on *Ludgate Hill*, *London*, consisting of about 40 rooms, with good cellarage, stabling for 100 horses, and other good accommodations, is to be lett at a yearly rent, or the lease sold, with or without the goods in the house. Enquire at the said inn, or of Mr. *Francis Griffith*, a scrivener, in *Newgate-street*, near *Newgate*, and you may be fully informed."

THE FLOWER AND THE OAK.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

A flower beheld a lofty oak,
And thus in mournful accents spoke:
"The verdure of that tree will last,
Till Autumn's loveliest days are past,
Whilst I with brightest colours crown'd,
Shall soon lie withering on the ground."
The lofty oak this answer made:
"The fairest flowers the soonest fade."

FROM ZAPPI.

Cries Phillis to her shepherd swain,
"Why is Love painted without eyes?"
The youth from flattery can't refrain,
And to the fair one quick replies
"Those lovely eyes which new are thine,
In young Love's face were wont to shine."

Anna.

CROMLEHS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 328 you have given an account of a cromleh in Anglesea. Perhaps it may not be amiss to inform you that the word *cromlech*, or *cromleh*, is derived from the Welsh words *crom*, feminine of *crwm*, crooked, and *lech*, a flat stone. There are some cromlehs in Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, which are supposed to have been altars for sacrifices before the Christian era. W. H.

THE ALPINE HORN.

(For the Mirror.)

The Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry-tree, and like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains, and grottoes of the rocks, repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn, or sublime, than this scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest. The sun-light gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from

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rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe. INA.

Spirit of Discovery.

ENGLISH GARDENING.

MR. COBBETT has just published a useful little volume, entitled the *English Gardener*, which is, perhaps, one of the most practical books ever printed. At present we must confine our extracts to a few useful passages; but we purpose a more extended notice of this very interesting volume.

Laying out Gardens.

IN the work of laying-out, great care ought to be taken with regard to straightness and distances, and particularly as to the squareness of every part. To make lines perpendicular, and perfectly so, is, indeed, no difficult matter when one knows how to do it; but one must know how to do it, before one can do it at all. If the *gardener* understand this much of geometry, he will do it without any difficulty; but if he only pretend to understand the matter, and begin to walk backward and forward, stretching out lines and cocking his eye, make no bones with him; send for a bricklayer, and see the stumps driven into the ground yourself. The four outside lines being laid down with perfect truth, it must be a bungling fellow indeed that cannot do the rest; but if they be only a little *askew*, you have a botch in your eye for the rest of your life, and a botch of your own making too. Gardeners seldom want for confidence in their own abilities; but this affair of raising perpendiculars upon a given line is a thing settled in a moment: you have nothing to do but to say to the gardener, "Come, let us see how you do it." He has but one way in which he can do it; and, if he do not immediately begin to work in that way, pack him off to get a bricklayer, even a botch in which trade will perform the work to the truth of a hair.

Seeds.

I INCLINE to the opinion, that we should try seeds as our ancestors tried witches; not by fire, but by water; and that, following up their practice, we should reprobate and destroy all that do not *readily* sink.

Melons.

IT is a received opinion, a thing taken for granted, an axiom in horticulture, that *melon* seed is the *better* for being *old*. Mr. Marshall says, that it ought to be "*about four years old*, though some prefer it *much older*." And he afterwards observes, that "if new seed only *can be had*, it should be carried a week or two in the breeches-pocket, to dry away some of the more watery particles!" If *age* be a recommendation in rules as well as in melon-seed, this rule has it; for English authors published it, and French authors *laughed at it*, more than a *century past!*

Those who can afford to have melons raised in their gardens, can afford to keep a *conjuror* to raise them; and a conjuror will hardly condescend to follow *common sense* in his practice. This would be lowering the profession in the eyes of the vulgar, and, which would be very dangerous, in the eyes of his employer. However, a great deal of this *stuff* is traditionary; and how are we to find the conscience to blame a gardener for errors inculcated by gentlemen of erudition!

Sowing Seeds.

I DO hope that it is unnecessary for me to say, that sowing according to the *moon* is wholly absurd and ridiculous; and that it arose solely out of the circumstance, that our forefathers, who could not read, had neither almanack nor calendar to guide them, and who counted by moons and festivals, instead or by months, and days of months.

Brussels Sprouts.

IT is, most likely, owing to negligence that we hardly ever see such a thing as real Brussels sprouts in England; and it is said that it is pretty nearly the same in France, the proper care being taken nowhere, apparently, but in the neighbourhood of Brussels.

Horse-Radish.

AFTER horse-radish has borne seed once or twice, its root becomes hard, brown on the outside, not juicy when it is scraped, and eats more like little chips than like a garden vegetable; so that, at taverns and eating-houses, there frequently seems to be a rivalship on the point of toughness between the horse-radish and the beef-steak; and it would be well if this inconvenient rivalship never discovered itself any where else.

Eating Mushrooms.

I ONCE ate about three spoonsful at table at Mr. Timothy Brown's, at Peckham, which had been cooked, I suppose, in the usual way; but I had not long eaten them before my whole body, face, hands, and all, was covered with red spots or pimples, and to such a degree, and coming on so fast, that the doctor who attended the family was sent for. He thought nothing of it, gave me a little draught of

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some sort, and the pimples went away; but I attributed it then to the mushrooms. The next year, I had mushrooms in my own garden at Botley, and I determined to try the experiment whether they would have the same effect again; but, not liking to run any risk, I took only a tea-spoonful, or, rather, a French coffee-spoonful, which is larger than a common tea-spoon. They had just the same effect, both as to sensation and outward appearance! From that day to this, I have never touched mushrooms, for I conclude that there must be something poisonous in that which will so quickly produce the effects that I have described, and on a healthy and hale body like mine; and, therefore, I do not advise any one to cultivate these things.

Peas.

THE late king, George the Third, reigned so long, that his birth-day formed a sort of season with gardeners; and, ever since I became a man, I can recollect that it was always deemed rather a sign of bad gardening if there were not green peas in the garden fit to gather on the fourth of June. It is curious that green peas are to be had as early in Long Island, and in the sea-board part of the state of New Jersey, as in England, though not sowed there, observe, until very late in April, while ours, to be very early, must be sowed in the month of December or January. It is still more curious, that, such is the effect of habit and tradition, that, even when I was last in America (1819), people talked just as familiarly as in England about having green peas on the *king's birth-day*, and were just as ambitious for accomplishing the object; and I remember a gentleman who had been a republican officer during the revolutionary war, who told me that he always got in his garden green peas fit to eat on old *Uncle George's birth-day.*

Cider.

MR. PLATT had a curious mode of making strong cider in America. In the month of January or February, he placed a number of hogsheads of cider upon stands out of doors. The frost turned to ice the upper part of the contents of the hogshead, and a tap drew off from the bottom the part which was not frozen. This was the spirituous part, and was as strong as the very strongest of beer that can be made. The frost had no power over this part; but the lighter part which was at the top it froze into ice. This, when thawed, was weak cider. This method of getting strong cider would not do in a country like this, where the frosts are never sufficiently severe.

Keeping Apples.

WHEN there is frost, all that you have to do, is to keep the apples in a state of total darkness until some days after a complete thaw has come. In America they are frequently frozen as hard as stones; if they thaw in the *light*, they rot; but if they thaw in darkness, they not only do not rot, but lose very little of their original flavour. This may be new to the English reader; but he may depend upon it that the statement is correct.

To Keep Chestnuts.

TO preserve chestnuts, so as to have them to sow in the spring, or to eat through the winter, you must make them perfectly dry after they come out of their green husk; then put them into a box or a barrel mixed with, and covered over by, fine and dry sand, three gallons of sand to one gallon of chestnuts. If there be maggots in any of the chestnuts, they will come out of the chestnuts and work up through the sand to get to the air; and thus you have your chestnuts sweet and sound and fresh.

Plums.

THE *Magnum Bonums* are fit for nothing but tarts and sweetmeats. *Magnum* is right enough; but as to *bonum*, the word has seldom been so completely misapplied.

British Wines.

THAT which we call currant wine, is neither more nor less than red-looking, weak rum, the strength coming from the sugar; and gooseberry wine is a thing of the same character, and, if the fruit were of no other use than this, one might wish them to be extirpated. People deceive themselves. The thing is called *wine*, but it is *rum*; that is to say, an extract from sugar.

Birds.

THE wild pigeons in America live, for about a month, entirely upon the buds of the sugar-maple, and are killed by hundreds of thousands, by persons who erect bough-houses, and remain in a maple wood with guns and powder and shot for that purpose. If we open the craw of one of these little birds, we find in it green stuff of various descriptions, and, generally, more or less of grass, and, therefore, it is a little too much to believe, that, in taking away our buds, they merely relieve us from the insects that would, in time, eat us up. Birds are exceedingly cunning in their generation; but, luckily for us gardeners, they do not know how to distinguish between the report of a gun loaded with powder and shot, and one that is only loaded with powder. Very fre-

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quent firing with powder will alarm them so that they will quit the spot, or, at least, be so timid as to become comparatively little mischievous.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DANDY TRAVELLER.

THERE is a class of travelling oddities —the dandy *voyageurs* of Britain, who, teeming with the proud consciousness of their excellence in comparison with the rest of human kind, swoln with self-sufficiency, float like empty bubbles on the water's surface, and who seem as if they would break and be dissolved by contact with a vulgar touch. They contrive to swim by means of their air-blown vanity until they come into concussion with some material object, and are at once reduced to their proper level, and for ever annihilated. Their country is London; their domicile Regent-street; thence they would never travel, had they their wills,—not but they would like to see Paris, and move at Longschamps, or admire its beauties in an equipage *à D' Aumont;* but the horrors attendant upon such an enterprise are too formidable gratuitously to be encountered. It is only when a dip at the Fishmonger's has been rather too often tried, or Stultz's *billets-doux* have been repeated with increasing ardour on the part of the Tailor-lover until he delegates the maintenance of his *baronial* purse to some dandy-detesting attorney, that they feel it expedient to brave the dangers of sea and land, and, unscrewing their brass spurs, folding up their mustachios in a *portfeuille*, they hasten them from life and love, and London, and set them down at Meurice's, the creatures of another element; not less new to all things around them, than all things there are new to them. It was not long since I met one at the *table-d'hote* of Mr. Money, the hospitable but expensive owner of Les Trois Couronnes, at Vevay, in Switzerland. A large party had assembled, composed of almost every European nation; and we had just commenced our dinner, when we were intruded upon by an Exquisite—a creature something between the human species and a man-milliner—a seven months' child of fashion—one who had been left an orphan by manliness and taste, and no longer remembered his lost parents. Never can I forget the stare of Baron Pougens, (a Swiss by birth, but a Russian noble) as this specimen of elegance, with mincing step and gait, moved onward, something like a new member tripping it to the table to take his oaths. How he had got so far from Grange's, I really cannot say; but he had the policy of assurance in his favour; and in his own idea, at the least, was what I heard a poor devil of a candle-snuffer once denominate George Frederic Cooke, the tragedian,—"a rare specimen of exalted humanity;" and the actor was certainly in a rare spirit of exaltation at the moment. His delicate frame was enveloped by a dandy harness, so admirably ordered and adjusted, that he moved in fear of involving his Stultz in the danger of a plait; his kid-clad fingers scarcely supported the weight of his yellow-lined Leghorn; all that was man about him, was in his spurs and mustachios; and, even with them, he seemed there a moth exposed to an Alpine blast,—some mamma's darling, injudiciously and cruelly abandoned to the risk of cold, in a land where Savory and Moore were yet unheard of, "Beppo in London" wholly unknown, Hoby unesteemed, Gunter unsprized, and where George Brummell had never, never trod. After having bestowed a wild inexpressive stare at the cannibals assembled, male and female,—depositing his Vyse, running his digits through his perfumed hair, raising his shirt-collar so as to form an angle of forty-five with his purple *Gros de Naples* cravat, and applying his gold-turned snuff-box to his nose, Money (who has lived long in England, and speaks its language well) ventured to address him, by demanding if he should place a cover for him. "Sir! —your—appellation—if—you please?" the drawling and affected response of the fop. "Money, Sir." "the sign of the place—the thing—the *auberge?* "The Three Crowns, Sir." "Money of the country, I presume!—Good—stop—put that down—Mem:" and he took his tablets from his pocket. "Money—Three Crowns—Capital that—will do for Dibdin,—if not, give it Theodore Hook. And the name of your—your town, my man?" "Vevay, Sir!" "And that liquid concern I see from the winder?" "The Lake, Sir—the Lake of Geneva." "Good gracious! *all* Geneva?" "Otherwise termed the Leman, Sir." "Leman! ha! a sort of gin-punch, I presume—acidulated blue-ruin—Vastly vulgar, by Petersham—only fit for the Cider-cellar, Three Crowns—And that—that—white thing there on the other side of the punch-bowl, Money?" "That is Gin-goulph, Sir." "Gin-gulp! appropriate certainly, but de-ci-ded-ly—low." "Will you please, Sir, to dine? dinner is on the table." "Din*ner*! Crockford, be good

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to us!—Why—why—it is scarcely more than noon, Crowns.—What would Lady Diana say?—But true! I rose at eight—so, I think, I will patronize you, my good fellar—Long journey that from *Lowsan*—queer name for a place so high;—Vastly bad country this of yours, Crowns.—What are all those stunted poles, like *cerceau* sticks, placed in the ground? What do you cultivate, Crowns?" "The vine, Sir." "Wine! wine! dear me! never knew wine grew before. In England it is a manufactory. One moment—pardon—Mem:—Wine grows in—in—" "The Canton de Vaud, Sir." "In the Canton de Vo,—Tell that to Carbonel and Charles Wright when I go back. Is it Port, pray?" "No, Sir, a thin white wine." "Thin—white—wine—runs up sticks in said Vo." "Will you permit me to help you, Sir?" demanded Money, rather impatiently. "What have you, may I ask?" "*Bouilli*, Sir." "Bull, what? have you no other beef?—Mem: people living near punch-bowl eat bull beef." "There is a very nice *culotte*, Sir, if you prefer it." "*Cu*—what, Three Crowns? *Culotte!*"—why, in France, that is—is—inexpressibles—Mem: eat inexpressibles roasted—Breaches of taste, by Reay—the savages!—that will do for the Bedford—mention it to Joy—the brutes!—Neither bull nor breeches, thank you inexpressibly, Money." "A *Blanquette de Veau*, then, if you like, Sir." "Blanket de Vo! a cover to lay, indeed, Crowns. Mem: inhabitants of Gin stew blankets of the country, and then eat them—the Alsatians!" "Poultry, Sir, if you desire it." "Ah! some hopes there, Money—What is that you hold?" "A *Poularde*, Sir." "Obliged, Crowns—no Pull-hard thank you, devilish tough I doubt—Mem: fowl called Pull-hard at Gin—Try again, my man." "A *Dindon* and *dans son jus*, Sir." "Ding dong and a dancing Jew!—sort of stewed Rothschild, I suppose—Well! if I dont mean exactly to starve, I fear I must even venture on the Jew.—Not bad, by Long—Mem: Dancing Jews in sauce capital—mention that to young G——, of the Tenth." The business of mastication arrested for a moment the sapient remarks of the *Impayable*, until our notice was again attracted by his leaping from his chair, and cutting divers capers around the room, which, if they did honour to his agility, harmonized but ill with the precisian starchness of his habiliments, the order whereof was grievously *derangé* by his antics.—"Water! water! Crowns.—I have emptied the vinegar cruet by mistake—Oh Lud! can scarcely breathe—Water! Crowns, water! in mercy" "It was the Vin du Pays, I assure you, Sir,—nothing else upon my word." "Water! water! oh—here—here I have it." "No, Sir; I beg—that is *Eau de Cerises—Kirschen-wasser*—Cherry water."—"Any—any water will do,"—and, ere Money could arrest his hand, the water-sembling but fiery fluid, the ardent spirit of the cherry, had been swallowed at a draught. He gaped and gasped for breath—he groaned and writhed in torment—and, borne out in the arms of Crowns and his men, the spirit-stirring Dandy was removed to bed, whence he arose to return, without delay, to London by the shortest possible road, even with the fear of another *fieri facias* before his eyes, to descant on vinous acidities, Gin Lakes, and the liver-consuming Spa of Vo.—*New Monthly Mag*

ENCOMIUM MORIÆ, OR THE PRAISE OF FOLLY.

If from our purse all coin we spurn
But gold, we may from mart return,
Nor purchase what we're seeking
And if in parties we must talk
Nothing but sterling wit, we balk
All interchange of speaking.

Small talk is like small change; it flows
A thousand different ways, and throws
Thoughts into circulation,
Of trivial value each, but which
Combin'd, make social converse rich
In cheerful animation.

As bows unbent recruit their force,
Our minds by frivolous discourse
We strengthen and embellish,
"Let us be wise," said Plato once,
When talking nonsense—"yonder dunce
For folly has no relish."

The solemn bore, who holds that speech
Was given us to prose and preach,
And not for lighter usance,
Straight should be sent to Coventry;
Or *omnium concensu*, be
Indicted as a nuisance.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh,
Parch'd be the tongue that cannot quaff
Save from a golden chalice;
Let jesters seek no other plea,
Than that their merriment be free
From bitterness and malice.

Silence at once the ribald clown,
And check with an indignant frown
The scurrilous backbiter;
But speed good-humour as it runs,
Be even tolerant of puns,
And every mirth-exciter.

The wag who even fails may claim
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;
We should applaud, not hiss him;
This is a pardon which we grant,
(The Latin gives the rhime I want,)
"Et petimus vicissim."

Ibid.

Your love is like the gnats, John,
That hum at close of day:
That sting, and leave a scar behind,
Then sing and fly away.

Weekly Review.

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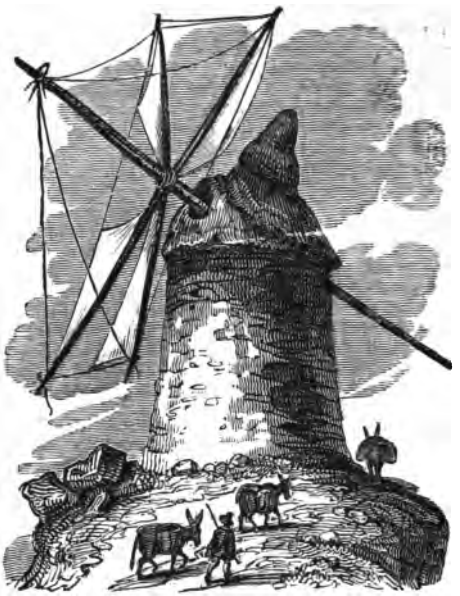
Villanova Mill.



THE Portuguese mills have a very extraordinary appearance, owing chiefly to the shape of their arms or sails, *the construction of which differs from that of all other mills in Europe.*

Villanova de Milfontès is a little town, situated at the mouth of a little river which flows from the *Sierra de Monchique.* Formerly there was a port here, formed by a little bay, and defended by a castle, which might have been of some importance at a period when the Moors made such frequent incursions upon the coasts of the kingdom of the Algarves; at present a dangerous bar and banks of quicksands hinder any vessels larger than small fishing-boats from entering the port.

Fig-trees from 20 to 30 feet high overshadow the moat of the castle, and aloes plants as luxuriant as those of Andalusia, shoot up their stems crowned with flowers along the shores of the bay, and by the sides of the roads, whose windings are lost amongst the gardens that surround Milfontès.

WE have seen Mr. HAYDON'S PICTURE of the *Chairing of the Members;* but must defer our description till the next number of the MIRROR. In the meantime we recommend our readers to visit the exhibition, so that they may compare notes with us. "The Chairing" is even superior to the "Election."

Notes of a Reader.

STORY OF RIENZI.

(*The original of Miss Milford's New Tragedy.*)

IN the year 1437, an obscure man, Nicola di Rienzi, conceived the project of restoring Rome, then in degradation and wretchedness, not only to good order, but even to her ancient greatness. He had received an education beyond his birth, and nourished his mind with the study of the best writers. After many harangues to the people, which the nobility, blinded by their self-confidence, did not attempt to repress, Rienzi suddenly excited an insurrection, and obtained complete success. He was placed at the head of a new government, with the title of Tribune, and with almost unlimited power. The first effects of this revolution were wonderful. All the nobles submitted, though with great reluctance; the roads were cleared of robbers; tranquillity was restored at home; some severe examples of justice intimidated offenders; and the tribune was regarded by all the people as the destined restorer of Rome and Italy. Most of the Italian republics, and some of the princes, sent embassadors, and seemed to recognise pretensions which were tolerably ostentatious. The King of Hungary and Queen

of Naples submitted their quarrel to the arbitration of Rienzi, who did not, however, undertake to decide it. But this sudden exaltation intoxicated his understanding, and exhibited feelings entirely incompatible with his elevated condition. If Rienzi had lived in our own age, his talents, which were really great, would have found their proper orbit, for his character was one not unusual among literary politicians; a combination of knowledge, eloquence, and enthusiasm for ideal excellence, with vanity, inexperience of mankind, unsteadiness, and physical timidity. As these latter qualities became conspicuous, they eclipsed his virtues, and caused his benefits to be forgotten: he was compelled to abdicate his government, and retire into exile. After several years, some of which he passed in the prison of Avignon, Rienzi was brought back to Rome, with the title of senator, and under the command of the legate. It was supposed that the Romans, who had returned to their habits of insubordination, would gladly submit to their favourite tribune. And this proved the case for a few months; but after that time they ceased altogether to respect a man who so little respected himself in accepting a station where he could no longer be free, and Rienzi was killed in a sedition.

"The doors of the capitol," says Gibbon, "were destroyed with axes and with fire; and while the senator attempted to escape in a plebeian garb, he was dragged to the platform of his palace, the fatal scene of his judgments and executions;" and after enduring the protracted tortures of suspense and insult, he was pierced with a thousand daggers, amidst the execrations of the people.'

At Rome is still shown a curious old brick dwelling, distinguished by the appellation of "The House of Pilate," but known to be the house of Rienzi. It is exactly such as would please the known taste of the Roman tribune, being composed of heterogeneous scraps of ancient marble, patched up with barbarous brick pilasters of his own age; affording an apt exemplification of his own character, in which piecemeal fragments of Roman virtue, and attachment to feudal state—abstract love of liberty, and practice of tyranny—formed as incongruous a compound.

ENGLISH WARS.

A PAMPHLET, entitled, *A Call upon the People of Great Britain and Ireland*, has lately reached us; but as its contents are purely political, we must content ourselves with a few historical data. Thus, of the 127 years from the Revolution to 1815, 65 have passed in war, during which "high trials of right," 2,023¼ millions have been expended in *seven wars*. Of these we give a synopsis:

	Lasted Years.	Cost in Millions.
War of the Revolution, 1688—1697	9	36
War of Spanish Succession, 1702—1713	11	62½
Spanish War, 1739—1748	9	54
Seven Years' War, 1756—1763	7	112
American War, 1775—1783	8	136
War of the French Revolution, 1793—1802	9	464
War against Napoleon, 1803—1815	12	1159

Of this expenditure we borrowed 834½ millions, and raised by taxes 1,189 millions. During the 127 years, the annual poor-rates rose from ¾ of a million to 6½ millions, and the price of wheat from 44*s.* to 92*s.* 8*d.* per quarter.

But it is time to clear *the table*, for it "strikes us more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

CHAIN OF BEING.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. Dillon for a copy of the second edition of his *Popular Premises Examined*, which we have read with considerable interest. The "opinions" are as popularly examined as is consistent with philosophical inquiry; but they are still not just calculated for the majority of the readers of the MIRROR. We, nevertheless, make one short extract, which will be acceptable to every well-regulated mind; and characteristic of the tone of good-feeling throughout Mr. Dillon's important little treatise.

"The spheres which we behold may each have their variety of intelligent 'being,' as links in nature's beautiful chain, connecting the smallest insect with the incomprehensible and immutable God. The beautiful variety we see in his works portrays His will, and we are justified in following this variety up to His throne. His attributes of love and joy beam forth from the heavens, and are reflected from every species of sensitive being. All have different capacities for enjoyment, all have pleasure and delight, from the lark warbling above her nest, to man walking in the resplendent gardens of heaven, and enjoying, under the smiling approbation of Providence, the flowers and fruits that surround him."

No man without the support and encouragement of friends, and having proper opportunities thrown in his way, is able to rise at once from obscurity, by the force of his own unassisted genius.—*Pliny's Letters.*

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RABBIS

CONSTITUTE a sort of nobility of the Jews, and it is the first object of each parent that his sons shall, if possible, attain it. When, therefore, a boy displays a peculiarly acute mind and studious habits, he is placed before the twelve folio volumes of the Talmud, and its legion of commentaries and epitomes, which he is made to pore over with an intenseness which engrosses his faculties entirely, and often leaves him in mind, and occasionally in body, fit for nothing else; and so vigilant and jealous a discipline is exercised so to fence him round as to secure his being exclusively Talmudical, and destitute of every other learning and knowledge whatever, that one individual has lately met with three young men, educated as rabbis, who were born and lived to manhood in the middle of Poland, and yet knew not one word of its language. To speak Polish on the Sabbath is to profane it—so say the orthodox Polish Jews. If at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, or still earlier, (for the Jew ceases to be a minor when thirteen years old,) this Talmudical student realizes the hopes of his childhood, he becomes an object of research among the wealthy Jews, who are anxious that their daughters shall attain the honour of becoming the brides of these embryo santons; and often, when he is thus young, and his bride still younger, the marriage is completed.

BARBER-SURGEONS.

JACOB DE CASTRO was one of the first members of the Corporation of Surgeons, after their separation from the barbers in the year 1745. On which occasion Bonnel Thornton suggested "*Tollite Barbe-rum*" for their motto.

The barber-surgeons had a by-law, by which they levied ten pounds on any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave. The separation did away this and other impediments to the improvement of surgery in England, which previously had been chiefly cultivated in France. The barber-surgeon in those days was known by his pole, the reason of which is sought for by a querist in "The British Apollo," fol. Lond. 1708, No. 3:—

I'de know why he that selleth ale
Hangs out a chequer'd part per pale;
And why a barber-at ~~port~~-hole
Puts forth a party-colour'd pole?"

ANSWER.

"In ancient Rome, when men lov'd fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in,
Man-menders then had noble pay,
Which we call *surgeons* to this day.
'Twas order'd that a huge long pole,
With bason deck'd, should grace the hole,
To guide the wounded, who unlopt
Could walk, on stumps the others hopt;
But, when they ended all their wars,
And men grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decaying, to keep swimming,
They join'd the other trade of trimming
And to their poles, to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together."

From Brand's "History of Newcastle," we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place; as at a meeting, 1742, of the barber-chirurgeons, it was ordered, that they should not shave on a Sunday, and "that no brother shave John Robinson, till he pay what he owes to Robert Shafto." Speaking of the "grosse ignorance of the barbers," a facetious author says, "This puts me in minde of a barber who, after he had cupped me, (as the physitian had prescribed,) to turn a catarrhe, asked me if I would be *sacrificed*. *Scarified?* said I; did the physitian tell you any such thing? No, (quoth he,) but I have sacrificed many, who have been the better for it. Then musing a little with myselfe, I told him, Surely, sir, you mistake yourself—you meane *scarified*. O, sir, by your favour, (quoth he,) I have ever heard it called sacrificing; and as for scarifying, I never heard of it before. In a word, I could by no means perswade him but that it was the barber's office to *sacrifice* men. Since which time I never saw any man in a barber's hands, but that *sacrificing* barber came to my mind."—*Wadd's Nugæ.*

SIR THEODORE MAYERNE may be considered one of the earliest reformers of the practice of physic. He left some papers written in elegant Latin, in the Asmolean Collection, which contain many curious particulars relative to the first invention of several medicines, and the state of physic at that period. Petitot, the celebrated enameller, owed his success in colouring to some chemical secrets communicated to him by Sir Theodore.

He was a voluminous writer, and, among others, wrote a book of receipts in cookery. Many were the good and savoury things invented by Sir Theodore; his maxims, and those of Sir John Hill, under the cloak of *Mrs.* Glasse, might have directed our stew-pans to this hour, but for the more scientific instructions of the renowned Mrs. Rundall, or of the still more scientific Dr. Kitchiner, who has verified the old adage, that the "*Kitchen is the handmaid to Physic;*" and if it be true that we are to regard a "good cook as in the nature of a good physician," then is Dr. Kitchiner the best physician that ever condescended to treat "*de re culinaria.*"

Sir Theodore may, in a degree, be said

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to have fallen a victim to *bad cookery*; for he is reported to have died of the effects of bad wine, which he drank at a tavern in the Strand. He foretold it would be fatal, and died, as it were, out of compliment to his own prediction."—*Ibid.*

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

THE COFFEE-DRINKER'S MANUAL.

WE would say of coffee-making in England, as Hamlet did of acting, "Oh, reform it altogether." Accordingly, the publication of a pleasant trifle, under the above name, is not ill-timed. Like all our modern farces, it is from the French, and as the translator informs us, the editor of the original is "of the *Café de Foi*, at Paris."

It opens with the *History of Coffee*, from its discovery by a monk in the 17th century, to the establishment of *cafes* in Paris, of which we have a brief notice, with additions by the translator.

Next is "the French method of making coffee, with the roasting, grinding, and infusion processes; and an interesting chapter on "coffee in the East." Under the "medicinal effects" we have the following, which is full of the *gaiete de cœur* of French writing:—

Influence of Coffee upon the Spirits.

IF coffee had been known among the Greeks and Romans, Homer would have taken his lyre to celebrate its virtues; Horace and Juvenal would have immortalized it in their verses; Diogenes would not have concealed his ill-humour in a tub, but would have drunk of this divine liquid, and have directly found the honest man he sought for; it would have made Heraclitus merry; and with what odes would it have inspired the muse of Anacreon!

In short, who can enumerate the wonderful effects of coffee

Seest thou that morose figure, that pale complexion, those deadened eyes, and faded lips? It is a lamentable fit of spleen. The whole faculty have been sent for, but their art is unavailing. She is given over. Happily one of her friends counsels her against despair, prescribes a few cups of Moka, and the dying patient, being restored to health, concludes with anathematizing the faculty, who would thus have sacrificed her life.

The complexion of this young girl was, as the poets would say, of lilies and roses; never was there a form more celestial, or one more gifted with life and vigour. Arrived at this stage, so fatal to the existence of females, the young girl sickened, lost her colour, and those cheeks, but yesterday so brilliant, were dull and heavy. "Travelling," said one; "a husband," said another; "coffee, coffee," replied a doctor. Coffee flowed in abundance, and then the drooping flower revived, and flourished again.

O! all ye who have essayed at rhyme, say if you have not often derived your happiest thoughts from this inspiring beverage. Delille has some beautiful lines, and Berchoux, in his poem of *Gastronomie*, has a pompous eulogium on its virtues.

Coffee occupies a grand place in the life and pursuits of the *gastronomer*. Oftentimes on leaving table his head aches and becomes heavy; he rises with pain; the savoury smells of viands, the flame of wax-lights, and the imperceptible gases which escape from innumerable wines and liqueurs, have produced around him a kind of mist or shade, equal to what the poet calls darkness visible. Coffee is quickly brought; our *gastronomer* inhales the aroma, sips drop by drop this ambrosian beverage, and his head already lightened, he walks with his accustomed vigour. What gaiety smiles in his countenance! the liveliest sallies of wit flow unnumbered from his lips; he is another being—a new man; but coffee alone has produced this regeneration. The late Doctor Gastaldi, who was an excellent table companion, used to say that he should have died ten times of indigestion if he had not accustomed himself to take coffee after dinner.

Would you then sleep tranquilly after your meal, and never fear those dreams which are so fatal to *gourmands*, quaff your coffee; it will fall like dew upon your lips, and sweetly temper with all those juices which oppress your exhausted stomach. If you can, drink your coffee without sugar, for then it preserves its natural flavour, and is much more efficacious than when mixed with other ingredients. Laugh at the doctors who tell you that hot coffee irritates the stomach and injures the nerves; tell them that Voltaire, Fontenelle, Stacey, and Fourcroy, who were great coffee-drinkers, lived to a good old age.

The *brochure*, for such it is, is wound up with "the natural history of coffee," and an appendix of "English receipts," &c.

PERILS OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A WORK of extraordinary and soul-stir-

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ring interest has lately appeared on the Revolutions of South America. It is entitled "Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru," and is compiled from private letters, journals, and recollections, by the brother of the general. From this portion of the work we gather that William Miller, the companion in arms of San Martin and Bolivar, was born in Kent, in 1795. He served with the British army in Spain and America, from 1811 till the peace of 1815. In 1816 and 1817, he devoted some attention to mercantile affairs; but being of an ardent spirit he finally resolved to engage as a candidate for military honour in the struggle in South America. Colombia was overrun with adventurers; and Miller directed his course to the river La Plata. He left England in August, 1817, when he was under twenty-two years of age, and landed at Buenos Ayres in the September following. In a month after, he received a captain's commission in the army of the Andes. In the beginning of 1818, captain Miller set out for the army of San Martin, and crossed the Andes by the pass of Uspallata. He soon joined his companions in arms. His first military enterprise was unsuccessful, but a notice of it will give our readers a faint idea of the perils of a campaign in the mountainous regions of South America. Miller, it appears, was on his march towards the capital of Chile; the artillery consisted of ten six-pounders, to this branch of the service his attention was, of course, devoted. The incident occurred in crossing the Maypo, a torrent which rushes from a gorge of the Andes:

The only bridge over it is made of what may be called hide cables. It is about two hundred and fifty feet long, and just wide enough to admit a carriage. It is upon the principle of suspension, and constructed where the banks of the river are so bold as to furnish natural piers. The figure of the bridge is nearly that of an inverted arch. Formed of elastic materials, it rocks a good deal when passengers go over it. The infantry, however, passed upon the present occasion without the smallest difficulty. The cavalry also passed without any accident by going a few at a time, and each man leading his horse. When the artillery came up, doubts were entertained of the possibility of getting it over. The general had placed himself on an eminence, to see his army file to the opposite side of the river. A consultation was held upon the practicability of passing the guns. Captain Miller volunteered to conduct the first gun. The limber was taken off, and drag ropes were fastened to the washers, to prevent the gun from descending too rapidly. The trail, carried foremost, was held up by two gunners, but, notwithstanding every precaution, the bridge swung from side to side, and the carriage acquired so much velocity, that the gunners who held up the trail, assisted by captain Miller, lost their equilibrium, and the gun upset. The carriage, becoming entangled in the thong balustrade, was prevented from falling into the river, but the platform of the bridge acquired an inclination almost perpendicular, and all upon it were obliged to cling to whatever they could catch hold of to save themselves from being precipitated into the torrent, which rolled and foamed sixty feet below. For some little time none dared go to the relief of the party thus suspended, because it was supposed that the bridge would snap asunder, and it was expected that in a few moments all would drop into the abyss beneath. As nothing material gave way, the alarm on shore subsided, and two or three men ventured on the bridge to give assistance. The gun was dismounted with great difficulty, the carriage dismantled, and conveyed piecemeal to the opposite shore. The rest of the artillery then made a detour, and crossed at a ford four or five leagues lower down the river.

Miller soon became advanced to the rank of brevet-major: in November, 1818, he joined Lord Cochrane, who took the command of the naval forces of Chile, and was accompanied by major Miller, as commander of the marines, in nearly all his expeditions. Lord Cochrane failing in his first attack on Callao, resolved to fit out fire-ships, and a laboratory was accordingly formed under the superintendance of major Miller. Here our gallant adventurer was nearly destroyed by an accidental explosion; and in an attack shortly afterwards at Pisco, he was desperately wounded, so that his life was for seventeen days despaired of.

In the capture of Valdivia, one of the bravest exploits of modern warfare, Miller acted a distinguished part, and narrowly escaped destruction, a ball passing through his hat, and grazing the crown of his head. The narrative of this glorious scene is unfortunately too long for transference to our columns, and the omission of any of the details would interfere with its glowing interest.

Miller was again wounded in an unsuccessful attempt, under Lord Cochrane, to capture the Island of Chiloe. In June, 1820, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the eighth battalion of Buenos Ayres, and in the August following, he embarked for Valparaiso, with his battalion,

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forming a part of the liberating army of Peru. They made the passage to Pisco, a distance of 1,500 miles, in fifteen days; and from this point commenced that series of sanguinary conflicts which terminated, in five years, in the complete liberation of the country of the Incas. During the land operations was Lord Cochrane's triumphant capture of the Spanish frigate, the Esmeralda, in the fort of Callao, which is briefly but vividly told.

Early in 1821, lieutenant-colonel Miller abandoned Pasco, and re-embarked for the fort of Arica; and after a hair-breadth escape, landed ten leagues north of that point. The colonel now advanced with his little army of 400 men into the country, where he routed the royalist troops, and in a fortnight killed or captured more than 600 Spaniards. In 1822, he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and the civil and military government of an extensive district in Peru; in which year also he was engaged in several important battles. In the beginning of 1823, with only a company of *cacadores*, he harassed the royalists for several months; and so alarmed the enemy by the rapidity of his movements, that he often passed the hostile division, of a thousand men, without their daring to attack him. Of the country in which these operations were carried on, the general gives a frightful picture.

In 1823, colonel Miller, was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and in the same year he became chief of the staff of the Peruvian army. In 1824, he was introduced to *Bolivar*. On the 13th of June he crossed the Andes to take the command of 1,500 montoneros (a body of men very similar to the Guerillas of Spain,) who occupied the country round Pasco. The difficulties of this service, and the perils of a campaign in the Andes, may be well inferred from the following passages:—

It often occurred during the campaign of 1824, that the cavalry being in the rear, were, by a succession of various obstructions, prevented from accomplishing the day's march before nightfall. It then became necessary for every man to dismount, and to lead the two animals in his charge, to avoid going astray, or tumbling headlong down the most frightful precipices. But the utmost precaution did not always prevent the corps from losing their way. Sometimes men, at the head of a battalion, would continue to follow the windings of a deafening torrent, instead of turning abruptly to the right or left, up some rocky acclivity, over which lay their proper course; whilst others who chanced to be right, would pursue the proper track. The line was so drawn out, that there were unavoidably many intervals, and it was easy for such mistakes to occur, although trumpeters were placed at regular distances expressly to prevent separation. One party was frequently heard hallowing from an apparently fathomless ravine, to their comrades passing over some high projecting summit, to know if they were going right. These would answer with their trumpets; but it often occurred that both parties had lost their road. The frequent sound of trumpets along the broken line—the shouting of officers to their men at a distance—the neighing of horses, and the braying of mules, both men and animals being alike anxious to reach a place of rest, produced a strange and fearful concert, echoed, in the darkness of the night, from the horrid solitude of the Andes. After many fruitless attempts to discover the proper route, a halt until daybreak was usually the last resource. The sufferings of the men and animals on those occasions were extreme. The thermometer was generally below the freezing point, amidst which they were sometimes overtaken by terrific snow-storms.

These difficulties and hardships were not so severely felt by the infantry, for, unincumbered with the charge of horses, it was an easy matter for them to turn back, whereas it was often impossible for the cavalry to do so, the path on the mountain-side being generally too narrow to admit of horses turning round. It happened more than once, that the squadron in front, having ascertained that it had taken a wrong direction, was nevertheless compelled to advance until it reached some open spot, where the men were enabled to assemble, and wait for the hindmost of their comrades, and then retrace their steps. After having pursued this plan, the troops have met another squadron following the same track; and, under such circumstances, it has required hours for either to effect a countermarch. In this complicated operation many an animal was hurled down the precipice and dashed to pieces, nor did their riders always escape a similar fate.

In the mountainous regions of the interior, nature presents difficulties which, though of a different description, are equally as appalling as those experienced on the coast. The sheds erected at *pascanas* (or halting places) in the vast unpeopled tracts of the bleak mountain districts, and on the table lands, were inadequate to afford shelter to more than a small number, so that the greater part of the troops were obliged to bivouac sometimes in places where the thermo-

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meter falls *every night* considerably below the freezing point, and this *throughout the year*; whereas it often rises at noon, in the same place, to 90 degrees. It may be readily imagined what must have been the sufferings of men, born in, or accustomed to, the sultry temperature of Truxillo, Guayaquil, Panama, or Cartagena. The difficulty of respiration, called in some places *la puna*, and in others *el sirocho*, experienced in those parts of the Andes which most abound in metals, was so great at times, that, whilst on the march, whole battalions would sink down, as if by magic, and it would have been inflicting death to have attempted to oblige them to proceed until they had rested and recovered themselves. In many cases life was solely preserved by opening the temporal artery. This sudden difficulty of respiration is supposed to be caused by occasional exhalations of metalliferous vapour, which, being inhaled into the lungs, causes a strong feeling of suffocation.

During certain months of the year, tremendous hail-storms occur. They have fallen with such violence that the army has been obliged to halt, and the men being compelled to hold up their knapsacks to protect their faces, have had their hands so severely bruised and cut by large hail-stones as to bleed copiously.

Thunder-storms are also particularly severe in the elevated regions. The electric fluid is seen to fall around, in a manner unknown in other parts of the world, and frequently causes loss of life. Such storms have often burst at some distance below their feet, as the army climbed the lofty ridges of the Andes.

The distressing fatigues of the most difficult marches in Europe cannot perhaps be compared to those which the patriot soldiers underwent in the campaign of 1824. From Caxamarca (memorable for the seizure and death of Atuhualpa) to Cuzco, the whole line of the road (with the exception of the plain between Pasco and the vicinity of Tarma, twenty leagues in extent, and the valley of Xauxa) presents a continuation of rugged and fatiguing ascents and declivities. That these difficulties do not diminish between Cuzco and Potosi may be inferred from the following fact:—

When general Cordova's division marched from Cuzco to Puno, it halted at Santa Rosa. During the night there was a heavy fall of snow. They continued their march the next morning. The effects of the rays of the sun reflected from the snow upon the eyes, produces a disease, which the Peruvians call *surumpi*. It occasions blindness, accompanied by excruciating pains. A pimple forms in the eye-ball, and causes an itching, pricking pain, as though needles were continually piercing it. The temporary loss of sight is occasioned by the impossibility of opening the eye-lids for a single moment, the smallest ray of light being absolutely insupportable. The only relief is a poultice of snow, but as that melts away the tortures return. With the exception of twenty men and the guides, who knew how to guard against the calamity, the whole division were struck blind three leagues distant from the nearest human habitation. The guides galloped on to a village in advance, and brought out a hundred Indians to assist in leading the men. Many of the sufferers, maddened by pain, had strayed away from the column, and perished before the return of the guides, who, together with the Indians, took charge of long files of the poor sightless soldiers, clinging to each other with agonized and desperate grasp. During their dreary march by a rugged mountain path, several fell down precipices, and were never heard of more. General Miller suffered only fifteen hours from the *surumpi*, but the complaint usually continues two days. Out of three thousand men, General Cordova lost above a hundred. The regiment most affected was the *voltigeros* (formerly Numancia), which had marched by land from Caracas, a distance of upwards of two thousand leagues.

General Miller's share in the triumph of Junin was witnessed by Bolivar, in August, 1824; and at the victory of Ayacucho, which terminated the war in Peru, general Miller was foremost in the thickest of the fight.

We are now drawing near to the close of our outline of the general's brilliant career. At the conclusion of the war in 1825, he was appointed prefect of the department of Potosi, with a population of 300,000 souls. He was going on prosperously in his labours of peace, in improving the condition of the natives, who had for three centuries been writhing under the most infamous oppression, when his health required that he should visit Europe. In October, 1825, he resigned his honourable office, and obtained leave of absence to return to his native country, bringing with him an unsolicited testimonial from Bolivar, of his heroism in the campaign of 1824. General Miller is now in England, and in circles where his merit is known, he is received with the highest respect.

In our hasty sketch, we have glanced at only a few of the difficulties with which General Miller was beset in his several en-

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terprises in the cause of South American independence. His career, though extending but to seven years, is one of unparalleled interest, as well to the general reader, as to the more calculating observer of the rise and progress of infant liberty. His exploits have none of the daring or bravado of mere adventures, but they are examples of sterling courage which have few parallels in the annals of modern warfare. On his quitting Potosi for England, it is mentioned that he was overwhelmed with testimonials of popular affection. *We* live in too advanced a state of refinement to appreciate the ecstasy which his labours in the great and glorious cause must have inspired among the native population of the scene of these exploits; but as a fellow-countryman, we have reason to be proud of his name, and of the high rank it will hereafter occupy in the records of human character. He has laid the foundation of the happiness of thousands, and sincerely do we wish that he may yet live many years to witness the successful progress of the cause to which he has so gloriously contributed.

We recommend such of our readers as take interest in genuine records of glowing patriotism, to turn to general Miller's "Memoirs"—for such volumes of exhaustless variety and importance are seldom met with in these days of flimsy literature.

The Anecdote Gallery.

LORD BYRON'S INTERVIEW WITH A MONK.

[For the following graphic sketch, acknowledgment is due to the last No. (5) of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, where it is stated to be copied from Pouqueville's Travels in Greece. There is too much romance in it for our sober belief, and for the credit of Pouqueville—who by his statements has misled thousands—we ought to state that he gives it as the production of another pen. However, a marvellous story never loses by travelling; but—

Vires acquirit eundo.

Of course, it is easy enough for any enthusiast to put such words as the following into the mouth of a man who has been reviled and attacked by thousands; but we hope, for the credit of the reading world, that such stories as the following, seldom find implicit credence. There may, however, be some foundation for the following *romaunt*, and probably the incident, however slight, was too tempting to be sent forth to the world unadorned. If Lord Byron ever uttered such words as are here attributed to him—"*I am still an Atheist*"—it must have been in a fit of the most malignant obstinacy that ever distorted and disgraced the human mind—or perhaps in that spirit of malicious banter with which he was accustomed to torment his best and nearest friends. That such was his *genuine sentiment*, we can never bring ourselves to believe; and whatever standing is possessed by us in the world, should willingly be staked upon this point. As a romance of the pen, and not as a pure narrative of facts, we trust the following will be received: for, as such alone is it presented to our readers.]

LORD BYRON during his stay at Athens, lodged at the Capuchin Convent. The Reverend Father Paul had found favour in the sight of this surprising genius;—his age, his profession, his gentleness, had gained him the affection of that nobleman in such a manner, that he devoted himself to him with all the caprice of his character. Wearied with everything, *oppressed by his familiar demon*, Byron came one day to find Father Paul, and request his hospitality.

The monk on seeing him reminded him of the words of the last conversation they had had together—"*You cannot convince me, I am still an Atheist.*" Instead of replying, Byron requested the Father to permit him to inhabit a cell, and relieve him from the ennui which poisoned his life. "While uttering these words," said Father Paul, "he pressed my hands, and called me his father; the locks of his hair, dripping with perspiration, covered his forehead; his face was pale, his lips trembled: dared I to ask him the cause of his melancholy?"—"My father, all *your* days are like each other; as for *me*, I shall always be a traveller."—"Have you no country? If the feeling of absence causes your sorrow, depart; my prayers and good wishes will accompany you to England."—"Speak not to me of England; I would rather be dragged in chains on the sands of Libya, than revisit places imprinted with the curse which I have given them. The injustice of men has made England odious to me; it has separated us for ever; after the death of man, however, if it be true that the soul survives, I should be delighted to inhabit it, as a pure spirit. This mystery is only known to God."—"Well, if you have renounced your country, take care to give your mind occupation, without too great exertion of your fancy. Is it the fault of the Creator if men are misled by false doctrines? God never predestined their perfect knowledge. Think you that peace of mind, and health of body can be the lot of him, whose life is perpetually in contradiction to that of other men? His reason is perverted who doubts the infinite power of God, and the man inscribed on the list of Atheists must be necessarily unhappy."—"Atheist! Atheist! This is then the end of your consolation to me! It is thus that you call your son! Minister of that God who reads the hearts of men, learn, my reverend father, that it is beyond your power to discover an Atheist, even if his own mouth made you the hypocritical confes-

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sion. An Atheist it is impossible to find —to admit his existence is to outrage the Sovereign of the World, who, in perfecting his noblest work, did not forget to engrave there the name of its immortal Author. Passions may arouse doubts; but when the Atheist questions himself, the evidence of a God confounds his incredulity, and the truth of the sentiment which fills his thoughts absolves him of the crime of Atheism. It is easy for you, my father, never to murmur against the Author of your being; you, who, in the gentle quiet of a life exempt from storms, have acquired the conviction that the sun of your old age will illumine the same scenes as did that of your youth. As for me—thrown on the earth like a disinherited child, born to feel happiness, and never finding it—I wander from climate to climate, with the sentiment of my everlasting misery. Since reason has unfolded to me the feeling of my wretchedness, nothing has yet tempered the bitterness of my distress. Fed with the hate of men —betrayed by those whose kindness I compared to that of angels—attacked by an incurable disease, which has swept away my ancestors—tell me, man of truth, if murmurs excited by despair can characterize an Atheist, and bring upon him the anger of Heaven. Oh! unhappy Byron!! if after so many mortal trials thy last hope of salvation is taken from thee—well!!"—Here the voice of my lord faltered.

His gloomy silence lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. All on a sudden he rose from his chair with eagerness, and walked round the room, stopping before the holy pictures which adorned it. A moment after he came to me, and said, "Do you remember that you promised a month ago to give me certain things which you possess?"—"I possess very little, and that little has nothing which can tempt you: however, speak!"—"I remember the words of your answer, and you can no longer refuse me anything." Then he advanced towards a corner of my room, and taking down a beautiful crucifix which I had brought from Rome, he placed it in my hands. I offered it to Byron, saying, "*This is the consoler of the unhappy.*" He seized it with transport, and kissing it several times, he added, with eyes bathed in tears, "My hands shall not long profane it, and my mother will soon be the guardian of your precious relic!"

To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.
Goethe—Foreign Review.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ON LORD GROSVENOR'S ANNUAL NCOME.

OUR journals, which tell us of ev'ry one's matters,
From the king on the tnrone, to the pauper in tatters;
Say his lordship possesses, if rightly I scan 'em,
Two hundred and seventy-two thousands per annum.
On this statement I've latterly ventur'd to ponder,
And deduc'd calculations, with diff'rence as under:
I suppos'd was his income five thousand a week,
(Of the surplus remaining I shall not now speak *)
By close computation I found it came near
To seven hundred and twenty, for each day's arrear.
Intent on the subject reducing it lower
I found thirty pounds was the draught for each hour.
Pursuing my theme, for amusement was in it,
There were ten shillings sterling for each fleeting minute,
And for ev'ry pulsation of time, called a second,
"According to Cocker," two-pence must be reckon'd.

PERCY HENDON.

* There remains the sum of £12,000 which I have not treated on in order to avoid fractional parts.

IN the churchyard of Carisbrook is the following epitaph on a loving couple:—

Of life he had the better slice,
They lived at once, and died at twice.

FROST is the greatest artist in our clime;
He paints in nature, and describes in rime.

EPITAPH ON A RICH MISER.

HERE lies one, who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost,
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

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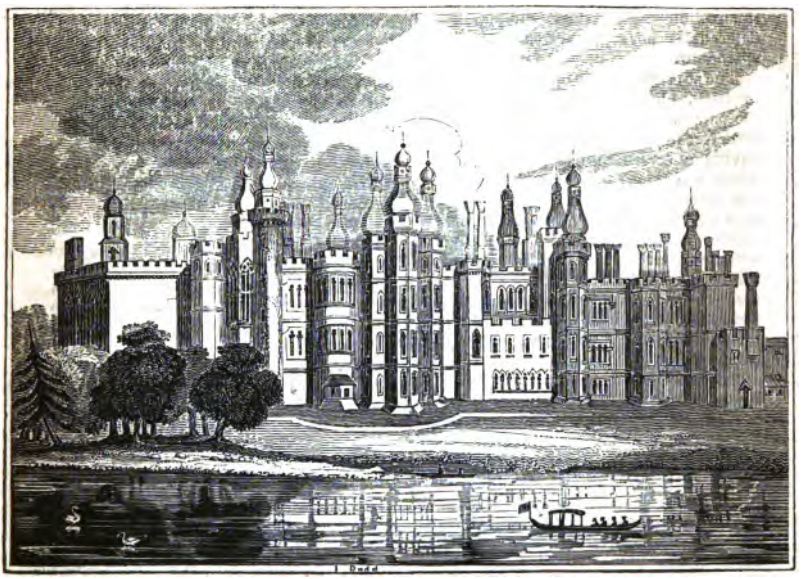
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 336.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1828. [Price 2*d*.

Richmond Palace.



Richmond has comparatively but few antiquarian or poetical visiters, notwithstanding all its associations with the ancient splendour of the English court, and the hallowed names of Pope and Thomson. Maurice sings,

> To thy sequester'd bow'rs and wooded height,
> That ever yield my soul renew'd delight,
> Richmond, I fly! with all thy beauties fir'd,
> By raptur'd poets sung, by kings admir'd!

but ninety-nine out of a hundred who visit Richmond, thank the gods they are not poetical, fly off to the *Star and Garter* hill, and content themselves with the inspirations of its well-stored cellars. All this corresponds with the turtle-feasting celebrity of the modern *Sheen;* but it ill accords with the antiquarian importance and resplendent scenery of this delightful country.

Our engraving is from a very old drawing, representing the palace at Richmond, as built by Henry VII. The manor-house at Sheen, a little east of the bridge, and close by the river side, became a *royal palace* in the time of Edward I., for he and his successor resided here. Edward III. died here in 1377. Queen Anne, the consort of his successor, died here in 1394. Deeply affected at her death, he, according to Holinshed, "caused it to be thrown down and defaced; whereas the former kings of this land, being wearie of the citie, used customarily thither to resort as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly to their recreation." Henry V., however, restored the palace to its former magnificence; and Henry VII. held, in 1492, a grand tournament here. In 1499, it was almost consumed by fire, when Henry rebuilt the palace, and gave it the name of Richmond. Cardinal Wolsey frequently resided here; and Hall, in his Chronicles, says, that "when the common people, and especially such as had been servants of Henry VII., saw the cardinal keep house in the manor royal at Richmond, which that monarch so highly esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying, 'so a butcher's dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond!'"*

* Mrs. A. T. Thomson, in her *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, says, "On the night of the Epiphany (1510), a pageant was introduced into the hall at Richmond, representing a hill studded with gold and precious stones, and having on its summit a tree of gold, from which hung roses and pomegranates. From the declivity of

Queen Elizabeth was prisoner at Richmond during the reign of her sister Mary; after she came to the throne, the palace was her favourite residence; and here she died in 1608. Charles I. formed a large collection of pictures here; and Charles II. was educated at Richmond. On the restoration, the palace was in a very dismantled state, and having, during the commonwealth, been plundered and defaced, it never recovered its pristine splendour.

The survey taken by order of parliament in 1649, affords a minute description of the palace. The great hall was one hundred feet in length, and forty in breadth, having a screen at the lower end, over which was "fayr foot space in the higher end thereof, the pavement of square tile, well lighted and seated; at the north end having a turret, or clock-case, covered with lead, which is a special ornament to this building." The prince's lodgings are described as a "freestone building, three stories high, with *fourteen turrets*, covered with lead," being "a very graceful ornament to the whole house, and perspicuous to the county round about." A round tower is mentioned, called the "Canted Tower," with a staircase of one hundred and twenty-four steps. The chapel was ninety-six feet long and forty broad, with cathedral-seats and pews. Adjoining the prince's garden was an open gallery, two hundred feet long, over which was a close gallery of similar length. Here was also a royal library. Three pipes supplied the palace with water, one from the white conduit in the new park, another from the conduit in the town fields, and the third from a conduit near the alms-houses in Richmond. In 1650, it was sold for 10,000*l.* to private persons.

All the accounts which have come down to us describe the furniture and decorations of the ANCIENT PALACE as very superb, exhibiting in gorgeous tapestry the deeds of kings and of heroes who had signalized themselves by their conquests throughout France in behalf of their country.

The site of Richmond Palace is now occupied by noble mansions; but AN OLD ARCHWAY, seen from *the Green*, still remains as a melancholy memorial of its regal splendour.

the hill descended a lady richly attired, who, with the gentlemen, or, as they were then called, children of honour, danced a morris before the king. On another occasion, in the presence of the court, an artificial forest was drawn in by a lion and an antelope, the hides of which were richly embroidered with golden ornaments; the animals were harnessed with chains of gold, and on each sat a fair damsel in gay apparel. In the midst of the forest, which was thus introduced, appeared a gilded tower, at the end of which stood a youth, holding in his hands a garland of roses, as the prize of valour in a tournament which succeeded the pageant!"

EPITOME OF COMETS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming flight?" YOUNG.

COMETS, according to Sir Isaac Newton, are compact, solid, fixed, and durable bodies: in one word, a kind of planets, which move in very oblique orbits, every way, with the greatest freedom, persevering in their motions even against the course and direction of the planets; and their tail is a very thin, slender vapour, emitted by the head, or nucleus of the comet, ignited or heated by the sun.

There are *bearded*, *tailed*, and *hairy* comets; thus, when the comet is eastward of the sun, and moves from it, it is said to be *bearded*, because the light precedes it in the manner of a beard. When the comet is westward of the sun, and sets after it, it is said to be *tailed*, because the train follows it in the manner of a tail. Lastly, when the comet and the sun are diametrically opposite (the earth being between them) the train is hid behind the body of the comet, excepting a little that appears around it in the form of a border of hair, or *coma*, it is called *hairy*, and whence the name of comet is derived.

For the conservation of the water and moisture of the planets, comets (says Sir Isaac Newton) seem absolutely requisite; from whose condensed vapours and exhalations all that moisture which is spent on vegetations and putrefactions, and turned into dry earth, may be resupplied and recruited; for all vegetables increase wholly from fluids, and turn by putrefaction into earth. Hence the quantity of dry earth must continually increase, and the moisture of the globe decrease, and at last be quite evaporated, if it have not a continual supply. And I suspect (adds Sir Isaac) that the spirit which makes the finest, subtilest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets.

Another use which he conjectures comets may be designed to serve, is that of recruiting the sun with fresh fuel, and repairing the consumption of his light by the streams continually sent forth in every direction from that luminary—

"From his huge vapouring train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' ethereal fire."
THOMSON.

Newton has computed that the sun's

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heat in the comet of 1680,* was, to his heat with us at Midsummer, as twenty-eight thousand to one; and that the heat of the body of the comet was near two thousand times as great as that of red-hot iron. The same great author also calculates, that a globe of red-hot iron, of the dimensions of our earth, would scarce be cool in fifty thousand years. If then the comet be supposed to cool a hundred times as fast as red-hot iron, yet, since its heat was two thousand times greater, supposing it of the bigness of the earth, it would not be cool in a million of years.

An elegant writer in the Guardian, says, "I cannot forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they were not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear, that it travelled with a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity; and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty had prescribed for it! That it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it. What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command the magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the meantime, they are very proper objects for our imagination to contemplate, that we may form more extensive notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention." Seneca saw three comets, and says, "I am not of the common opinion, nor do I take a comet to be a sudden fire; but esteem it among the eternal works of nature."

P. T. W.

* The Comet which appeared in 1759, and which (says Lambert) returned the quickest of any that we have an account of, had a winter of seventy years. Its heat surpassed imagination.

SONNETS

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, AUTHOR OF "PARGA," "THE KNIGHTS OF RITZBERG," &c.

(For the Mirror.)

TO THE SUN.

Hail to thee, fountain of eternal light,
Streaming with dewy radiance in the sky!
Rising like some huge giant from the night,
While the dark shadows from thy presence fly.
Enshrin'd in mantle of a varied dye,
Thou hast been chambering in the topmost clouds,
List'ning to peeping, glist'ning stars on high,
Pillow'd upon their thin, aërial shrouds;
But when the breeze of dawn refreshfully
Swept the rude waters of the ocean flood,
And the dark pines breath'd from each leaf a sigh,
To wake the sylvan genius of the wood,
Thou burst in glory on our dazzled sight,
In thy resplendent charms, a flood of golden light!

TO THE MOON.

Spirit of heaven! shadow-mantled queen,
In mildest beauty peering in the sky,
Radiant with light! 'Tis sweet to see thee lean,
As if to listen, from cloud-worlds on high,
Whilst murmuring nightingales voluptuously
Breathe their soft melody, and dew-drops lie
Upon the myrtle blooms and oaken leaves,
And the winds sleep in sullen peacefulness!
Oh! it is then that gentle Fancy weaves
The vivid visions of the soul, which bless
The poet's mind, and with sweet phantasies,
Like grateful odours shed refreshfully
From angels' wings of glistening beauty, tries
To waken pleasure, and to stifle sighs!

EMBLEM OF WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

It is supposed by some of the Welsh, and in some notes to a poem the author (Mr. P. Lewellyn) says he has been confidently assured, that the leek, as is generally supposed to be, is not the original emblem of Wales, but the sive, or chive, which is common to almost every peasant's garden. It partakes of the smell and taste of the onion and leek, but is not so noxious, and is much handsomer than the latter. It grows in a wild state on the banks of the Wye, infinitely larger than when planted in gardens. According to the above-mentioned author, the manner in which it became the national emblem of Cambria was as follows:—As a prince of Wales was returning victorious from battle, he wished to have some leaf or flower to commemorate the event; but it being winter, no plant or shrub was seen until they came to the Wye, when they beheld the sive, which the prince commanded to be worn as a memorial of the victory.

Tipton, Staffordshire. W. H.

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HISTORY OF FAIRS.

(For the Mirror.)

FAIRS, among the old Romans, were holidays, on which there was an intermission of labour and pleadings. Among the Christians, upon any extraordinary solemnity, particularly the anniversary dedication of a church, tradesmen were wont to bring and sell their wares even in the churchyards, which continued especially upon the festivals of the dedication. This custom was kept up till the reign of Henry VI. Thus we find a great many fairs kept at these festivals of dedications, as at Westminster on St. Peter's day, at London on St. Bartholomew's, Durham on St. Cuthbert's day. But the great numbers of people being often the occasion of riots and disturbances, the privilege of holding a fair was granted by royal charter. At first they were only allowed in towns and places of strength, or where there was some bishop or governor of condition to keep them in order. In process of time there were several circumstances of favour added, people having the protection of a holiday, and being allowed freedom from arrests, upon the score of any difference not arising upon the spot. They had likewise a jurisdiction allowed them to do justice to those that came thither; and therefore the most inconsiderable fair with us has, or had, a court belonging to it, which takes cognizance of all manner of causes and disorders growing and committed upon the place, called *pye powder*, or *pedes pulverisati*. Some fairs are free, others charged with tolls and impositions. At free fairs, traders, whether natives or foreigners, are allowed to enter the kingdom, and are under the royal protection in coming and returning. They and their agents, with their goods, also their persons and goods, are exempt from all duties and impositions, tolls and servitudes; and such merchants going to or coming from the fair cannot be arrested, or their goods stopped. The prince only has the power to establish fairs of any kind. These fairs make a considerable article in the commerce of Europe, especially those of the Mediterranean, or inland parts, as Germany. The most famous are those of Frankfort and Leipsic; the fairs of Novi, in the Milanese; that of Riga, Arch-angel of St. Germain, at Paris; of Lyons; of Guibray, in Normandy; and of Beauclaire, in Languedoc: those of Porto-Bello, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, are the most considerable in America.

HALBERT.

THE VIRGINAL.

(For the Mirror.)

A RARE and beautiful relic of the olden time was lately presented to the museum of the Northern Institution, by William Mackintosh, Esq. of Milbank—an ancient virginal, which was in use among our ancestors prior to the invention of the spinnet and harpsichord. Mary, Queen of Scots, who delighted in music, in her moments of "joyeusitie," as John Knox phrases it, used to play finely on the virginal; and her more fortunate rival, Queen Elizabeth, was so exquisite a performer on the same instrument, that Melville says, on hearing her once play in her chamber, he was irresistibly drawn into the room. The virginal now deposited in the museum formerly belonged to a noble family in Inverness, and is considered to be the only one remaining in Scotland. It is made of oak, inlaid with cedar, and richly ornamented with gold. The cover and sides are beautifully painted with figures of birds, flowers, and leaves, the colours of which are still comparatively fresh and undecayed. On one part of the lid is a grand procession of warriors, whom a bevy of fair dames are propitiating by presents or offerings of wine and fruits. Altogether, the virginal may be regarded as a fine specimen of art, and is doubly interesting as a memorial of times long gone by.

W. G. C.

HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOUR correspondent, a *Constant Reader*, in No. 330 of the MIRROR, is informed that the identical telescope which he mentions is now in the possession of Mr. J. Davies, optician, 101, High-street, Mary-le-bone, where it may be seen in a finished and perfect state. It is reckoned the best and most complete of its size in Europe.

It was ordered to be made for his late majesty George III. as a challenge against the late Dr. Herschel's; but was prevented from being completed till some time after. The metals, 9½ inches in diameter, having a diagonal eye-piece, four eye tubes of different magnifying powers, and three small specula of various radii, were made by Mr. Watson.

J. D.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

OCTOBER.

(For the Mirror.)

THE *Augustalia* was a festival at Rome, in commemoration of the day on which Augustus returned to Rome, after he had

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established peace over the different parts of the empire. It was first established in the year of Rome 735.

The *Fontinalia*, or *Fontanalia*, was a religious feast, held among the Romans in honour of the deities who presided over fountains or springs. Varro observes, that it was the custom to visit the wells on those days, and to cast crowns into fountains. This festival was observed on the 13th of October.

The *Armilustrum* was a feast held on the 19th of October, wherein they sacrificed, armed at all points, and with the sound of trumpets. The sacrifice was intended for the expiation of the armies, and the prosperity of the arms of the people of Rome. This feast may be considered as a kind of benediction of arms. It was first observed among the Athenians.

P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

LORD BYRON AT MISSOLONGHI

[The *Foreign Quarterly Review* gives the following sketch as a "*pendant* to Mr. Pouqueville's picture of the poet, given in a preceding page," and requoted by us in the last No. of the MIRROR. It is from a History of Greece, by Rizo, a Wallachian sentimentalist of the first order, and in enthusiasm and exuberance of style, it will perhaps compare with any previous sketches of the late Lord Byron: but the romantic interest which Rizo has thrown about these "more last words" will doubtless render them acceptable to our readers.]

For several years a man, a poet, excited the admiration of civilized people. His sublime genius towered above the atmosphere, and penetrated, with a searching look, even into the deepest abysses of the human heart. Envy, which could not reach the poet, attacked the man, and wounded him cruelly; but, too great to defend, and too generous to revenge himself, he only sought for elevated impressions, and "*vivoit de grand sensations*," (which we cannot translate), capable of the most noble devotedness, and, persuaded that excellence is comprised in justice, he embraced the cause of the Greeks. Still young, Byron had traversed Greece, *properly so called*, and described the moral picture of its inhabitants. He quitted these countries, pitying in his verses the misery of the Greeks, blaming their lethargy, and despising their stupid submission; so difficult is it to know a nation by a rapid glance. What was the astonishment of the poet, when some years later he saw these people, whom he had thought unworthy to bear the name of Greeks, rise up with simultaneous eagerness, and declare, in the face of the world, that "they *would* again become a nation." Byron hesitated at first; ancient prepossessions made him attribute this rupture to a partial convulsion, the ultimate effort of a being ready to breathe the last sigh. Soon new prodigies, brilliant exploits, and heroic constancy, which sustained itself in spite of every opposition, proved to him that he had ill-judged this people, and excited him to repair his error by the sacrifice of his fortune and life; he wished to concur in the work of regeneration. From the shores of the beautiful Etruria he set sail for Greece, in the month of August, 1823. He visited at first the seven Ionian Isles, where he sojourned some time, busied in concluding the first Greek loan. The death of Marco Botzaris redoubled the enthusiasm of Byron, and perhaps determined him to prefer the town of Missolonghi, which already showed for its glory the tombs of Normann, Kyriakoulis, and Botzaris. Alas! that town was destined, four months later, to reckon another mausoleum!

Towards the month of November a Hydriote brig of war, commanded by the nephew of the brave Criézy, sailed to Cephalonia to take him on board, and bring him to Missolonghi; but the Septinsular government, not permitting ships bearing a Greek flag to come into its harbours, Byron was obliged to pass to Zante in a small vessel, and to join the Greek brig afterwards, which was waiting for him near Zante. Hardly was Byron on board when he kissed the mainmast, calling it "*sacred wood*." The ship's crew astonished at this whimsical behaviour, regarded him in silence; suddenly Byron turned towards the captain and the sailors, whom he embraced with tears, and said to them, "It is by this wood that you will consolidate your independence." At these words the sailors, moved with enthusiasm, regarded him with admiration. Byron soon reached Missolonghi: the members of the Administrative Council received him at the head of two thousand soldiers drawn up in order. The artillery of the place, and the discharge of musquetry announced the happy arrival of this great man. All the inhabitants ran to the shore, and welcomed him with acclamations. As soon as he had entered the town, he went to the hotel of the Administrative Council, where he was complimented by Porphyrios, Archbishop of Arta, Lepanto and Etolia, accompanied by all his clergy. The first words of Byron were, "Where is the brother of the modern Leonidas?" Constantine Botzaris, a young man, tall and well made, immediately stepped forward, and Byron thus accosted him:"—"Happy mortal! Thou art the brother

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of a hero, whose name will never be effaced in the lapse of ages!" Then perceiving a great crowd assembled under the windows of the hotel, he advanced towards the casement, and said, "Hellenes! you see amongst you an Englishman who has never ceased to study Greece in her antiquity, and to think of her in her modern state; an Englishman who has always invoked by his vows that liberty, for which you are now making so many heroic efforts. I am grateful for the sentiments which you testify towards me; in a short time you will see me in the middle of your phalanxes, to conquer or perish with you." A month afterwards the government sent him a deputation, charged to offer him a sword and the patent of Greek citizenship; at the same time the town of Missolonghi inscribed him in its archives. For this public act they prepared a solemn ceremony for him; they fixed beforehand the day—they invited there by circular letters the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts—and more than twenty thousand persons arrived at Missolonghi. Byron in a Greek costume, preceded and followed by all the military, who loved him, proceeded to the church, where the Archbishop Porphyrios and the bishop of Rogon, Joseph, that martyr of religion and his country, received him in the vestibule of the church, clothed in their sacerdotal habits; and, after having celebrated mass, they offered him the sword and the patent of citizenship. Byron demanded that the sword should be first dedicated on the tomb of Marco Botzaris; and immediately the whole retinue, and an immense crowd, went out of the church to the tomb of that warrior, which had been ornamented with beautiful marble at the expense of the poet.

The archbishop placed the sword upon this tomb, and then Byron, to inspire the Greeks with enthusiasm, advanced with a religious silence, and stopping all on a sudden, he pronounced this discourse in the Greek tongue:—"What man reposes buried under this stone? What hollow voice issues from this tomb? What is this sepulchre, from whence will spring the happiness of Greece? But what am I saying? Is it not the tomb of Marco Botzaris, who has been dead some months, and who, with a handful of brave men, precipitated himself upon the numerous ranks of the most formidable enemies of Greece? How dare I approach the sacred place where he reposes—I, who neither possess his heroism nor his virtues? However, in touching this tomb, I hope that its emanations will always inflame my heart with patriotism." So saying, and advancing towards the sepulchre, he kissed it while shedding tears. Every spectator exclaimed, "Lord Byron for ever!" "I see," added his lordship, "the sword and the letter of citizenship, which the government offers me; from this day I am the fellow-citizen of this hero, and of all the brave people who surround me. Hellenes! I hope to live with you, to fight the enemy with you, and to die with you if it be necessary." Byron, superior to vulgar prejudice, saw in the manners of the *pallikares* an ingenuous simplicity, a manly frankness and rustic procedure, but full of honour; he observed in the people a docility and constancy capable of the greatest efforts, when it shall be conducted by skilful and virtuous men; he observed amongst the Greek women natural gaiety, unstudied gentleness, and religious resignation to misfortunes.

Byron did not pretend to bend a whole people to his tastes and European habits. He came not to censure with a stern look their costumes, their dances, and their music; on the contary, he entered into their national dances, he learned their warlike songs, he dressed himself like them, he spoke their language; in a word, he soon became a true *Roumeliote*. Consequently, he was adored by all Western Greece; every captain acknowledged him with pleasure as his chief; the proud Souliots gloried in being under his immediate command. The funds of the first loan being addressed to him, and submitted to his inspection, gave him influence, not only over continental Greece, but even over the Peloponnesus; so that he was in a situation, if not sufficient to stifle discord, at least to keep it within bounds. Not having yet fathomed the character of all the chief people, as well civil as military, he was sometimes deceived in the beginning of his sojourn, which a little hurt his popularity; but being completely above trifling passions, being able to strengthen by his union with it the party which appeared to him the most patriotic, he might without any doubt, with time and experience, have played a part the most magnificent and salutary to Greece. At first he had constructed, at his own expense, a fort in the little isle of Xéclamisma, the capture of which would have given great facilities to the enemies to attack by sea Missolonghi or Anatoliko. Missolonghi gave to this important fort the name of "Fort Byron." This nobleman conceived afterwards, studied and prepared an expedition against the strong place of Lepanto, the capture of which would have produced consequences singularly favourable.

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Once in possession of the means of regularly paying the soldiers, he would have been able to form a choice body, and take the town, which did not present any difficulty of attack, either on account of the few troops shut up there, or the weakness of its fortifications. Byron only waited the arrival of the loan, to begin his march.

Thus he led an agreeable life in the midst of a nation which he aimed at saving. Enchanted with the bravery of the Souliots, and their manners, which recalled to him the simplicity of Homeric times, he assisted at their banquets, extended upon the turf; he learnt their pyrrhic dance, and he sang in unison the airs of Riga, harmonizing his steps to the sound of their national mandolin. Alas! he carried too far his benevolent condescension. Towards the beginning of April he went to hunt in the marshes of Missolonghi. He entered on foot in the shallows; he came out quite wet, and, following the example of the *pallikares* accustomed to the *malaria*, he would not change his clothes, and persisted in having them dried upon his body. Attacked with an inflammation upon the lungs, he refused to let himself be bled, notwithstanding the intreaties of his physician, of Maurocordato and all his friends. His malady quickly grew worse; on the fourth day Byron became delirious; by means of bleeding he recovered from his drowsiness, but without being able to speak; then, feeling his end approaching, he gave his attendants to understand that he wished to take leave of the captains and all the Souliots. As each approached, Byron made a sign to them to kiss him. At last he expired in the arms of Maurocordato, whilst pronouncing the names of his daughter and of Greece. His death was fatal to the nation, which it plunged in mourning and tears.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CEREMONIES RELATING TO THE HAIR.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the ancient Greeks, all dead persons were thought to be under the jurisdiction of the infernal deities, and therefore no man (says Potter) could resign his life, till some of his hairs were cut to consecrate to them. During the ceremony of laying out, clothing the dead, and sometimes the interment itself, the hair of the deceased person was hung upon the door, to signify the family was in mourning. It was sometimes laid upon the dead body, sometimes cast into the funeral pile, and sometimes placed upon the grave. Electra in Sophocles says, that Agamemnon had commanded her and Chrysothemis to pay him this honour:—

"With drink-off'rings and *locks* of *hair* we must,
According to his will, his *tomb* adorn."

Candace in Ovid bewails her calamity, in that she was not permitted to adorn her lover's tomb with her locks.

At Patroclus's funeral, the Grecians, to show their affection and respect to him, covered his body with their hair; Achilles cast it into the funeral pile. The custom of nourishing the hair on religious accounts seems to have prevailed in most nations. Osiris, the Egyptian, consecrated his hair to the gods, as we learn from Diodorus; and in Arian's account of India, it appears it was a custom there to preserve their hair for some god, which they first learnt (as that author reports) from Bacchus.

The Greeks and Romans wore false hair. It was esteemed a peculiar honour among the ancient Gauls to have long hair. For this reason Julius Cæsar, upon subduing the Gauls, made them cut off their hair, as a token of submission. In the royal family of France, it was a long time the peculiar mark and privilege of kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair, artfully dressed and curled; every body else being obliged to be polled, or cut round, in sign of inferiority and obedience. In the eighth century, it was the custom of people of quality to have their children's hair cut the first time by persons they had a particular honour and esteem for, who, in virtue of this ceremony, were reputed a sort of spiritual parents or godfathers to them. In the year 1096, there was a canon, importing, that such as wore long hair should be excluded coming into church when living, and not be prayed for when dead. Charlemagne wore his hair very short, his son shorter; Charles the *Bald* had none at all. Under Hugh Capet it began to appear again; this the ecclesiastics were displeased with, and excommunicated all who let their hair grow. Peter Lombard expostulated the matter so warmly with Charles the Young, that he cut off his own hair; and his successors, for some generations, wore it very short. A professor of Utrecht, in 1650, wrote expressly on the question, Whether it be lawful for men to wear long hair? and concluded for the negative. Another divine, named Reeves, who had written for the affirmative, replied to him. In *New* England a declaration was inscribed in the register of the colony against the practice of wearing long hair, which was principally levelled at the Quakers, with unjust severity.

P. T. W.

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Pagoda in Kew Gardens

In one of the wildernesses of Kew Gardens stands the *Great Pagoda*, erected in the year 1762, from a design in imitation of the Chinese Taa. The base is a regular octagon, 49 feet in diameter; and the superstructure is likewise a regular octagon on its plan, and in its elevation composed of 10 prisms, which form the 10 different stories of the building. The lowest of these is 26 feet in diameter, exclusive of the portico which surrounds it, and 18 feet high; the second is 25 feet in diameter, and 17 feet high; and all the rest diminish in diameter and height, in the same arithmetical proportion, to the ninth story, which is 18 feet in diameter and 10 feet high. The tenth story is 17 feet in diameter, and, with the covering, 20 feet high, and the finishing on the top is 17 feet high; so that the whole structure, from the base to the top of the fleuron, is 163 feet. Each story finishes with a projecting roof, after the Chinese manner, covered with plates of varnished iron of different colours, and round each of them is a gallery enclosed with a rail. All the angles of the roof are adorned with large dragons, eighty in number, covered with a kind of thin glass of various colours, which produces a most dazzling reflection; and the whole ornament at the top is double gilt. The walls of the building are composed of very hard bricks; the outside of well-coloured and well-matched greystocks, (bricks,) neatly laid. The staircase is in the centre of the building. The prospect opens as you advance in height; and from the top you command a very extensive view on all sides, and, in some directions, upwards of forty miles distant, over a rich and variegated country.

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF "CHAIRING THE MEMBERS."

In our last volume we were induced to appropriate nearly six of our columns to a description of Mr. Haydon's Picture of the Mock Election in the King's Bench Prison—or rather *the first* of a series of pictures to illustrate the Election, the subject of the present notice being the Second, or the Chairing of the Members, which was intended for the concluding scene of the burlesque. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for us here to give any additional explanation of the real life of these paintings, except so far as may be necessary to the explanation of the present picture.

The "*Chairing*" was acted on a water butt one evening, but was to have been again performed in more magnificent costume the next day; just, however, as all the actors in this eccentric masquerade, High Sheriff, Lord Mayor, Head Constable, Assessor, Poll Clerks, and Members, were ready dressed, and preparing to start, the marshal interfered, stopped the procession, and, after some parley, was advised to send for the guards.

"About the middle of a sunny day," says Mr. Haydon, "when all was quiet, save the occasional cracking of a racket ball, while some were reading, some smoking, some lounging, some talking, some occupied with their own sorrows, and some with the sorrows of their friends, in rushed six fine grenadiers with a noble fellow of a sergeant at their head, with bayonets fixed, and several rounds of ball in their cartouches, expecting to meet (by their looks) with the most desperate resistance."

"The materials thus afforded me by the entrance of the guards, I have combined in one moment;" or "I have combined in one moment what happened at different moments; the *characters* and *soldiers are all portraits*. I have only

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used the poets and painters' license, to make out the second part of the story, a part that happens in all elections, viz. the chairing of the successful candidates."

"In the corner of the picture, on the left of the spectator, are three of the guards, drawn up across the door, standing at ease, with all the self-command of soldiers in such situations, hardly suppressing a laugh at the ridiculous attempts made to oppose them; in front of the guards, is the commander of the enemy's forces; viz.—a little boy with a tin sword, on regular guard position, ready to receive and oppose them, with a banner of 'Freedom of Election,' hanging on his sabre; behind him stands the Lord High Sheriff, affecting to charge the soldiers with his mopstick and pottle. He is dressed in a magnificent suit of decayed splendour, with an old court sword, loose silk stockings, white shoes, and unbuckled knee-bands; his shoulders are adorned with white bows, and curtain rings for a chain, hung by a blue ribbon from his neck. Next to him, adorned with a blanket, is a character of voluptuous gaiety, helmeted by a saucepan, holding up the cover for a shield, and a bottle for a weapon. Then comes the Fool, making grimaces with his painted cheeks, and bending his fists at the military; while the Lord Mayor with his white wand, is placing his hand on his heart with mock gravity and wounded indignation at this violation of *Magna Charta* and civil rights. Behind him are different characters, with a porter pot for a standard, and a watchman's rattle; while in the extreme distance, behind the rattle, and under the wall, is a ragged Orator addressing the burgesses on this violation of the privileges of Election.

"Right over the figure with a saucepan, is a Turnkey, holding up a key and pulling down the celebrated Meredith; who, quite serious, and believing he will really sit in the House, is endeavouring to strike the turnkey with a champagne glass. The gallant member is on the shoulders of two men, who are peeping out and quizzing.

"Close to Meredith is his fellow Member, dressed in a Spanish hat and feather, addressing the Sergeant opposite him, with an arch look, on the illegality of his entrance at elections, while a turnkey has taken hold of the member's robe, and is pulling him off the water butt with violence.

"The sergeant, a fine soldier, one of the heroes of Waterloo, is smiling and amused, while a grenadier, one of the other three under arms, is looking at his sergeant for orders.

"In the corner, directly under the sergeant, is a dissipated young man, addicted to hunting and sports, without adequate means for the enjoyment, attended by his distressed family. He, half intoxicated, has just drawn a cork, and is addressing the bottle, his only comfort, while his daughter is delicately putting it aside and looking with entreaty at her father.

"The harassed wife is putting back the daughter, unwilling to deprive the man she loves, of what, though a baneful consolation, is still one; while the little, shoeless boy with his hoop, is regarding his father with that strange wonder, with which children look at the unaccountable alteration in features and expression, that takes place under the effects of intoxication.

"Three pawnbroker's duplicates, one for the child's shoes, 1*s.* 6*d.*, one for the wedding ring, 5*s.*, and one for the wife's necklace, 7*l.*, lie at the feet of the father, with the Sporting Magazine; for drunkards generally part with the ornaments or even necessaries of their wives and children before they trespass on their own.

"At the opposite corner lies curled up the Head Constable, hid away under his bed-curtain, which he had for a robe, and slyly looking, as if he hoped nobody would betray him. By his side is placed a table, with the relics of a luxurious enjoyment, while a washing tub as a wine cooler, contains, under the table, Hock, Champagne, Burgundy, and a Pine.

"Directly over the sergeant, on the wall, are written, 'The *Majesti* of the *Peepel* for ever — huzza!' — 'No military at Elections!' and 'No Marshal!'—on the standards to the left, are '*Confusion to Credit, and no fraudulent Creditors.*' In the window are a party with a lady smoking a hookah; on the ledge of the window, "Success to the detaining Creditor!"—At the opposite window is a portrait of the Painter, looking down on the extraordinary scene with great interest —underneath him is, 'Sperat infestis.

"On a board under the lady smoking, is written the order of the Lord Mayor, enjoining *Peace*, as follows:—

"Banco Regis,
Court House, July 16,
In the Sixth year of the
Reign of GEORGE IV.

"Peremptorily ordered—

"That the Special Constables and Headboroughs of this ancient Bailwick do take into custody all Persons found in any way committing a breach of the Peace, during the Procession of Chairing the Members returned to represent this Borough.

"SIR ROBERT BIRCH, (Collegian) Lord Mayor.

"'A New Way to pay Old Debts,'— is written over the first turnkey; and below it, 'N.B. A very old way, discover-

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ed 3934 years B. C.;' and in the extreme distance, over a shop, is—'Dealer in every thing genuine.'

"While the man beating the long drum, at the opposite end, another the cymbals, and the third blowing a trumpet, with the windows all crowded with spectators, complete the composition, with the exception of the melancholy victim behind the High Sheriff.

"I recommend the contemplation of this miserable creature, once a gentleman, to all advocates of imprisonment for debt. First rendered reckless by imprisonment—then hopeless—then sottish—and, last of all, from utter despair of freedom, insane! Round his withered temples is a blue ribbon, with 'Dulce est pro Patriâ mori,' (it is sweet to die for one's country); for he is baring his breast to rush on the bayonets of the guards, a willing sacrifice, as he believes, poor fellow, for a great public principle. In his pocket he has three pamphlets, 'On Water Drinking, or The Blessings of Imprisonment for Debt,'—and Adam Smith's 'Moral Essays.'—Ruffles hang from his wrists, the relics of former days, rags cover his feeble legs, one foot is naked, and his appearance is that of a decaying being, mind and body."

Such is Mr. Haydon's "Explanation" of his own Picture; and it only remains for us to give the reader some idea of its most prominent beauties. As a whole, it is very superior to the "Election," highly as we were disposed to rate the merits of that performance. The style is masterly throughout, and every shade of the colouring has all the depth and richness which characterize works of real genius. There is a spirit in every touch which differs as much from the softened and soulless compositions of certain modern artists, as does the florid architecture of the ancients from the starved proportions of these days, or the rich and graceful style of the Essayists from the fabrications of little, self-conceited biographers. In short, the whole scene is dashed off in the first style of art; the subject and humour are all over English—true to nature, and so forcible as to sieze on the attention of the most listless beholder.

We must notice a few of the details. The three guards are foremost in the picture, and in merit; the struggle in their countenances between discipline and a sense of the ludicrous scene before them is admirably represented; as well as the little urchin with his tin sword. The centre figure of the High Sheriff, with his tattered and faded finery of office, is equally clever; but the skill with which the artist has contrived to express his forced mirth, and mopstick bravado, is still more forcible. The troubled countenance of the Lord Mayor is an excellent portrait of the indignation of little authority when perturbed by men of greater place. The faces of the turnkey and the sergeant are likewise admirable; and that of the soldier looking towards the latter for orders, is like an excellent piece of by-play in the farce. The drunken patriot, behind the High Sheriff, is well entitled to the attention which the artist, in his explanation, suggests; but the spectator must not dwell too long on this sorrowful wreck of fallen nature. The group in the foreground of the right hand corner, is an episode which must not be omitted, for it corresponds with the fine portrait in the same situation in the "Election" picture. The reckless dissipation of the fine, young fox-hunter, the half intoxicated chuckle with which he holds the bottle, the grief of his daughter and wife, and the little shoeless boy with his hoop, are finely contrasted with the rich humour and extravagant burlesque of all around them. The slyness of the Head Constable, in the left hand corner, half smothered in his mock robes, is expressively told; and the painter is a capital likeness.

From the success of Mr. Haydon in the particular line of art requisite for scenes of real humour, it is not unlikely that his execution of the first picture, the "Election" may prove one of the most fortunate events in his professional career, and turn out to be one of the "sweet uses of adversity," by eliciting talent which he probably did not believe himself to possess. Much as we admire this style of art, we can but deplore that purchasers cannot be found for such pictures as his *Entry into Jerusalem*, and *Judgment of Solomon*, both which, with two others, are exhibited in the room with the Chairing of the Members. Out of the scores of new churches which are yearly completed, surely some altar-pieces might be introduced with propriety; and when we consider the peculiar influence which such scenes as those chosen by Mr. Haydon are known to possess over the human heart, we do not think their entire exclusion from modern churches contributes to their devotional character.

Such pictures are intended for better purposes than mere seclusion in large galleries and mansions, of which there are but comparatively few in England; and it is always with regret that we see these noble efforts of art in such profitless situations. Occasionally a nobleman, or

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parochial taste, introduces a valuable painted window, and sometimes an altar-piece into a church; but we wish the practice were more general.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF GOOD "QUEEN BESS."

THE misery and mendicity which prevailed in this country before the provisions of the poor laws in the time of Elizabeth became duly enforced, might be proved by the following extract from a curious old pamphlet, which describes, in very forcible language, the poverty and idleness which prevailed in one of the fairest and most fertile districts of the kingdom, viz.—

The Golden Vale in Herefordshire, (being ye pride of al that country,) being the richest yet (for want of employment) the plentifullest place of poore in the kingdom—yielding two or three hundred folde; the number so increasing (idleness having gotten the upper hand;) if trades bee not raised—beggery will carry such reputation in my quarter of the country, as if it had the whole to halves.

There bee, says this author, within a mile and a halfe from my house every waye, five hundred poore habitations; whose greatest meanes consist in spinning flaxe, hemp, and hurdes. They dispose the seasons of the yeare in this manner; I will begin with May, June, and July, (three of the merriest months for beggers,) which yield the best increase for their purpose, to raise multitudes: whey, curdes, butter-milk, and such belly provision, abounding in the neighbourhood, serves their turne. As wountes or moles hunt after wormes, the ground being dewable, so these idelers live intolerablie by other meanes, and neglect their painfull labours by oppressing the neighbourhood. August, September, and October, with that permission which the Lord hath allowed the poorer sorte to gather the eares of corne, they do much harme. I have seen three hundred leazers or gleaners in one gentleman's corn-field at once; his servants gathering and stouking the bound sheaves, the sheaves lying on the ground like dead carcases in an overthrown battell, they following the spoyle, not like souldiers (which scorne to rifle) but like theeves desirous to steale; so this army holdes pillaging, wheate, rye, barly, pease, and oates; oates, a graine which never grew in Canaan, nor Ægypt, and altogether out of the allowance of leazing.

Under colour of the last graine, oates, it being the latest harvest, they doe (without mercy in hotte bloud) steale, robbe orchards, gardens, hop-yards, and crab trees; so what with leazing and stealing, they doe poorly maintaine themselves November, December, and almost all January, with some healpes from the neighbourhood.

The last three moneths, February, March, and Aprill, little labour serves their turne, they hope by the heat of the sunne, (seasoning themselves, like snakes, under headges,) to recover the month of May with much poverty, long fasting, and little praying; and so make an end of their yeares travel in the Easter holy days.

BEGGARS.

IN the earlier periods of their history, both in England and Scotland, beggars were generally of such a description as to entitle them to the epithet of *sturdy*; accordingly they appear to have been regarded often as impostors and always as nuisances and pests. "Sornares," so violently denounced in those acts, were what are here called "masterful beggars," who, when they could not obtain what they asked for by fair means, seldom hesitated to take it by violence. The term is said to be Gaelic, and to import a soldier. The life of such a beggar is well described in the "Belman of London," printed in 1608.—"The life of a beggar is the life of a souldier. He suffers hunger and cold in winter, and heate and thirste in summer; he goes lowsie, he goes lame; he is not regarded; he is not rewarded; here only shines his glorie. The whole kingdome is but his walk; a whole cittie is but his parish. In every man's kitchen is his meate dressed; in every man's sellar lyes his beere; and the best men's purses keepe a penny for him to spend."

CURIOUS MANORIAL CUSTOMS.

AT King's Hill, about half a mile north-east of Rocford Church, Essex, is held what is called the *Lawless Court*, a whimsical custom, the origin of which is not known. On the Wednesday morning next after Michaelmas day, the tenants are bound to attend upon the first cock-crowing, and to kneel and do their homage, without any kind of light, but such as heaven will afford. The steward of the court calls all such as are bound to appear, with as low a voice as possible, giving no notice when he goes to execute his office; however, he that does not give an answer is deeply amerced. They are all to whisper to each other, nor have they any pen and ink, but supply that defici-

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ency with a coal; and he that owes suit and service, and appears not, forfeits to the lord of the manor double his rent every hour he is absent.

A tenant, some years ago, forfeited his land for non attendance, but was restored to it, the lord taking only a fine.

HALBERT H.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE PET DOG.

DOGS, when they are sure of having their own way, have sometimes ways as odd as those of the unfurred, unfeathered animals, who walk on two legs, and talk, and are called rational. My beautiful, white greyhound, Mayflower, for instance, is as whimsical as the finest lady in the land. Amongst her other fancies, she has taken a violent affection for a most hideous stray dog, who made his appearance here about six months ago, and contrived to pick up a living in the village, one can hardly tell how. Now appealing to the charity of old Rachael Strong, the laundress—a dog-lover by profession; now winning a meal from the light-footed and open-hearted lasses at the Rose; now standing on his hind-legs to extort, by sheer beggary, a scanty morsel from some pair of "drowthy cronies," or solitary drover, discussing his dinner or supper on the alehouse-bench; now catching a mouthful, flung to him in pure contempt by some scornful gentleman of the shoulder-knot, mounted on his throne, the coach-box, whose notice he had attracted by dint of ugliness; now sharing the commons of Master Keep the shoemaker's pigs; now succeeding to the reversion of the well-gnawed bone of Master Brow the shopkeeper's fierce house-dog; now filching the skim-milk of Dame Wheeler's cat:—spit at by the cat; worried by the mastiff; chased by the pigs; screamed at by the dame; stormed at by the shoemaker; flogged by the shopkeeper; teased by all the children, and scouted by all the animals of the parish;—but yet living through his griefs, and bearing them patiently, "for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe;"—and even seeming to find, in an occasional full meal, or a gleam of sunshine, or a whisp of dry straw, on which to repose his sorry carcass, some comfort in his disconsolate condition.

In this plight was he found by May, the most high-blooded and aristocratic of greyhounds; and from this plight did May rescue him;—invited him into her territory, the stable; resisted all attempts to turn him out; reinstated him there, in spite of maid, and boy, and mistress, and master; wore out every body's opposition, by the activity of her protection, and the pertinacity of her self-will; made him sharer of her bed and her mess; and, finally, established him as one of the family as firmly as herself.

Dash—for he has even won himself a name amongst us, before he was anonymous—Dash is a sort of a kind of a spaniel; at least there is in his mongrel composition some sign of that beautiful race. Besides his ugliness, which is of the worst sort—that is to say, the shabbiest—he has a limp on one leg that gives a peculiarly one-sided awkwardness to his gait; but, independently of his great merit in being May's pet, he has other merits which serve to account for that phenomenon—being, beyond all comparison the most faithful, attached, and affectionate animal that I have ever known; and that is saying much. He seems to think it necessary to atone for his ugliness by extra good conduct, and does so dance on his lame leg, and so wag his scrubby tail, that it does any one, who has a taste for happiness, good to look at him—so that he may now be said to stand on his own footing. We are all rather ashamed of him when strangers come in the way, and think it necessary to explain that he is May's pet; but amongst ourselves, and those who are used to his appearance, he has reached the point of favouritism in his own person. I have, in common with wiser women, the feminine weakness of loving whatever loves me—and, therefore, like Dash. His master has found out that Dash is a capital finder, and, in spite of his lameness, will hunt a field, or beat a cover with any spaniel in England—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash. The boy has fought a battle, in defence of his beauty, with another boy, bigger than himself, and beat his opponent most handsomely—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash; and the maids like him, or pretend to like him, because we do—as is the fashion of that pliant and imitative class. And now Dash and May follow us every where, and are going with us now to the Shaw, or rather to the cottage by the Shaw, to bespeak milk and butter of our little dairy-woman, Hannah Bint—a housewifely occupation, to which we owe some of our pleasantest rambles.—*Miss Mitford.—Month. Mag.*

FROM THE ROMAIC

WHEN we were last, my gentle Maid,
In love's embraces twining,
'Twas Night, who saw, and then betray'd!
"Who saw?" Yon Moon was shining.

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A gossip Star shot down, and he
First told our secret to the Sea.

The Sea, who never secret kept,
The peevish, blustering railer!
Told it the Oar, as on he swept;
The Oar informed the Sailor.
The Sailor whisper'd it to his fair,
And she—she told it every where!
New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

EELS.

THE problem of the generation of eels is one of the most abstruse and curious in natural history; but we have been much pleased, and not a little enlightened, by some observations on the subject in Sir Humphrey Davy's delightful little volume, *Salmonia*, of which the following is the substance:—

Although the generation of eels occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by the most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved. Lacepède, the French naturalist, asserts, in the most unqualified way, that they are *viviparous;* but we do not remember any facts brought forward on the subject. Sir Humphrey then goes on to say—This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels—one up and one down rivers, one *from* and the other *to* the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter. The first of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and which weigh from 10 to 15, or even 20 lbs. There is great reason to believe that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration; they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. I remember this was the case in Ireland in 1823. It had been a cold, backward summer; and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall, was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in immense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus peopled by them; even the mighty Fall of Shaffausen does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen many very large eels. There are eels in the Lake of Neufchatel, which communicates by a stream with the Rhine, but there are none in the Lake of Geneva, because the Rhone makes a subterraneous fall below Geneva; and though small eels can pass by moss or mount rocks, they cannot penetrate limestone rocks, or move against a rapid descending current of water, passing, as it were, through a pipe. Again: no eels mount the Danube from the Black Sea; and there are none found in the great extent of lakes, swamps, and rivers communicating with the Danube—though some of these lakes and morasses are wonderfully fitted for them, and though they are found abundantly in the same countries, in lakes and rivers connected with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Yet, when brought into confined water in the Danube, they fatten and thrive there. As to the instinct which leads young eels to seek fresh water, it is difficult to reason; probably they prefer warmth, and, swimming at the surface in the early summer, find the lighter water warmer, and likewise containing more insects, and so pursue the courses of fresh water, as the waters from the land, at this season, become warmer than those from the sea. Mr. J. Couch, in the Linnæan Transactions, says the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea. I have sometimes seen them in spring, swimming in immense shoals in the Atlantic, in Mount Bay, making their way to the mouths of small brooks and rivers. When the cold water from the autumnal flood begins to swell the rivers, this fish tries to return to the sea; but numbers of the smaller ones hide themselves during the winter in the mud, and many of them form, as it were, masses together. Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way; such as Dr. Plot, who, in his History of Staffordshire, says they pass in the night across meadows from one pond to another; and Mr. Arderon, in the Philosophical Transactions, gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the flood-gates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they first rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out, and sufficiently glutinous—and then they rose up the perpendicu-

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lar ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface.—There can, I think, be no doubt that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion; these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck. Eels migrate from the salt water of different sizes, but I believe never when they are above a foot long—and the great mass of them are only from two and a half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten in fresh water. In small rivers they seldom become very large; but in large, deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm, or even leg; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size, as I said before, pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain, I believe, almost torpid. Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food; but it is probable they do not become of the largest size from the smallest in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Block states, that they grow slowly, and mentions that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels, after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must (for it cannot be supposed that they all die immediately in the sea) remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the conger, which is found from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight.

At Munich, every child found begging is taken to a charitable establishment; the moment he enters his portrait is given to him, representing him in his rags, and he promises by oath to keep it all his life.

INFANCY.

[This is *one* of the gems of the quarto volume of poetry recently published by the author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity;" but in our next we intend stringing together a few of the resplendent beauties which illumine almost every page.]

On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his tresses locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy shaped his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree;
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the blade-d mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful Evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eye-lids seal'd,
Like violet-tips at eve, he lies enrobed
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp his hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

Death, a Poem, by R. Montgomery.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

What a fashionable place
Soon the Regent's Park will grow!
Not alone the human race
To survey its beauties go;
Birds and beasts of every hue,
In order and sobriety,
Come, invited by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Notes of invitation go
To the west and to the east,
Begging of the Hippopo-
Tamus here to come and feast:
Sheep and panthers here we view,
Monstrous contrariety!
All united by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Monkeys leave their native seat,
Monkeys green and monkeys blue,
Other monkeys here to meet,
And kindly ask, "Pray how d'ye do?"
From New Holland the emu,
With his better moiety,
Has paid a visit to the Zo-
Ological Society.

Here we see the lazy tor-
Toise creeping with his shell,
And the drowsy, drowsy dor-
Mouse dreaming in his cell
Here from all parts of the U-
Niverse we meet variety,
Lodged and boarded by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Bears at pleasure lounge and roll,
Leading lives devoid of pain,
Half day climbing up a poll,
Half day climbing down again;
Their minds tormented by no su-
Perfluous anxiety,
While on good terms with the Zo-
Ological Society.

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Would a mammoth could be found
And made across the sea to swim!
But now, alas! upon the ground
The bones alone are left of him:
I fear a hungry mammoth too,
(So monstrous and unquiet he,)
By hunger urged might eat the Zo
Ological Society!

The Christmas Box.

INSECTS.

One great protection against all creeping things is, to stir the ground very frequently along the foot of the wall. That is their great place of resort; and frequent stirring and making the ground very fine, disturbs the peace of their numerous families, gives them trouble, makes them uneasy, and finally harasses them to death. *Cobbett's English Gardener.*

SIR W. TEMPLE'S GARDEN.

It was formerly the fashion to have a sort of canal, with broad grass walks on the sides, and with the water coming up to within a few inches of the closely shaven grass; and certainly few things were more beautiful than these. Sir William Temple had one of his own constructing in his gardens at Moor Park. On the outsides of the grass-walks were borders of beautiful flowers. I have stood for hours to look at this canal, which the good-natured manners of those days had led the proprietor to make an opening in the outer wall in order that his neighbours might enjoy the sight as well as himself; I have stood for hours, when a little boy, looking at this object; I have travelled far since, and have seen a great deal; but I have never seen any thing of the gardening kind so beautiful in the whole course of my life.—*Ibid.*

BULBOUS ROOTS.

In glasses filled with water, bulbous roots, such as the hyacinth, narcissus, and jonquil, are blown. The time to put them in is from September to November, and the earliest ones will begin blowing about Christmas. The glasses should be blue, as that colour best suits the roots; pu water enough in to cover the bulb one-third of the way up, less rather than more; let the water be soft, change it once a week, and put in a pinch of salt every time you change it. Keep the glasses in a place moderately warm, and *near to the light.* A parlour window is a very common place for them, but is often too warm, and brings on the plants too early, and causes them to be weakly. —*Ibid.*

TRAVELLING INVALIDS.

We cannot refrain from stating our belief, and this on the authority of intelligent physicians, as well as from personal observation, that much mischief is done by committing invalids to long and precarious journeys, for the sake of doubtful benefits. We have ourselves seen consumptive patients hurried along, through all the discomforts of bad roads, bad inns, and indifferent diet, to places, where certain partial advantages of climate poorly compensated for the loss of the many benefits which home and domestic care can best afford. We have seen such invalids lodged in cold, half-furnished houses, and shivering under blasts of wind from the Alps or Apennines, who might more happily have been sheltered in the vales of Somerset or Devon. On this topic, however, we refrain from saying more—further than to state our belief, that much misapprehension generally prevails, as to the comparative healthiness of England, and other parts of Europe. Certain phrases respecting climate have obtained fashionable currency amongst us, which greatly mislead the judgment as to facts. The accurate statistical tables, now extended to the greater part of Europe, furnish more secure grounds of opinion; and from these we derive the knowledge, that there is no one country in Europe where the average proportion of mortality is so small as in England. Some few details on this subject we subjoin,—tempted to do so by the common errors prevailing in relation to it.

The proportion of deaths to the population is nearly one-third less in England than in France. Comparing the two capitals, the average mortality of London is about one-fifth less than that of Paris. What may appear a more singular statement, the proportion of deaths in London, a vast and luxurious metropolis, differs only by a small fraction from that of the whole of France; and is considerably less than the average of those Mediterranean shores which are especially frequented by invalids for the sake of health. In Italy, the proportion of deaths is a full third greater than in England; and even in Switzerland and Sweden, though the difference be less, it is still in favour of our own country.—*Q. Rev.*

NEWSPAPER LOVE.

The paper so highly esteemed, entitled, *The Courier de l'Europe*, originated in the following circumstances:—

"Monsieur Guerrier de Berance was a native of Auvergne, whose fortune in the origin was very low, but who by his intrigues succeeded in gaining the place of Procureur General of the Custom-house. He married two wives; the name of the last was Millochin, who was both young

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and handsome. She soon began to find out that her husband was very disagreeable; and what caused her more particularly to remark his faults was her contrasting him with M. Cevres de la Tour, with whom she fell most desperately in love. This passion became so violent, that Madame Guerrier fled into England with her lover, who, in his turn, left his wife behind him in Paris. The finances of these two lovers growing rather low, M. Sevres de la Tour, who was a man of talent, thought, as a plan to enrich himself, to turn editor to a newspaper, and for this purpose started the *Courier de l'Europe*, which succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes. Disgust, which commonly follows these sort of unions, caused Madame Guerrier to be deserted by her lover, and she was obliged to turn a teacher of languages for her subsistence.
—*The Album of Love*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

REPLY TO THE DIRGE ON MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW.

(See Mirror, page 223.)

FORGIVE, ye beauteous maids of Q,
The much relenting B,
Who vows he never will sting U,
While sipping of your T.

One nymph I wounded in the I,
The charming L N G,
The fates impell'd, I know not Y,
The luckless busy B.

And oh recall the sentence U
Pass'd on your humble B,
Let me remain at happy Q,
Send me not o'er the C.

And I will mourn upon A U,
The death of L N G,
And all the charming maids of Q
Will pity the poor B.

I will hum soft her L E G
The reason some ask Y,
Because the maiden could not C,
By me she lost her I.

To soothe ye damsels I'll S A,
Far sooner would I B
Myself in funeral R A,
Than wound one fair at T.

F. H.

THE BITER BIT.

IN the reign of Charles II a physician to the court was walking with the king in the gallery of Windsor Castle, when they saw a man repairing a clock fixed there. The physician knowing the king's relish for a joke, accosted the man with, "My good friend, you are continually doctoring that clock, and yet it never goes well. Now if I were to treat my patients in such a way, I should lose all my credit. What can the reason be that you mistake so egregiously?" The man dryly replied, "The reason why you and I, Sir, are not upon a par is plain enough—the sun discovers all my blunders, but the earth covers yours."

G. I. F.

EPITAPH.

ON a tablet in the outside wall of the old church, at Taunton, in Somersetshire, is the following on "James Waters, late of London, aged 49."

Death traversing the western road,
And asking where true merit lay,
Made in this town a short abode,
Then took this worthy man away.

W. R.

LIFE.

GRASS of levity,
Span in brevity,
Flower's felicity,
Fire of misery
Wind's stability
Is mortality

EPITAPH

On Dr R—— of Dublin, and his Wife.

WHEN poor Sir Balaam lost his wife;
Not the worst loss he had in his life:
'Twas written o'er her tomb in Dublir
Here the wicked cease from troubling.

And when at length Sir Balaam died,
They placed him by his lady's side;
Then added to complete the jest,
And here the weary are at rest.

C. F. E.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

THAT which a being was, what is it? show
That being which it was, it is not now
To be what 'tis, is not to be you see
That which now is not, shall a being be.

The above is copied from a tombstone in a remote country village churchyard in Dorsetshire. On the stone could be deciphered only the letters "A. D. 1361. In testimo" the remainder of the inscription was totally illegible excepting the letters "Æt" and "J. Sprinch, sculpt."

C. K. W.

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The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 337.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Cheese Wring.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In presenting your readers with a representation of the Wring Cheese, I offer a few prefatory remarks connected with the early importance of the county in which it stands, venerable in its age, amid the storms of elements, and the changes of religions. Its pristine glory has sunk on the horizon of Time; but its legend, like a soft twilight of its former day, still hallows it in the memories of the surrounding peasantry.

Cornwall is allowed by antiquaries to be the Capiterides; and the Abbé de Fontenu, in the *Memoires de Literature*, tom. vii. p. 126, proves, according to Vallancey, that the Phœnicians traded here for tin before the Trojan war. Homer frequently mentions this metal; and even in Scripture we have allusions to this land under the name of Tarshish (Ezekiel, c. xxvii., v. 12—25), being the place whence the Tyrians procured various metals, and among the rest, the English metal tin. It appears that the primitive Greeks had a clearer knowledge of these shores than those in after years; and although Homer, in his shield of Achilles, describes the earth surrounded by water, yet Herodotus, notwithstanding his learning and research, candidly states his ignorance in the following words:—"Neither am I better acquainted with the islands called Capiterides, from whence *we are said* to have our tin." The knowledge of these shores existed in periods so remote, that it faded. We dwindled away into a visionary land—we lived almost in fable. The Phœnician left us, and the link of our history was severed. Hyde de Religione Vet. Persarum, c. iv. p. 121, supposes Solomon to have traded with the

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Peruvians; and the analogies between the Pyramids in Mexico and Egypt confirm the opinion, and sanction the belief that the ancients had a more extended knowledge of, and a greater traffic over, the earth than history records. In the most early ages, worship was paid to stone idols; and the Pagan introduction of statues into temples was of a recenter date. The ancient Etruscans, as well as the ancient Egyptians, revered the obelisical stone, (the reason why to the obelisical stone is given by Payne Knight, in his extraordinary work;) nor was it, according to Plutarch, till 170 years after the founding of the city that the Romans had statues in their temples, their deities being considered invisible. Many stone pillars exist in this country, especially in Cornwall; and it is a fair inference that the Phœnician imported his religious rites in return for his metallic exports—since we find mention made of stone pillars in Genesis, xxviii. v. 20; Deuteronomy, xxvii. v. 4.; Joshua, xxiv.; 2 Samuel, xx. v. 8.; Judges, ix. v. 6., &c. &c. Many are the conjectures as to what purport these stopes were used: sometimes they were sepulchral, as Jacob's pillar over Rachel, Gen. xxxv. 20. Ilus, son of Dardanus, king of Troy, was buried in the plain before that city beneath a column, Iliad, xi. 317. Sometimes they were erected as trophies, as the one set up by Samuel between Mizpeh and Shen, in commemoration of the defeat of the Philistines; one was also erected at Murray, in Scotland, as a monument of the fight between Malcolm, son of Keneth, and Sueno the Dane. We also find them as witnesses to covenants, like that of Jacob and Laban, which, though originally an emblem of a civil pact, became afterwards the place of worship of the whole twelve tribes of Israel. All these relics, to say nothing of the cromlechs in Malabar, bear a silent and solemn testimony of some by-gone people, whose religious and civil customs had extended wide over the earth. Their monuments remain, but their history has perished, and the dust of their bodies has been scattered in the wind. The Druids availed themselves of those places most likely to give an effect to their vaticinations; and not only obtained, but supported by terror the influence they held over the superstitious feelings of our earliest forefathers. Where nature presented a *bizarre* mass of rocks, the Druid worked, and peopled it with his gods, the most remarkable of which is the subject of our engraving, called the Wring Cheese, or Cheese Wring, in the parish of St. Clare, near Liskeard, in Cornwall. This singular mass of rocks is 32 feet high. The large stone at the top was a logan, or rocking-stone. Geologists are inclined to consider it as a natural production, which is probably the case in part, the Druids taking advantage of favourable circumstances to convert these crags to objects of superstitious reverence. On its summit are two rock basins; and it is a well-known fact, that baptism was a Pagan rite of the highest antiquity, (vide the Etruscan vases by Gorius.) Here, probably, the rude ancestor of our glorious land was initiated amidst the mystic ceremonies of the white-robed Druid: and his blood-stained sacrifices. A similar mass exists at Brimham, York; and in the "History of Waterford," p. 70, mention is made of St. Declan's stone, which, not liking its situation, miraculously *swam* from Rome, conveying on it St. Declan's bell and vestment. J. SILVESTER.

CURIOUS ANCIENT LEGEND.

(For the Mirror.)

IN ancienne tyme, and in a goodly towne, neare to Canterbury, sojourned a ladie faire. She one nighte, in the absence of her lorde, leaned her lovely arme upon a gentleman's, and walked in the fyldes. When journeying far, she became afraide, and begged to returne. The gentleman, with kyndest sayings and greate courtesey, retraced their steps; when in this saide momente, this straynge occurrence came to pass—ye raine descended, though the moone and millions of starres were shyneing bryght. In journeying home, another straynge occurrence came to pass; her coral lippes the gentleman's did meete in sweetest kyss. Thys was not straynge at all; but that the moone, that still shone bryghte, did in the momente hide herself behynde a cloude: this was straynge, most passing straynge indeede. The ladie faire, who prayed to the blessed Virgin, did to her confesseur this confession mayk, and her confesseur with charitye impromptu wrote:—

"Whence came the rayne, when first with guileless heart
Further to walk she's lothe, and yet more lothe to part?
It was not rayne, but angels' pearly teares,
In pity dropt to soothe Eliza's feares.
Whence came the cloude that veil'd the orb of nighte,
When first her lippes she yielded to delyght?
It was not cloude, but whylst the world was hush,
Mercy put forthe her hande to hide Eliza's blush."

W. G. C.

PICTON'S MONUMENT,

CARMARTHEN.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS interesting national tribute stands at the west end of the town of Carmarthen,

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on rising ground, and is erected in memory of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who terminated his career in the ever-to-be-remembered battle of Waterloo. The structure stands about 30 feet high, and is, particularly the shaft and architrave, similar to Trajan's pillar in Rome; and being built of a very durable material, (black marble,) will no doubt stand as many ages as that noble, though now mouldering relic. The pillar stands on a square pedestal, with a small door on the east side, which fronts the town, where the monument is ascended by a flight of steps. Over the door, in large characters, is the hero's name, PICTON; and above this, in basso relievo, is represented part of the field of battle, with the hero falling from his horse, from the mortal wound which he received. Over this, in large letters, is inscribed WATERLOO. On the west end is represented the siege of Badajos, Picton scaling the walls with a few men, and attacked by the besieged. Above this is the word BADAJOS. On the south side of the pedestal is the following inscription:—

SIR THOMAS PICTON,
Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order of the Bath,
Of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, and of other foreign Orders;
Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of Pembroke.
Born at Poyston, in Pembrokeshire, in August, 1758;
Died at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815, Gloriously fighting for his country and the liberties of Europe.
Having honourably fulfilled, on behalf of the public, various duties in various climates:
And having achieved the highest military renown in the Spanish Peninsula,
He thrice received the unanimous thanks of Parliament,
And a Monument erected by the British nation in St. Paul's Cathedral
Commemorates his death and services.
His grateful countrymen, to perpetuate past and incite to future exertions,
Have raised this column, under the auspices of his Majesty, King George the Fourth,
To the memory of a hero and a Welshman.
The plan and design of this Monument was given by our countryman, John Nash, Esq. F.R.S. Architect to the King.
The ornaments were executed by E. H. Bailey, Esq. R.A.
And the whole was erected by Mr. Daniel Mainwaring, of the town of Carmarthen, In the year 1826 and 1827.

On the north side is the translation of the above in Welsh; and on the top of the pedestal, on each side of the square, are trophies. The top of the column is also square, and on each side are imitative cannons. The statue of the hero surmounts the whole. He is wrapped in a cloak, and is supported by a baluster, round which are emblems of spears.

W. H.

The Sketch Book.

AN HOUR TOO MANY.

HAIL, land of the kangaroo!—paradise of the bushranger!—purgatory of England!—happy scene, where the sheep-stealer is metamorphosed into the shepherd; the highwayman is the guardian of the road; the dandy is delicate no more, and earns his daily bread; and the Court of Chancery is unknown—hail to thee, soil of larceny and love! of pickpockets and principle! of every fraud under heaven, and primeval virtue! daughter of jails, and mother of empires!—hail to thee, New South Wales! In all my years—and I am now no boy—and in all my travels—and I am now at the antipodes—I have never heard any maxim so often as, that time is short; yet no maxim that ever dropt from human lips is further from the truth. I appeal to the experience of mankind—to the three hundred heirs of the British peerage, whom their gouty fathers keep out of their honours and estates—to the six hundred and sixty-eight candidates for seats in parliament, which they must wait for till the present sitters die; or turn rebellious to their noble patrons, or their borough patrons, or their Jew patrons; or plunge into joint-stock ruin, and expatriate themselves, for the astonishment of all other countries, and the benefit of their own;—to the six thousand five hundred heroes of the half-pay, longing for tardy war;—to the hundred thousand promissory excisemen lying on the soul of the chancellor of the exchequer, and pining for the mortality of every gauger from the Lizard to the Orkneys;—and, to club the whole discomfort into one, to the entire race of the fine and superfine, who breathe the vital air, from five thousand a year to twenty times the rental, the unhappy population of the realms of indolence included in Bond Street, St. James's, and the squares.

For my own part, in all my experience of European deficiencies, I have never found any deficiency of time. Money went like the wind; champagne grew scanty; the trust of tailors ran down to the dregs; the smiles of my fair flirts grew rare as diamonds—every thing became as dry, dull, and stagnant as the Serpentine in summer; but time never failed me. I had a perpetual abundance of a commodity which the philosophers told me was beyond price. I had not merely enough for myself, but enough to give to others; until I discovered the fact, that it was as little a favourite with others as myself, and that, whatever the plausible might say, there was nothing on earth

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for which they would not be more obliged to me than a donation of my superfluous time. But now let me give a sketch of my story. A single fact is worth a hundred reflections. The first consciousness that I remember, was that of having a superabundance of time; and my first ingenuity was demanded for getting rid of the encumbrance. I had always an hour that perplexed my skill to know what to do with this treasure. A schoolboy turn for long excursions in any direction but that of my pedagogue, indicative of a future general officer; a naturalist-taste for bird-nesting, which, in maturer years, would have made me one of the wonders of the Linnæan Society; a passion for investigating the inside of every thing, from a Catherine-wheel to a China-closet, which would yet have entitled me to the honours of an F. R. S.; and an original vigour in the plunder of orchards, which undoubtedly might have laid the foundation of a first lord of the treasury; were nature's helps to get rid of this oppressive bounty. But though I fought the enemy with perpetual vigour and perpetual variety, he was not to be put to flight by a stripling; and I went to the university as far from being a conqueror as ever. At Oxford I found the superabundance of this great gift acknowledged with an openness worthy of English candour, and combated with the dexterity of an experience five hundred years old. Port-drinking, flirtation, lounging, the invention of new ties to cravats, and new tricks on proctors; billiards, boxing, and barmaids; seventeen ways of mulling sherry, and as many dozen ways of raising "the supplies," were adopted with an adroitness that must have baffled all but the invincible. Yet Time was master at last; and he always indulged me with a liberality that would have driven a less resolute spirit to the bottom of the Isis.

At length I gave way; left the university with my blessing and my debts; and rushed up to London, as the grand *place d'armes*, the central spot from which the enemy was excluded by the united strength, wit, and wisdom of a million and a half of men. I might as well have staid bird-nesting in Berkshire. I found the happiest contrivances against the universal invader fail. Pigeon-matches; public dinners; coffee-houses; blue-stocking *réunions;* private morning quadrille practice, with public evening exhibitions of their fruits; dilettanti breakfasts, with a bronze Hercules standing among the bread and butter, or a reposing cast of Venus, fresh from Pompeii, as black and nude as a negress disporting on the banks of the Senegal, but dear and delicate to the eyes of taste; Sunday mornings at Tattersal's, jockeying till the churches let out their population, and the time for visits was come; and Sunday evening routs at *the* duchess's, with a cotillon by the *vraies danseuses* of the opera, followed by a concert, a round game, and a *select* supper for the initiated;—the whole failed. I had always an hour too much—sixty mortal minutes, and every one of them an hour in itself, that I could never squeeze down.

"Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy,"

may have been called a not over-modest request; but I can vouch for at least one half of it being the daily prayer of some thousands of the best-dressed people that the sun ever summoned to a day of twenty-four hours long. On feeling the symptoms of this horary visitation, I regularly rushed into the streets, on the principle that some alleviation of misery is always to be found in fellow-suffering. This maxim I invariably found false, like every other piece of the boasted wisdom of mankind. I found the suffering infinitely increased by the association with my fellow-fashionables. A man might as well have fled from his chamber to enjoy comfort in the wards of an hospital. In one of my marches up and down the *pavé* of St. James's Street, that treadmill of gentlemen convicted in the penalty of having nothing to do, I lounged into the little hotel of the Guards, that stands beside the great hotel of the gamblers, like a babe under its mamma's wing—the likeness admirable, though the scale diminutive. That "hour too many," cost me three games of billiards, my bachelor's house, and one thousand pounds. This price of sixty minutes startled me a little; and, for a week, I meditated with some seriousness on the superior gaiety of a life spent in paving the streets, driving a wagon, or answering the knocker of a door. But the "hour" again overflowed me. I was walking it off in Regent Street, when an old fellow-victim met me, and prescribed a trot to Newmarket. The prescription was taken, and the hour was certainly got rid of. But the remedy was costly; for my betting-book left me minus ten thousand pounds. I returned to town like a patient from a watering-place; relieved of every thing but the disease that took me there. My last shilling remained among the noble blacklegs; but nothing could rob me of a fragment of my superfluous time, and I brought even a tenfold allowance of it back. But every disease has a crisis; and when a lounge through the streets became at once useless and inconvenient—

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when the novelty of being cut by all my noble friends, and of being seduously followed by that generation who, unlike the fickle world, reserve their tipstaff attentions for the day of adversity, had lost its zest, and I was thinking whether time was to be better fought off by a plunge to the bottom of the Thames, or by the muzzle of one of Manton's hair-triggers —I was saved by a plunge into the King's Bench. There life was new, friendship was undisguised, my coat was not an object of scorn, my exploits were fashion, my duns were inadmissible, and my very captors were turned into my humble servants. There, too, my nature, always social, had its full indulgence; for there I found, rather to my surprise, nine-tenths of my most accomplished acquaintance. But the enemy still made his way; and I had learned to yawn, in spite of billiards and ball-playing, when *the* Act let me loose into the great world again. Good-luck, too, had prepared a surprise for my *debut*. I had scarcely exhibited myself in the streets, when I discovered that every man of my *set* was grown utterly blind whenever I happened to walk on the same side of the way, and that I might as well have been buried a century. I was absurd enough to be indignant; for nothing can be more childish than any delicacy when a man cannot bet on the rubber. But one morning a knock came to my attic-door which startled me by its professional vigour. An attorney entered. I had now nothing to fear, for the man whom no one will trust cannot well be in debt; and for once I faced an attorney without a palpitation. His intelligence was flattering. An old uncle of mine, who had worn out all that was human about him in amassing fifty thousand pounds, and finally died of starving himself, had expired with the pen in his hand, in the very act of leaving his thousands to pay the national debt. But fate, propitious to me, had dried up his ink-bottle; the expense of replenishing it would have broken his heart of itself; and the attorney's announcement to me was, that the will, after blinding the solicitor to the treasury and three of his clerks, was pronounced to be altogether illegible.

The fact that I was the nearest of kin got into the newspapers; and in my first drive down St. James's, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had cured a vast number of my friends of their calamitous defect of vision. But if the "post equitem sedet-atra cura" was the maxim in the days of Augustus, the man who drives the slower cabriolet in the days of George the Fourth, cannot expect to escape. The "hour too many" overtook me in the first week. On one memorable evening I saw it coming, just as I turned the corner of Piccadilly; fair flight was hopeless, and I took refuge in that snug asylum on the right hand of St. James's Street, which has since expanded into a palace. I stoutly battled the foe, for I "took no note of time" during the next day and night; and when at last I walked forth into the air, I found that I had relieved myself of the burden of three-fourths of my reversion. A weak mind on such an occasion would have cursed the cards, and talked of taking care of the fragment of his property; but mine was of the higher order, and I determined on revenge. I had my revenge, and saw my winners ruined. They had their consolation, and at the close of a six months' campaign saw me walk into the streets a beggar. I grew desperate, and was voted dangerous. I realized the charge by fastening on a noble lord who had been one of the most adroit in pigeoning me. His life was "too valuable to his country," or himself, to allow him to meet a fellow whose life was of no use to any living thing; and through patriotism and the fear of being shot, he kept out of my way. I raged, threatened to post his lordship, and was in the very act of writing out the form of the placard declaring the noble heir of the noble house of —— a cheat and a scoundrel, when by the twopenny-post I received a notice from the Horse Guards that I was on that day to appear in the Gazette as an ensign in his majesty's —— regiment, then serving in the Peninsula, with orders to join without delay. This was enough from his lordship, and was certainly better for me than running the chance of damages in the King's Bench, for provoking his majesty's subjects to a breach of the peace.

I was gazetted, tried on my uniform before the mirror, entirely approved of my appearance, and wrote my last letter to my last flirt. The Portsmouth mail was to start at eight. I had an hour to spare, and sallied into the street. I met an honest-faced old acquaintance as much at a loss as myself to slay the hour. We were driven by a shower into shelter. The rattle of dice was heard within a green-baize-covered door. We could not stay for ever shivering on the outside. Fortune favoured me; in half an hour I was master of a thousand pounds; it would have been obvious folly and ingratitude to check the torrent of success for the paltry prospects of an ensigncy. I played on, and won on. The clock struck eight. I will own that I trembled as the first sound caught my ear. But whether ner-

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vous or not, from that instant the torrent was checked. The loss and gain became alternate. Wine was brought in; I played in furious scorn of consequences. I saw the board covered with gold. I swept it into my stake; I soon saw my stake reduced to nothing. My eyes were dazzled, my hand shook, my brain was on fire, I sang, danced, roared with exultation or despair. How the night closed, I know not; but I found myself at last in a narrow room, surrounded with squalidness, its only light from a high-barred window, and its only furniture the wooden tressel on which I lay, fierce, weary, and feverish, as if I lay on the rack. From this couch of the desperate, I was carried into the presence of a magistrate, to hear that in the *mêlée* of the night before, I had in my rage charged my honest-faced acquaintance with palpable cheating; and having made good my charge by shewing the loaded dice in his hand, had knocked him down with a violence that made his recovery more than doubtful. He had seen my name in the Gazette, and had watched me for the express purpose of final plunder. The wretch died. I was brought to trial, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years' expatriation. Fortunate sentence! On my arrival in New South Wales, as I was found a perfect gentleman, and fit for nothing, there was no resource but to make me try the labour of my hands. Fortunate labour! From six at morning till six at night, I had the spade or the plough in my hands. I dragged carts, I delved rocks, I hewed trees; I had not a moment to spare. The appetite that once grew languid over venison, now felt the exquisite delight of junk beef. The thirst that scorned champagne was now enraptured with spring water. The sleep that had left me many a night tossing within-side the curtains of a hundred-and-fifty-guinea Parisian bed, now came on the roughest piece of turf, and made the planks of my cabin softer than down. I can now run as fast as one of my Newmarket stud, pull down a buffalo, and catch a kangaroo by the tail in fair field. Health, vigour, appetite, and activity, are my superabundance now. I have every thing but time. My banishment expires to-morrow; but I shall never recross the sea. This is my country. Since I set my foot upon its shore I have never had a moment to yawn. In this land of real and substantial life, the spectre that haunted my joyless days dares not be seen—the "hour too many" is no more.

The Forget-Me-Not.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

(For the Mirror.)

SELLING MEAT AMONG THE ANCIENT ROMANS, &c.

It was the custom for the buyer to shut his eyes, and the seller to hold up some of his fingers; if the buyer guessed aright, how many it was the other held up, he was to fix the price; if he mistook, the seller was to fix it. These *classic blind-bargains* would not suit the London butchers. This custom was abolished by Apronius, the prefect of Rome; who in lieu thereof, introduced the method of selling by weight. Among the ancient Romans there were three kinds of established butchers, viz. two colleges or companies, composed each of a certain number of citizens, whose office was to furnish the city with the necessary cattle, and to take care of preparing and vending their flesh. One of these communities was at first confined to the providing of hogs, whence they were called *suarii*; and the other two were charged with cattle, especially oxen, whence they were called *pecuarii*, or *boarii*. Under each of these was a subordinate class, whose office was to kill, prepare, &c. called *lanii*, and sometimes *carnifices*.

Two English poets (Swift and Gay) have been rather severe towards the London butchers, the former says,—

> "Hence he learnt the *Butcher's* guile,
> How to cut your throat, and smile;
> Like a *butcher* doom'd for life,
> In his mouth to wear his knife."

The latter,—

> "—— resign the way,
> To shun the surly *butcher's* greasy tray:
> *Butchers*, whose hands are died with blood's foul stain,
> And always foremost in the hangman's train."

The butchers' company was not incorporated until the 3rd year of King James I. when they were made a *Corporation*, by the name of master, wardens and commonalty of the art and mystery of butchers; yet the fraternity is ancient.

Stowe says, "In the 3rd of Richard II. motion was made that no butcher should kill any flesh within London, but at Knightsbridge, or such like distant place from the walls of the citie."

P. T. W.

STUMBLING AT THE THRESHOLD.

The phrase, "to stumble at the threshold," originated in the circumstance, that the old thresholds, or steps under the door, were like the hearths, raised a little, so

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that a person might stumble over them, unless proper care were taken. A very whimsical reason for this practice is given in a curious little tract by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, entitled, "Council and Advice to all Builders," 1663, in these words:—"A good surveyor shuns also the ordering of doores with stumbling thresholds, though our forefathers affected them, perchance to perpetuate the antient custome of bridegroomes, when formerly at their return from church they did use to lift up their bride, and to knock her head against that of the doore, for a remembrance that she was not to pass the threshold of her house without leave." W. G. C.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

THE charitable dispensation of medicines by the Chinese, is well deserving notice. They have a stone which is ten cubits high, erected in the public squares of their cities; whereon is engraved the name of all sorts of medicines, with the price of each, and when the poor stand in need of relief from physic, they go to the treasury to receive the price each medicine is rated at.

The physicians of China have only to feel the arm of their patient in three places, and to observe the rate of the pulse, to form an opinion on the cause, nature, danger, and duration of the malady. Without the patient speaking at all, they can tell infallibly what part is attacked with disease, whether the brain, the heart, the liver, the lungs, the intestines, the stomach, the flesh, the bones, and so on. As they are both physicians and apothecaries, and prepare their own medicines, they are paid only when they effect a cure. If the same rule were introduced with us, I fear we should have fewer physicians.

The Topographer.

BOX HILL.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS celebrated eminence is situated in the north range of chalk hills, beginning near Farnham, in Surrey, and extending from thence to Folkstone, in Kent. Camden calls it *White Hill*, from its chalky soil; but Box Hill is its true and ancient name. The box-tree is, in all probability, the natural produce of the soil; but a generally received story is, that the box was planted there by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, between two and three centuries ago. There is, however, authentic evidence of its being here long before his time, for Henry de Buxeto (i. e. Henry of Box Hill) and Adam de Buxeto were witnesses to deeds in the reign of King John.

John Evelyn, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century, says, "Box-trees rise naturally at Kent in Bexley; and in Surrey, giving name to Box Hill. He that in winter should behold some of our highest hills in Surrey, clad with whole woods of them, might easily fancy himself transported into some new or enchanted country."

In Aubrey's posthumous work on Surrey, published in 1718, the northern part of the hill is described as thickly covered with yew-trees, and the southern part with "thick boscages of box-trees," which "yielded a convenient privacy for lovers, who frequently meet here, so that it is an English Daphne." He also tells us that the gentry often resorted here from Ebbesham *(Epsom)*, then in high fashion. Philip Luckombe, in his "England's Gazetteer," says, on Box Hill "there is a large warren, but no houses; only arbours cut out in the box-wood on the top of the hill, where are sold refreshments of all sorts, for the ladies and gentlemen who come hither to divert themselves in its labyrinths; for which reason a certain author has thought fit to call it the Palace of Venus, and the Temple of Nature; there being an enchanting prospect from it of a fine country, which is scarce to be equalled for affording so surprising and magnificent an idea both of earth and sky."

But these delightful retreats, like Arcadia of old, have long since vanished. The *yews* were cut down in the year 1780; and their successors fall very short of the luxuriant descriptions of old topographers. The *box* has also at various times produced the proprietors of the estate great profit. In 1608, the receipt for box-trees cut down upon the sheepwalk on the hill was 50*l.*; in an account taken in 1712, it is supposed that as much had been cut down, within a few years before, as amounted to 3,000*l.*; and in 1759, a Mr. Miller lamented that "the trees on Box Hill had been pretty much destroyed; though many remained of considerable bigness."

An immense quantity of box is annually consumed in this country, in the revived art of engraving on wood. The English is esteemed inferior to that which comes from the Levant; and the American box is said to be preferable to ours. But the ships from the Levant brought such quantities of it in ballast, that the wood on Box Hill could not find a purchaser, and not having been cut for sixty-five years, was growing cankered. The

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war diminished the influx from the Mediterranean; several purchasers offered; and in 1795 it was put up to auction at 12,000*l.* The depredations made on Box Hill, in consequence of this sale, did not injure its picturesque beauty, as twelve years were allowed for cutting, which gave each portion a reasonable time to renew. In 1802, forty tons were cut, but the market being overstocked, it fell in value more than fifty per cent.; and the foreign wood is now universally preferred for engravings. The trees on Box Hill are, however, again flourishing, although their value is rather problematical.

For the information of the home tourist, perhaps, I ought to mention that Box Hill stands about 22 miles on the left of the road from London to Worthing, Brighton, and Bognor, and about 2 miles N.E. of the town of Dorking. The road from Leatherhead hence is a constant succession of hill and dale, richly clothed with wood, interspersed with elegant villas in all tastes—from the pillared and plastered mansion, to the borrowed charm of the *cottage orne*. The whole of this district is called the Vale of *Norbury*, from the romantic domain of that name, which extends over a great portion of the hills on the right of the road. Shortly before you reach Box Hill, stands *Mickleham*, a little village with an ivy-mantled church, rich in Saxon architecture and other antiquities. You then descend into a valley, passing some delightful meadow scenery, and the showy mansion of Sir Lucas Pepys, which rises from a flourishing plantation on the left. In the valley stands Juniper Hall, late the seat of Mr. Thomas Broadwood, the piano-forte manufacturer. In the park are some of the finest cedars in England. On again ascending, you catch a fine view of Box Hill, and the amphitheatrical range of opposite hills, with one of the most magnificent *parterres* in nature. This is called, by old writers, *the Garden of Surrey*.

You pass some flint-built cottages, and quitting the road here, the ascent to Box Hill is gradual and untiring, across a field of little slopes, studded with a few yew-trees, relics of by-gone days. The ascent further down the road almost amounts to a feat, assisted by the foot-worn paces in the chalky steep. Here this portion of the hill resembles an immense wall of *viretum*, down whose side has been poured liquid mortar. The path winds along the verge of the hill, whilst on the left is a valley or little ravine, whose sides are clothed with thick dwarfish box, intermingled with the wild and trackless luxuriance of forest scenery. Hence the road stretches away to Ashurst, the neat residence of Mr. Strahan, the King's printer.

Returning to the verge of the hill, you soon reach the *apex*, or highest point, being 445 feet from the level of the Mole.* Here you enjoy what the French call a *coup d'œil*, or I would rather say, a *bird's-eye view*, of unparalleled beauty. Taking the town of Dorking for a resting point, the long belt is about twelve miles in extent. The outline or boundary commences from the eminence on which I am supposed to be standing—with Brockham Hill, whose steep was planted by the late duke of Norfolk, and whence the chain extends away towards the great Brighton road. Next in the curve are Betchworth Castle and Park, with majestic avenues of limes and elms, and fine old chestnut-trees. Adjoining, is the Deepdene, the classical seat of the author of "Anastasius," a place, says Salmon, "well calculated for the religious rites of the Celts," and consecrated by the philosophical pursuits of the Hon. Charles Howard, who built an oratory and laboratory, and died here in 1714. Next are several fir-crowned ridges, which shelter Bury Hill, the mansion of Mr. Barclay, the opulent brewer; whence you ascend the opposite line of hills, till you reach Denbies, nearly facing the most prominent point of Box Hill. This elegant seat is the abode of Mr. Denison, one of the county members, and brother of the Marchioness of Conyngham. The second range or ledge, beneath Denbies, is the celebrated Dorking lime-works. The transition to the Norbury Hills, already mentioned, is now very short, which completes the outline of the view. It should, however, be remarked that the scenery within this range can be distinctly enjoyed without the aid of art; whilst beyond it the prospect extends, and fades away in the South Downs on one hand, and beyond the metropolis on the other.

The little *parterre* to be described, includes the sheltered town of Dorking, environed with rich lawny slopes, variegated with villas in the last taste; and little heights, from whose clustering foliage peeps the cottage roof of humble life. But the Paradise immediately at

* Here is a stump of wood which denotes the grave of Major Labelliere, a deranged officer of the Marines, who, by his own request was buried on this spot, with his head downwards; it being a constant assertion with him, "that the world was turned topsy-turvy, and, therefore, at the end he should be right."

From this point may be seen *Leith Hill*, with an old prospect tower, within which are interred the remains of another eccentric gentleman who died in the neighbourhood. In the road from Dorking thence is *Wotton*, the family seat of the Evelyns.

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the foot of Box Hill is the gem of the whole scene, and is one of the most perfect pictures of rural beauty which pen or pencil can attempt. It appears like an assemblage of every rural charm in a few acres, in whose disposal nature has done much, and art but little. Park, lawn, woody walk, slope, wilderness and dell are among its varieties; and its quiet is only broken by the sluggish stream of the Mole. Adjoining is a little inn, more like one of the picturesque *auberges* of the continent than an English house of cheer. The grounds are ornamented with rustic alcoves, boscages, and a bowery walk, all in good taste. Here hundreds of tourists pass a portion of "the season," as in a "loop-hole of retreat." In the front of the inn, however, the stream of life glides fast; and a little past it, the road crosses the Mole by Burford Bridge, and winds with geometrical accuracy through the whole of this hasty sketch. PHILO.

Notes of a Reader.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER AND OTHER POEMS.

WE usually leave criticism to the *greybeards*, or such as have passed the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of reviewing. It kindles so many little heart-burnings and jealousies, that we rejoice it is not part of our duty. To be sure, we sometimes take up a book in real earnest, read it through, and have *our say* upon its merits; but this is only a gratuitous and occasional freak, just to keep up our oracular consequence. In the present case, we do not feel disposed to exercise this privilege, further than in a very few words—merely to say that Mr. Robert Montgomery has published a volume of Poems under the above title—that the poems are of unequal merit, and that like Virgil, his excellence lies in describing scenes of darkness.

The "Universal Prayer" is a devotional outpouring of a truly poetical soul, with as much new imagery as the subject would admit; and if *scriptural* poems be estimated in the ratio of *scriptural* sermons, the merit of the former is of the first order.*

From the other poems we have detached the following beautiful specimens:—

* We know a reverend vicar who once took the trouble to count all the quotations from Scripture, which occurred in a charity sermon he had just printed: and his great satisfaction at the conclusion was, that his was indeed "a scriptural sermon."

CONSUMPTION.

With step as noiseless as the summer air,
Who comes in beautiful decay?—her eyes
Dissolving with a feverish glow of light,
Her nostrils delicately closed, and on
Her cheek a rosy tint, as if the tip
Of Beauty's finger faintly press'd it there,—
Alas! Consumption is her name.
Thou loved and loving one!
From the dark languish of thy liquid eye,
So exquisitely rounded, darts a ray
Of truth, prophetic of thine early doom;
And on thy placid cheek there is a print
Of death,—the beauty of consumption there.
Few note that fatal bloom; for bless'd by all,
Thou movest through thy noiseless sphere, the life,
Of one,—the darling of a thousand hearts.
Yet in the chamber, o'er some graceful task
When delicately bending, oft unseen,
Thy mother marks thee with that musing glance
That looks through cunning time, and sees thee stretch'd
A shade of being, shrouded for the tomb.
The Day is come, led gently on by Death;
With pillow'd head all gracefully reclined,
And grape-like curls in languid clusters wreath'd,
Within a cottage room she sits to die;
Where from the window, in a western view,
Majestic ocean rolls.—A summer eve
Shines o'er the earth, and all the glowing air
Stirs faintly, like a pulse; against the shore
The waves unrol them with luxurious joy,
While o'er the midway deep she looks, where like
A sea-god glares the everlasting Sun
O'er troops of billows marching in his beam!—
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, her eyes
Are lifted, bright with wonder and with awe,
Till through each vein reanimation rolls!
'Tis past; and now her filmy glance is fix'd
Upon the heavens, as though her spirit gazed
On that immortal world, to which 'tis bound:
The sun hath sunk,—her soul hath fled without
A pang, and left her lovely in her death,
And beautiful as an embodied dream.

MORTALITY.

All that we love and feel on Nature's face,
Bear dim relations to our common doom.
The clouds that blush, and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain,—the streams
That flow along in dying music,—leaves
That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
Of Winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,—
Are all prophetic of our own decay.

BEAUTY

How oft, as unregarded on a throng
Of lovely creatures, in whose liquid eyes
The heart-warm feelings bathe, I've look'd
With all a Poet's passion, and have wish'd
That years might never pluck their graceful smiles—
How often Death, as with a viewless wand,
Has touch'd the scene, and witch'd it to a tomb!
Where Beauty dwindled to a ghastly wreck,
And spirits of the Future seem'd to cry,—
Thus will it be when Time has wreak'd revenge.

MELANCHOLY.

When mantled with the melancholy glow
Of eve, she wander'd oft: and when the wind,
Like a stray infant down autumnal dales
Roam'd wailingly, she loved to mourn and muse:
To commune with the lonely orphan flowers,
And through sweet Nature's ruin trace her own.

VISION OF HEAVEN.

An empyrean infinitely vast
And irridescent, roof'd with rainbows, whose
Transparent gleams like water-shadows shone,
Before me lay: Beneath this dazzling vault—
I felt, but cannot paint the splendour there!

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Glory, beyond the wonder of the heart
To dream, around interminably blazed.
A spread of fields more beautiful than skies
Flush'd with the flowery radiance of the west;
Valleys in greenest glory, deck'd with trees
That trembled music to the ambrosial airs
That chanted round them,—vein'd with glossy streams,
That gush'd, like feelings from a raptured soul:
Such was the scenery;—with garden walks,
Delight of angels and the blest, where flowers
Perennial bloom, and leaping fountains breathe,
Like melted gems, a gleaming mist around!
Here fruits for ever ripe, on radiant boughs,
Droop temptingly; here all that eye and heart
Enrapts, in pure perfection is enjoy'd;
And here o'er flowing paths with agate paved,
Immortal Shapes meander and commune.
While with permissive gaze I glanced the scene,
A whelming tide of rich-toned music roll'd,
Waking delicious echoes, as it wound
From Melody's divinest fount! All heaven
Glow'd bright, as, like a viewless river, swell'd
The deepening music!—Silence came azain!
And where I gazed, a shrine of cloudy fire
Flamed redly awful; round it Thunder walk'd,
And from it Lightning look'd out most sublime!
Here throned in unimaginable bliss
And glory, sits The One Eternal Power,
Creator, Lord, and Life of All: Again,
Stillness ethereal reign'd, and forth appear'd
Elysian creatures robed in fleecy light,
Together flocking from celestial haunts,
And mansions of purpureal mould; the Host
Of heaven assembled to adore with harp
And hymn, the First and Last, the Living God;
They knelt,—a universal choir, and glow'd
More beauteous while they breathed the chant divine,
And Hallelujah! Hallelujah! peal'd,
And thrill'd the concave with harmonious joy.

VISION OF HELL.

Apart, upon a throne of living fire
The Fiend was seated; in his eye there shone
The look that dared Omnipotence; the light
Of sateless vengeance, and sublime despair.—
He sat amid a burning world, and saw
Tormented myriads, whose blaspheming shrieks
Were mingled with the howl of hidden floods,
And Acherontine groans; of all the host,
The only dauntless he. As o'er the wild
He glanced, the pride of agony endured
Awoke, and writhed through all his giant frame,
That redden'd, and dilated, like a sun!
Till moved by some remember'd bliss, or joy
Of paradisal hours, or to supply
The cravings of infernal wrath,—he bade
The roar of Hell be hush'd,—and silence was!
He called the cursed,—and they flash'd from cave
And wild—from dungeon and from den they came,
And stood an unimaginable mass
Of spirits, agonized with burning pangs:
In silence stood they, while the Demon gazed
On all, and communed with departed Time,
From whence his vengeance such a harvest reap'd.

BEAUTIFUL INFLUENCES.

Who hath not felt the magic of a voice,—
Its spirit haunt him in romantic hours?
Who hath not heard from Melody's own lips
Sounds that become a music to his mind?—
Music is heaven! and in the festive dome,
When throbs the lyre, as if instinct with life,
And some sweet mouth is full of song,—how soon
A rapture flows from eye to eye, from heart
To heart—while floating from the past, the forms
We love are recreated, and the smile
That lights the cheek is mirror'd on the heart!
So beautiful the influence of sound,
There is a sweetness in the homely chime
Of village bells; I love to hear them roll
Upon the breeze; like voices from the dead,
They seem to hail us from a viewless world,

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

We know it to be a fact, that a Jew, an artist of reputation, who had conceived a great confidence in a Christian engaged in the promotion of the conversion of the Israelites, revealed to him, that both he and his brother had been Christians from their childhood from having been bred up amongst Christians, but were too indignant at the treatment which they and their brethren met with at Christian hands, to profess Christianity; and he earnestly pleaded, as essential to their being induced to receive the gospel, that those who participate in the attempt should approach them with a language of decided affection for Israel.—*Q. Rev.*

ABSENTEES

Soon become detached from all habitual employments and duties; the salutary feeling of home is lost; early friendships are dissevered, and life becomes a vague and restless state, freed, it may seem, from many ties, but yet more destitute of the better and purer pleasures of existence.

ITINERANT OPERAS.

The first performance of the *opera seria* at Rome, in 1606, consisted of scenes in recitative and airs, exhibited in a *car* during the carnival.

THE GAMUT.

Guido D'Arezzo, a monk of the 13th century, in the solitude of his convent, made the grand discovery of counterpoint, or the science of harmony, as distinguished from melody; he also invented the present system of notation, and gave those names to the sounds of the diatonic scale still in use:—*ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si;* these being the first syllables of the first six lines of a hymn to St. John the Baptist, written in monkish Latin; and they seem to have been adopted without any special reason, from the caprice of the musician.—*Foreign Rev.*

It is said that the first church was erected at Glastonbury; and this tradition may seem to deserve credit, because it was not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it profitable to advance a similar pretension. The building is described as a rude structure of wicker-work, like the dwellings of the people in those days, and differing from them only in its dimensions, which were threescore feet in length, and twenty-six in breadth. An abbey was afterwards erected there, one of the finest of those edifices, and one of the most remarkable for the many interesting circumstances connected with it. The destruction of

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this beautiful and venerable fabric is one of the crimes by which our reformation was sullied.—*Southey.*

GHOST STORY, BY M. G. LEWIS.

A GENTLEMAN journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate he thought it proper to look through the window. He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman startled at this unusual sight, and, imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sat up waiting for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, "Then I am king of the cats;" and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more.

RIDICULOUS MISTAKE.

A QUANTITY of Worcestershire china being sent to the *Nawaab* at Lucknow, in India, from England, he was as impatient to open it as a child would be with a new plaything; and immediately gave orders for invitations to be sent to the whole settlement for a breakfast, *à la fourchette*, next morning. Tables were accordingly spread for upwards of a hundred persons, including his ministers and officers of state. Nothing could be more splendid than the general appearance of this entertainment; but the dismay may be more easily imagined than described, on discovering that the servants had mistaken certain utensils for milk-bowls, and had actually placed about twenty of them, filled with that beverage, along the centre of the table. The consequence was, the English part of the company declined taking any; upon which the *Nawaab* innocently remarked, "I thought that the English were fond of milk." Some of them had much difficulty to keep their countenances.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

THE country-seats of England form, indeed, one of the most remarkable features, not only in English landscape, but yet more in what may be termed the genius and economy of English manners. Their great number throughout the country, the varied grandeur and beauty of their parks and gardens, the extent, magnificence, and various architecture of the houses, the luxurious comfort and completeness of their internal arrangements, and their relation generally to the character of the peasantry surrounding them, justify fully the expression we have used. No where has this mode of life attained so high a degree of perfection and refinement. We will allude to two circumstances, amongst many others, in illustration. The first of these is, the very great number of valuable libraries belonging to our family-seats. It has been sometimes remarked as singular, that England should possess so few great public libraries, while a poorer country, like Germany, can boast of its numerous and vast collections at Vienna, Prague, Munich, Stutgard, Goettingen, Wolfenbuttel, &c. The fact is partly explained by the many political divisions and capitals, and by the number of universities in Germany. But a further explanation may be found in the innumerable private libraries dispersed throughout England—many of them equal to public ones in extent and value, and most of them well furnished in classics, and in English and French literature.

The other peculiarity we would name about our English country-houses is, that they do not insulate their residents from the society and business of active life; which insulation is probably a cause, why so many proprietors in other countries pass their whole time in the metropolis or larger towns. The facility and speed of communication in England link together all places, however remote, and all interests, political and social, of the community. The country gentleman, sitting at his breakfast table a hundred miles from London, receives the newspapers printed there the night before; his books come to him still damp from the press; and the debates in parliament travel to every country-house in England within fifty or sixty hours of the time when they have taken place. The like facility exists as to provincial interests of every kind. The nobleman or

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country gentleman is a public functionary within his district, and no man residing on his estates is, or need feel himself, unimportant to the community.

Quarterly Rev.

FLOWERS.

WHEN summer's delightful season arrives, rarely in this country too warm to be enjoyed throughout the day in the open air, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of choice flowers around and within our dwellings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature have, in my view, a more delightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet. The richness of the latter, indeed, would be heightened, and their elegance increased, by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odour of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species, and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others, are singularly grateful to the sight, and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould, containing plants of the commonest kind, offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and variform leaves hanging festooned over them, and shading them if they be of a light colour, with a soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap.

Lord Bacon, whose magnificence of mind exempts him from every objection as a model for the rest of mankind, (in all but the unfortunate error to which, perhaps, his sordid pursuit in life led him, to the degradation of his nobler intellect), was enthusiastically attached to flowers, and kept a succession of them about him in his study and at his table. Now the union of books and flowers is more particularly agreeable. Nothing, in my view, is half so delightful as a library set off with these beautiful productions of the earth during summer, or indeed, any other season of the year. A library or study, opening on green turf, and having the view of a distant rugged country, with a peep at the ocean between hills, a small fertile space forming the nearest ground, and an easy chair and books, is just as much of local enjoyment as a thinking man can desire—I reck not if under a thatched or slated roof, to me it is the same thing. A favourite author on my table, in the midst of my bouquets, and I speedily forget how the rest of the world wags. I fancy I am enjoying nature and art together, a consummation of luxury that never palls upon the appetite—a dessert of uncloying sweets.

Madame Roland seems to have felt very strongly the union of mental pleasure with that afforded to the senses by flowers. She somewhere says, "La vûe d'une fleur carresse mon imagination et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable; elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence. Sous le tranquil abri du toit paternel, j'étois heureuse des enfance avec des fleurs et des livres; dans l'étroite enciente d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus revoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs." These pleasures, however, are too simple to be universally felt.

There is something delightful in the use which the eastern poets, particularly the Persian, make of flowers in their poetry. Their allusions are not casual, and in the way of metaphor and simile only; they seem really to hold them in high admiration. I am not aware that the flowers of Persia, except the rose, are more beautiful or more various than those of other countries. Perhaps England, including her gardens, green-houses, and fields, having introduced a vast variety from every climate, may exhibit a list unrivalled, as a whole, in odour and beauty. Yet flowers are not with us held in such high estimation as among the Orientals, if we are to judge from their poets.

Bowers of roses and flowers are perpetually alluded to in the writings of eastern poets. The Turks, and indeed the Orientals in general, have few images of voluptuousness without the richest flowers contributing towards them. The noblest palaces, where gilding, damask, and fine carpeting abound, would be essentially wanting in luxury without flowers. It cannot be from their odour alone that they are thus identified with pleasure; it is from their union of exquisite hues, fragrance, and beautiful forms, that they raise a sentiment of voluptuousness, in the mind; for whatever unites these qualities can scarcely do otherwise.

Whoever virtuously despises the opinion that simple and cheap pleasures, not only good, but in the very best taste, are of no value because they want a meretricious rarity, will fill their apartments with a succession of our better garden flowers. It has been said that flowers placed in bed-rooms are not wholesome. This cannot be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation. Plucked and put into water, they quickly decay, and doubtless, give out a putrescent air; when alive and growing, there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided fresh air is frequently introduced. For

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spacious rooms, the better kinds, during warm weather, are those which have a large leaf and bossy flower. Large leaves have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight; of this kind, the Hydrangæa is remarkably well adapted for apartments, but it requires plenty of water. Those who have a green-house connected with their dwellings, have the convenience, by management, of changing their plants as the flowers decay; those who have not, and yet have space to afford them light and occasionally air, may rear most of those kinds under their own roof, which may be applied for ornament in summer. Vases of plaster, modelled from the antique, may be stained any colour most agreeable to the fancy, and fitted with tin cases to contain the earthen pots of flowers, to prevent the damp from acting on them, will look exceedingly well.

The infinite variety of roses, including the Guelder Rose; the Rhododendron, and other plants of similar growth, are fitted for the saloon, but they please best in the library. They should be intermingled with the book-cases, and stands filled with them should be placed wherever practicable. They are a wonderful relief to the student. There is always about them a something that infuses a sensation of placid joy, cheering and refreshing. Perhaps they were first introduced at festivals, in consequence of their possessing this quality. A flower-garden is the scene of pleasurable feelings of innocence and elegance. The introduction of flowers into our rooms infuses the same sensations, but intermingles them more with our domestic comforts; so that we feel, as it were, in closer contact with them. The succession might be kept up for the greater part of the year; and even in winter, evergreens will supply their places, and, in some respects, contrast well with the season. Many fail in preserving the beauty of plants in their apartments, because they do not give them sufficient light. Some species do well with much less light than others. Light is as necessary to them as air. They should not be too often shifted from one place to another. Those who will take the trouble, may quicken the growth of some plants, so as to have spring flowers in winter. Thus Autumn and Spring might be connected; and flowers blooming in the Winter of our gloomy climate possess double attraction.

In the flower-garden alcove, books are doubly grateful. As in the library ornamented with flowers they seem to be more enjoyed, so their union there is irresistibly attracting. To enjoy reading under such circumstances most, works of imagination are preferable to abstract subjects. Poetry and romance—"De Vere" and "Pelham"—lighter history—the lively letters of the French school, like those of Sevigné and others—or natural history—these are best adapted to peruse amidst sweets and flowers: in short, any species of writing that does not keep the mind too intently fixed to allow the senses to wander occasionally over the scene around, and catch the beauty of the rich vegetation. To me the enjoyment derived from the union of books and flowers is of the very highest value among pleasurable sensations.

For my own part, I manage very well without the advantage of a green-house. The evergreens serve me in winter. Then the Lilacs come in, followed by the Guelder Rose and Woodbine, the latter trained in a pot upon circular trellis-work. After this there can be no difficulty in choosing, as the open air offers every variety. I arrange all my library and parlour-plants in a room in my dwelling-house facing the south, having a full portion of light, and a fire-place. I promote the growth of my flowers for the early part of the year by steam-warmth, and having large tubs and boxes of earth, I am at no loss, in my humble conservatory, for flowers of many kinds when our climate offers none. The trouble attending them is all my own, and is one of those employments which never appear laborious. Those who have better conveniences may proceed on a larger scale; but I contrive to keep up a due succession, which to a floral epicure is every thing. To be a day in the year without seeing a flower is a novelty to me, and I am persuaded much more might be done with my humble means than I have effected, had I sufficient leisure to attend to the retarding or forcing them. I cover every space in my sitting-room with these beautiful fairy things of creation, and take so much delight in the sight of them, that I cannot help recommending those of limited incomes, like myself, to follow my example and be their own nurserymen. The rich might easily obtain them without; but what they procure by gold, the individual of small means must obtain by industry. I know there are persons to whom the flowers of Paradise would be objects of indifference; but who can imitate, or envy such? They are grovellers, whose coarseness of taste is only fitted for the grossest food of life. The pleasures "des Fleurs et des Livres" are, as Henry IV. observed of his child, "the property of all the world."

New Monthly Magazine.

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PRINCIPLES OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Shepherd. (Standing up.) It's on principles like these—boldly and unblushingly avoo'd here—in Mr. Awmrose's paper-parlour, at the conclusion o' the sixth brodd, on the evening o' Monday the 22nd o' September, Anno Domini aughteen hunder and twunty-aught, within twa hours o' midnicht—that you, sir, have been yeditin' a Maggasin that has gone out to the uttermost corners o' the yerth, wherever civilization or uncivilization is known, deludin' and distracktin' men and women folk, till it's impossible for them to ken their right hand frae their left—or whether they're standin' on their heels or their heads—or what byeuk ought to be perused, and what byeuk puttin intil the bottom o' pye-dishes, and trunks—or what awthor hissed, or what awthor hurraa'd—or what's flummery and what's philosophy—or what's rant and what's religion—or what's monopoly and what's free tredd—or wha's poets or wha's but Pats—or whether it's best to be drunk, or whether it's best to be sober a' hours o' the day and nicht—or if there should be rich church establishments as in England, or poor kirk ones as in Scotland—or whether the Bishop o' Canterbury, wi' twenty thousan' a-year, is mair like a primitive Christian than the Minister o' Kirkintulloch wi' twa hunder and fifty—or if folk should aye be readin' sermons or fishin' for sawmon—or if it's best to marry or best to burn—or if the national debt hangs like a millstone round the neck o' the kintra or like a chain o' blae-berries—or if the Millennium be really close at haun'—or the present Solar System be calculated to last to a' eternity—or whether the people should be edicated up to the highest pitch o' perfection, or preferably to be all like trotters through the Bog o' Allen—or whether the government should subsedeeze foreign powers, or spend a' its sillar on onrsells—or whether the Blacks and the Catholics should be emancipawted or no afore the demolition o' Priests and Obis—or whether (God forgie us baith for the hypothesis) man has a mortal or an immortal sowl—be a Phœnix—or an Eister!—*From the Noctes.*

CURSES OF ABSENTEEISM.

What is the condition of the country-seat of the absentee proprietor? The mansion-house deserted and closed; the approaches to it ragged and grass grown; the chimneys, "those windpipes of good hospitality," as an old English poet calls them, giving no token of the cheerful fire within; the gardens running to waste, or, perchance, made a source of menial profit; the old family servants dismissed, and some rude bailiff, or country attorney, ruling paramount in the place. The surrounding cottagers, who have derived their support from the vicinage, deprived of this, pass into destitution and wretchedness; either abandoning their homes, throwing themselves upon parish relief, or seeking provision by means yet more desperate. The farming tenantry, though less immediately dependent, yet all partake, more or less, in the evil. The charities and hospitalities which belong to such a mansion lie dormant; the clergyman is no longer supported and aided in his important duties; the family pew in the church is closed; and the village churchyard ceases to be a place of pleasant meeting, where the peasant's heart is gladdened by the kindly notice of his landlord.

It is the struggle against retrenchment, the "paupertatis pudor et fuga," which has caused hundreds of English families, of property and consideration, to desert their family places, and to pass year after year in residence abroad. At the close of each London season, the question too often occurs as to the best mode of evading return to the country; and the sun of summer, instead of calling back the landlord to his tenants, and to the harvests of his own lands, sends him forth to the meagre adventures of continental roads and inns.—*Quarterly Rev.*

SOLILOQUY.

THE KING OF DARKNESS.

On the Fallen Angels.

They 're gone to ply their ineffectual labour,—
To sow in guilt what they must reap in woe,—
Heaping upon themselves more deep damnation.
Thus would I have it.—Little once I thought,
When leagued with me in crime and punishment
They fell,—condemned to an eternity
Of exile from all joy and holiness—
And the first stains of sinfulness and sorrow
Fell blight-like o'er their cherub lineaments—
Myself the cause—Albeit too proud for tears,
Yet touch'd with their sad doom, I little thought
I e'er should hate them thus.—Yet thus I hate them,
With all that bitter agony of soul
Which is the punishment of fiends. Alas!
It was my high ambition, to hold sway,
Sole, paramount, unquestion'd, o'er a third
Of Heaven's resplendent legions:—Power and glory
Dwelt on them, like an elemental essence
That could not be destroyed.—I could not deem
That aught could so extinguish the pure fire
Of their sun-like beauty—yet 'tis changed!—
I gain'd them to my wish, and they are grown
Too hateful to be look'd on.—Thus I 've seen
The frail fair dupe of amorous perfidy,
The victim of a smile,—by man beguiled—
Won to debasement, and then left in loathing:—
Alas! I cannot leave my fatal conquest!—
Man! would I were the humblest mortal wretch,
That crawls beneath yon shadowing temple's tower,

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Under the sky of Canaan; so I might
Lay down this weight of sceptred misery,
And fly for ever from myself and these!
But Pride reproves the wish; and—it is useless;
The unatonable deeds of ages rise
Like clouds between me and the throne of Grace.
I may not hope,—or fear,—still unsubdued,
As when I ruled the anarchy of Heaven,
I stand in Fate's despite,—firm and impassive
To all that Chance, and Time, and Ruin bring.
—In that disastrous day, when this vast world
Shall, like a tempest-shaken edifice,
Rock into giant fractures—as the sound
Of the Archangel's trump, upon the deep,
Bids fall the bonds of nature, to let forth
Destruction's formless fiend from world to world,
Trampling the stars to darkness,—Even then,
Like that proud Roman exile, musing o'er
The dust of fallen Carthage, I shall stand,
Myself a solemn wreck, calm and unmoved
Among the ruins of the works of God.
And my last look shall be a look of triumph
O'er the fallen pillars of the deep and sky;
The wreck of nature by my deeds prepared—
Deeds—which o'erpay the power of Destiny.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

By T. Hood.

WHY, Lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over*?

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping*?

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter*?

Why, Maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair,
When he's on the *landing*?

The Gem.

ON a tombstone in the churchyard of Christchurch, Hants, is the following curious inscription, which I copied on the spot. Perhaps some of your numerous readers can explain the same:—

WE WERE NOT SLAYNE BVT RAYSD
RAYSD NOT TO LIFE
BVT TO BE BVRIED TWICE
BY MEN OF STRIFE
WHAT REST COVLD TH LIVING HAVE
WHEN DEAD HAD NONE
AGREE AMONGST YOV
HERE WE TEN ARE ONE
HEN: ROGERS DIED APRILL 17. 1641.
I R.

EPICURISM.

THOMAS A BECKET gave five pounds, equivalent to seventy-five pounds of the present money, for a dish of eels.

HALBERT H.

A FAMOUS scholar of the last century, when a boy, was exceedingly fond of the Greek language, and after he had been a short time at school, had acquired so much of the sound of the language, that when at home at dinner one day his father said, "Shall you not be glad, Harry, when you can tell me the names of every dish on the table in Greek?" "Yes," said he; "but I think I know what it must be." "Do you?" said the father; "what do you know about Greek?"—"Nothing," said the boy; "but I think I can guess from the sound of it what it would be." "Well, say then," said the father. He quickly replied, "Shouldromoton, alphagous, pasti-venizon." It appears the dinner consisted of a shoulder of mutton, half a goose, and venison pasty.

SNUFF AND TOBACCO.

IN the year 1797, was circulated the following proposals for publishing by subscription, a History of Snuff and Tobacco, in Two Volumes:—

Vol. 1.—To contain a description of the nose—size of noses—a digression on Roman noses—whether long noses are symptomatic—origin of tobacco—tobacco first manufactured into snuff—inquiry who took the first pinch — essay on sneezing—whether the ancients sneezed, and at what—origin of pocket handkerchiefs—discrimination between snuffing and taking snuff; the former only applied to candles—parliamentary snuff-takers—troubles in the time of Charles I. as connected with smoking.

Vol. 2.—Snuff-takers in the parliamentary army—wit at a pinch—oval snuff-boxes first used by the roundheads—manufacture of tobacco pipes—dissertation on pipe-clay—state of snuff during the commonwealth—the union—Scotch snuff first introduced—found very pungent and penetrating—accession of George II.—snuff-boxes then made of gold and silver—George III.—Scotch snuff first introduced at court—the queen, German snuffs in fashion—female snuff-takers—clean tuckers, &c. &c.—Index and List of Subscribers.

C. F. E.

THE "ILL WIND," &c.

IN debt, deserted, and forlorn,
A melancholy elf
Resolved, upon a Monday morn,
To go and hang himself.

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He reach'd the tree, when lo! he views
A pot of gold conceal'd;
He snatch'd it up, threw down the noose,
And scamper'd from the field.
The owner came—found out the theft,
And, having scratch'd his head,
Took up the rope the other left,
And hung himself, instead.

OLD COOKERY.

GASTRONOMERS will feel a natural desire to know what was considered the "best universal sauce in the world," in the boon days of Charles II., at least what was accounted such by the Duke of York, who was instructed to prepare it by the Spanish ambassador. It consisted of parsley, and a dry toast pounded in a mortar, with vinegar, salt, and pepper. The modern English would no more relish his royal highness's taste in condiments than in religion. A fashionable or cabinet dinner of the same period consisted of "a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen larks, all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns, and cheese." At the same period, a supper-dish, when the king supped with his mistress, Lady Castlemaine, was "a chine of beef roasted."

OLD EPITAPH.

As I was, so are ye,
As I am, you shall be.
That I had, that I gave,
That I gave, that I have.
Thus I end all my cost,
That I left, that I lost.

IMPROMPTU TO ——, ON HER MARRIAGE WITH MR. WILLIAM P——.

WHEN ladies they wed,
It ever is said
That their *freedom* away they have thrown;
But you've not done so,
For we very well know
You will have a *Will* of your own.

C. K. W.

PAINTERS.

LAVATER affirms, that no one whose person is not well formed can become a good physiognomist. Those painters were the best whose persons were the handsomest. Reubens, Vandyke, and Raphael possessed three gradations of beauty, and possessed three gradations of painting.

ELYSIAN SOUP.

THE French have a soup which they call "*Potage a la Camerani*," of which it is said "a single spoonful will lap the palate in Elysium; and while one drop remains on the tongue, each other sense is eclipsed by the voluptuous thrilling of the lingual nerves!"

A JAPANESE BEAUTY.

HER face was oval, her features regular, and her little mouth, when open, disclosed a set of shining, black lacquered teeth; her hair was black, and rolled up in the form of a turban, without any ornament, except a few tortoiseshell combs; she had sparkling, dark eyes, was about the middle size, and elegantly formed; her dress consisted of six wadded silk garments, similar to our night-gowns, each fastened round the lower part of the waist by a separate band, and drawn close together from the girdle downwards; they were all of different colours, and the uppermost was black. U.

GOOD LIVING.

I HATE a fellow who was never young; he is like a dull Italian year, where the trees are always in leaf, and when the only way of knowing the difference of the seasons is by referring to an almanack. The inconstancy of the spring may surely be excused for the steady warmth of summer and the rich plenty of autumn; then comes the hoar of winter old gentleman, and closes the scene not ungracefully.—*Old Play.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 338.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1828. [PRICE 2*d*.

Nelson's Monument, at Liverpool.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN No. 270 of the MIRROR, you favoured us with a correct engraving of the Town Hall, Liverpool, and informed us of a trophied monument erected to the memory of Nelson in the Liverpool Exchange Buildings. Of the latter I am happy to be able to present you with the above view.

The monument, executed in bronze by Richard Westmacott, Esq. R. A. is erected in the area of the Liverpool Exchange Buildings, and was completed in October, 1823. The subscription amounted to about 9,000*l*. The weight of the bronze of which it is composed is estimated at upwards of 22 tons. The figures are in the proportion of seven feet.

On a basis of Westmoreland marble stands a circular pedestal of the same material, and peculiarly suitable in colour to the group which it supports. At the base of the pedestal are four emblematic figures, in the character of captives, or vanquished enemies, in allusion to Lord Nelson's victories. The spaces between these figures, on the sides of the pedestal, are filled by four grand bas-reliefs, executed in bronze, representing some of the great naval actions in which Nelson was engaged. The other parts of the pedestal are richly decorated with lions' heads and festoons of laurel; and in a moulding round the upper part of it is inscribed, in brass letters, pursuant to the resolution of

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the general meeting, that most impressive charge delivered by the illustrious commander previous to the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

The figures constituting the principal design are Nelson, Victory, and Death: his Country mourning for her loss, and her Navy, eager to avenge it,—naturally claim a place in the group.

The principal figure is the Admiral, resting one foot on a conquered enemy, and the other on a cannon. With an eye stedfast and upraised to Victory, he is receiving from her a fourth naval crown upon his sword, which, to indicate the loss of his right arm, is held in his left hand. The maimed limb is concealed by the enemy's flag, which Victory is lowering to him. Under the folds of the flag Death lies in ambush for his victim, intimating, that Nelson received the reward of his valour and the stroke of death at the same moment.

By the figure of an exasperated British seaman is represented the zeal of the navy to wreak vengeance on the enemies who robbed England of her gallant leader.

Britannia, with laurels in her hand, and leaning regardless of them on her spear and shield, describes the feelings of the country fluctuating between the pride and the anguish of triumph so dearly purchased, but relying for security on her own resources.

Hoxton. T. WARD.

TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.*

(For the Mirror.)

MAHOMET II., soon after he mounted the Turkish throne, resolved to achieve some glorious action, that he might surpass the fame of his predecessors; and nothing appeared so compatible with his ambition as the gaining of Constantinople, and the total subversion of the Greek empire, which at that period was in a very precarious condition. The sultan, therefore, made vast preparations, which the Greek emperor, Constantine VIII., perceiving, he solicited the aid of several Christian princes, especially of Pope Nicholas V. and the king of Naples; but they *all*, in a most unaccountable manner, excused themselves. Being thus disappointed, the emperor laid an embargo on all vessels within his ports, so that he added about three thousand veterans of different nations to the garrison of his imperial city, which before consisted of only six thousand Greeks.

In the spring of 1453, Mahomet set forward, with an army of three hundred thousand men, for Constantinople, which city, on the ninth day of April, was closely invested by land. The Turkish galleys would have done the same by sea, had not the emperor been extremely vigilant, for he caused the haven to be strongly chained from Constantinople to Pera, having within the chain his whole strength of shipping. The Turks, on the land side, erected towers, cast up trenches, and raised batteries; from these works they carried on their attacks with great fury, and made several breaches, which, however, the besieged repaired with much industry, at the same time repulsing their enemies with artillery. This unexpected bravery greatly enraged Mahomet, who loudly exclaimed, "It is neither the Grecians' skill nor courage, but the Franks, that defend the city." Affairs stood thus, when a renegado Christian informed the sultan how he might bring part of his fleet over land to the very haven of Constantinople. Mahomet, who began to despair of taking the city, determined to put the project of the renegado into execution; and he therefore committed the charge of it to a famous bassa, who, with wonderful labour, brought seventy vessels out of the Bosphorus, up a steep hill, the space of eight miles, to the haven of the city. The Turks, being thus miraculously possessed of the haven, assaulted the city also on that side; but their whole fleet was shamefully routed, and ten thousand of their men were killed. Yet this loss, instead of depressing their spirits, increased their courage, and on the twenty-ninth of May, early in the morning, they approached the walls with greater violence than ever; but so undaunted was the resolution of the Christians, that they repulsed their assailants with prodigious slaughter for a considerable time.

Constantine, however, who had undertaken the charge of one of the city gates, unhappily received a wound in the arm; and, being obliged to retire from the scene of action, his soldiers were discouraged, forsook their stations, and fled after him, notwithstanding his earnest prayers to the contrary. In their flight, they crowded so thickly together, that, while endeavouring to enter a passage, above eight hundred of them were pressed to death. The ill-fated emperor likewise perished. It is needless to describe what quickly ensued—the infidels became masters of the fine city of Constantinople, whose inhabitants were all,—except those who were reserved for lust,—put to the sword,

* From the time of Alcibiades to the reign of Mahommed II., Constantinople has undergone twenty-four sieges.

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and the plunder, pursuant to a promise made previously by the sultan, was given up to the Turkish soldiers for three days together. G. W. N.

GAME OF CHESS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERCEIVING in No. 321 of the MIRROR a brief history of the game of chess, perhaps the following anecdote will not be found unacceptable to your readers:—When the game of chess was first invented, the emperor of China sent for the inventor, and desired him to teach it him. The emperor was so delighted with the game, that he told the inventor whatever he should demand should be given him as a remuneration for his discovery. To which he replied, that if his majesty would but give him a grain of corn for the first square of the chess-board, and keep doubling it every check until he arrived at the end, he would be satisfied. At first the emperor was astonished at what he thought the man's modesty, and instantly ordered his request to be granted.

The following is the sum total of the number of grains of corn, and also the number of times they would reach round the world, which is 360 degrees, each degree being 69¼ miles:—

18446743573783086315 grains.

3883401821 times round the world.

I perfectly agree with your correspondent that China has the preference of invention.

G. H. C.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VIRGINAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ON reading No. 336 of the MIRROR, I saw an account of an ancient musical instrument, *the virginal*, stating it to have been an instrument much in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. That such was the case there can be no doubt, for the musical world can still furnish many compositions, written expresaly for Queen Elizabeth, her majesty being considered a very good performer on the virginal. But it is not generally known that the very identical instrument, the favourite property of that queen, is still in the possession of a Mr. Jonah Child, artist, of Dudley, Worcestershire. It is a very fine-toned old instrument, considering the many improvements which have been made since that date, and if put in good repair, (which might easily be done, it being quite playable in its present state,) it would not disgrace the name of a Kirkman, or of any of our latest and best harpsichord makers; indeed, it is very far superior to any other instrument of the kind I ever heard. The case is good, particularly in the inside, which is of exquisite workmanship, and beautifully ornamented with (as far as I recollect) gilt scroll work; on the keys has been bestowed a great deal of labour and curious taste. Each of the sharps, or short keys, is composed of a number (perhaps thirty) of bits of pearl, &c., well wrought together. On the whole it is an object well worthy of the attention of the antiquarian and the musician.

Although a stranger to Mr. Jonah Child, I feel great pleasure, while speaking on the subject, in acknowledging the very courteous reception I once met with, on calling at that gentleman's house to see the above curiosity.

Hampstead Road. S. A.

FIRE TOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I PERCEIVE by a paper in your interesting little work, that the round towers so common in Scotland and Ireland, have afforded the antiquaries much room for the display of their erudition, in ascertaining the purposes for which these towers have been erected.

Now, if any of these worthy and learned gentlemen were to take a trip to Sutherlandshire, in Scotland, they would see the *exact purpose* for which these buildings were erected; it was merely for the purpose of hanging the church bell in, as stated by your correspondent, in No. 335, of the MIRROR; for there stands at present in the parish of Clyne, near Dunrobin, the seat of the most noble the Marquess of Stafford, one of the said towers with the church bell hung in it to this day, unless removed since last October, the time at which I was there. It stands on the top of an eminence, a short distance (about fifty yards) to the west of the parish church, and is about twenty-five feet high. A. GAEL.

A SUMMER SCENE, BY CLAUDE.

(For the Mirror.)

How proudly those hush'd towers receive the glow
That mellows the gold sunset—and the trees,
Clasping with their deep belt the festal hills,
Are ting'd with summer-beauty; the rich waves
Swell out their hymn o'er shells and sweet blue flow'rs,
And haply the pure seamaid, wandering by,
Dips in them her soft tresses. The calm sea,
Floating in its magnificence, is seen
Like an elysian isle, whose sapphire depths
Entranc'd the Arabian poets! In the west,
The clouds blend their harmonious pageantry

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With the descending sun-orb; some appear
Like Jove's immortal bird, whose eyes contain'd
An essence of its sanctity,—and some
Seem like proud temples, form'd but to admit
The souls of god-like men! Emerald and gold
And pink, that softens down the aërial bow,
Are interspersed promiscuously, and form
A concentration of all lovely things!
And far-off cities, glittering with the pomp
Of spire and pennon, laugh their joyance up
In the deep flood of light. Sweet comes the tone
Of the touch'd lute from yonder orange bow'rs,
And the shrill cymbal pours its elfin spell
Into the peasant's being!

A sublime
And fervid mind was *his*, whose pencil trac'd
The grandeur of this scene! Oh! matchless Claude!
Around the painter's mastery thou hast thrown
An halo of surpassing loveliness!
Gazing on thy proud works, we mourn the curse
Which reft our race of Eden, for from thee,
As from a seraph's wing, we catch the hues
That suns'd our primal heritage ere sin
Weav'd her dark oracles. With thee, sweet Claude!
Thee! and blind Mæonides would I dwell
By streams that gush out richness; there should be
Tones that entrance, and forms more exquisite
Than throng the sculptor's visions! I would dream
Of gorgeous palaces, in whose lit halls
Repos'd the reverend magi, and my lips
Would pour their spiritual commune 'mid the hush
Of these enchanting groves!

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

The Novelist.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ.

(For the Mirror.)

"Still the boar held on his way
Careless through what toils it lay,
Down deep in the tangled dell—
Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle.
Staunch the steed, and bold the knight
That would follow such a flight!"

THE night was fast closing in, and the last retiring beams of the sun shed a mournful light over an extensive tract of forest bordering upon the district of the Hartz, just as (but I must not forget the date, somewhere about the year 1547,) the Baron Rudolf found himself in the very disagreeable predicament of having totally lost his companions and his way, amidst an almost interminable region of forest and brushwood. "Hans," addressing himself to his noble steed, "my old veteran, I must trust to thee, since thy master's wit is at a stand, to extricate us from this dilemma."

The animal finding his head free, moved forward as fast as bush and brake would permit him. They had proceeded in this way for half an hour longer, when the Baron at last bethought himself of his bugle, and winded a long and powerful blast; but the echo was the only answer he received. He repeated the sound with the like effect. Again the Baron lost his patience, and "Der teref—" when all at once his steed made a dead stop, and pricked up his ears as at some well known sound. The Baron listened attentively, and distinctly heard the blast he had sounded ten minutes before, responded by one so exactly similar, though apparently at a great distance, that he could scarcely believe the "evidence" of his ears. "By the mass but that must be the work of Mynheer von Heidelberger himself, for no one in my own broad barony can wind that blast save Rudolf Wurtzheim." He shrunk within himself at the very thought; for to any one it was rather appalling to meet this being at such a place and hour. The recollection of an adventure in these wilds which occurred on this very eve, twelvemonths previous, now rushed vividly to his mind. The concurrence in the date was startling. In short, on reflection, he began to think there was witchcraft throughout the affair.

He had lost his companions of the chase in rather a singular manner; on this afternoon, being unusually unsuccessful, the Baron, while hunting a brace of favourite stag-hounds in a dell apart from the rest of the field, suddenly struck upon a boar of remarkable size; attracted by the cries of the dogs, the Baron spurred Hans to the pursuit, and did not reflect that he was pursuing a route apart from the other hunters; and trusting to his knowledge of the wilds he so often traversed, he bore on with undiminished speed. The boar seemed to have a pair of wings in addition to his legs. Suffice it to say, that though Hans chased him in gallant style, yet the Baron eventually lost his way in the pursuit, partly owing to the doubling of the animal, till both dogs and boar completely disappeared from sight.

Entangled in the forest, the evening rapidly approached, a general hush prevailed, and all endeavours to recover his track seemed fruitless.

The sun had now gone down for a considerable time, and a mist was arising that obscured the little light which the luminary of night afforded.

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Baron, "mortal or devil, he has involved me in a very disagreeable predicament, and to avoid him is, I fear, impossible. He once more sounded a long blast; again

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the blast was re-echoed after a short lapse of time, though seemingly at an extreme distance. "Ah, there it comes again! what if my ears should deceive me, and this should be the answering bugle of my faithful Wildstein." The thought infused some fresh vigour into him; the low night wind murmuring through the trees, reminded him of the importance of every moment, Hans and his master pushed onwards through brake and dell.

It will be necessary, however, that we should leave the Baron for awhile, and detail some occurrences germane to our tale, and which are necessary for its development. And now as Mark Antony says, "Lend me your ear."

Some years before the preceding events took place, there dwelt in a spot of the most romantic description, a personage known by the designation of Mynheer von Heidelberger. No one had either heard or could recollect when or whence he came. Strange rumours were afloat respecting this person, and the peasantry crossed themselves with fright if they were led near the spot where his dwelling was said to be; and if his name was casually mentioned in the circle round the winter's hearth, all involuntarily drew their seats into a closer space. Impelled by adventurous curiosity, many individuals were said to have visited him, for the purpose of obtaining some insight into futurity; for his knowledge of the future, and the "things that none may name," was reputed to be great. It was also rumoured that some of his visitants had never returned.

About this time, by the sudden death of her father, the Baron Ernest, who was killed, it was believed, by a fall from his horse while hunting, Agatha von Keilermann was left sole and undisputed heiress of his vast domains. A prize so great, united to a fair person, caused many suitors to be on the alert; but they all met with ill success, being generally dismissed rather summarily.

Ambition was always the ruling passion of Rudolf Wurtzheim, whose domains adjoined those of the Baron Ernest, and before the death of the latter it had also been allied to jealousy of his great power and wealth. Not daunted by the ill success of his predecessors, he became a suitor of the fair Agatha. He met with a summary repulse. Burning with rage and mortified ambition, the Baron bethought himself of Mynheer von Heidelberger, of whose fame he had sometimes heard.

At the close of a day far advanced in autumn, he set off to visit this being. The howling of the wind as it came in fitful gusts through the openings of the forest, formed no bad accompaniment to his thoughts; while the indistinct twilight received little aid from the moon, which waded through heavy masses of clouds. The Baron, however, was a man of daring spirit. He had often been led past the spot, whilst engaged in the chase, near which the *solitaire* was said to dwell:—

"Vague mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name hath wrought a spell,
Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces!
They came—and fled; but whither? who can tell!"

He several times, on account of the uncertain light, lost his track. At length he emerged into the rocky scenery of the mountain side, and an indistinct light in the distance served to guide his steps. He now entered between two rocks of great height; till a magnificent waterfall almost blocked up the way. The Baron stepped cautiously forward, and after apparently passing through a cavern, the scene opened and displayed (for, to his surprise, the light was greatly increased,) a wild view, in which nature had piled rock, cavern, and mountain together, till the whole seemed lost and blended in one general chaos. At the foot, and a short distance before him, were seen a number of persons of venerable aspect, grouped on the turf around the vast amphitheatre of rocks, and a noise as of many hammers, greeted his ears. Attracted onwards by the now distinct glittering light, the Baron proceeded boldly to the mouth of what seemed a natural grotto. He loudly demanded admittance, the entrance being blocked up with a large stone. He was at first answered by a scornful laugh; indeed, as he afterwards found, he had entered by the wrong path, and observed a scene, perhaps, never displayed to mortal eyes. The stone was at last removed, and in the interior he found the object of his search:—

He, like the tenant
Of some night haunted ruin, bore an aspect
Of horrors, worn to habitude.

What passed will appear in the sequel, and the Baron returned just at nightfall; while his ghastly demeanour and unquiet eye betokened the nature of his visit. It is said many a wild and unearthly peal of laughter resounded that night through the mountains.

In three months from that time the lady Agatha became his wife. She had suddenly disappeared from her grounds a

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short time before, and to the amazement and wonder of all, returned with the Baron Wurtsheim, to whom she was united the same evening. Rumour was busy upon this occasion, but the mystery which enveloped it was never dispersed. The lady Agatha, however, seemed oppressed with a ceaseless gloom; in a short time she devoted herself entirely to seclusion, and in a year after her marriage, expired in giving birth to a son. The demeanour of Rudolf was most strange on this occasion. He had apparently a weight on his mind, which seemed to increase with dissipation, when he devoted his time to hunting and nightly revels, with a band of choice friends and dependents. Time, however, which blunts the edge of the keenest misfortunes, seemed to restore him to his former self.

Years passed away. Some time before the commencement of this legend, the Baron lost his path whilst hunting, and was benighted in the forest. After much fatigue, he was attracted by a light amongst trees which he found to proceed from a low building. It was in a state of extreme dilapidation, though a sort of wing appeared to have been recently tenanted. His knocks for admittance not having been answered, he lifted up the latch and boldly entered. Nothing greeted his sight save the almost extinguished remains of a fire. The apartment was lone and destitute of furniture. Having bestowed Hans as well as he could, he laid himself on the floor; while he felt an extreme chillness of spirits, which he endeavoured in vain to shake off; he was soon buried in sleep.

He was awakened by a noise resembling the strokes of many hammers. He conceived his senses must be wandering, for he found that he was at the entrance of the amphitheatre of rocks near the dwelling of the *solitaire*. The same group of figures appeared, and it was not long before a voice, which he knew to be that of Heidelberger, slowly repeated the following chant:—

Woe to him who dares intrude
Upon our midnight solitude!
Woe to him whose faith is broken—
Better he had never spoken.
'Ere twelve moons shall pass away,
Thou wilt be beneath our sway.
Drear the doom, and dark the fate
Of him who rashly dares our hate!

Deceive me once, I tell thee never
Shall thy soul and body sever!
Under the greenwood wilt thou lie,
Nor shalt thou there unheeded die.
Mortal, thou my vengeance brave,
Thou had'st better seen thy grave.
Drear the doom, and dark the fate
Of him who rashly dares our hate!

Meanwhile the Baron had sunk into a state of insensibility. When he awoke from his trance it was broad daylight, and the birds were singing merrily around the ruin.

After this adventure, the Baron resumed many of his old habits; and sought by deeper dissipation to dispel the visions of the past. His son was now grown up a sickly youth, and his father's inquietude about him was so great that he would not suffer him for a moment to be out of the sight of his attendants.

The year rolled on without any harm befalling the Baron, and his spirits lightened as the time advanced. He had almost forgotten the circumstance, when on the day preceding that of the anniversary of the adventure just related, a grand hunting party was proposed, it being the birth-day of his son. We now return to the situation in which we left the Baron at the beginning of this legend.

The forest seemed to the exhausted Rudolf, almost interminable, and this provoking horn perplexed him sadly. On this night the dreaded twelve-months expired. The bare thought made him redouble his speed. The darkness seemed increasing, and the flapping of the bats and hoarse croaking of the night birds, disturbed by his progress through the branches, did not add to his comfort; when to his great joy, he felt a strong current of air, and found that he had at last apparently emerged from the thickest of the forest. The moon was now beginning to cast her "peerless light" over the scene, and Rudolf perceived he was in an extensive amphitheatre or opening of the trees, which he could not recollect ever having seen before, bounded at a short distance by what seemed a small lake, near the centre of which grew a large and solitary pine.

The moon had now fully risen. Hans who had been flagging for some time, fell suddenly lame. From this fresh misfortune the Baron was aroused by the well known baying of his gallant stag-hounds. "Aiglette and Caspar are not baying after nothing," thought he. He was not long in suspense. To his extreme amazement, the identical boar which had caused all his trouble and fatigue, appeared closely followed by both the dogs.

"Donner et blitzen," exclaimed the Baron, using the first oath that came uppermost, "but this exceeds belief." The boar no sooner perceived him than he turned upon him with the utmost fury. The Baron hastily dismounted under the aged tree, though he was stiff and fatigued, for Hans was now utterly incapa-

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ble of exertion. His sword quickly glanced in the moonshine—"Time was" said he, "when this had been the very pastime I desired." The murderous animal attacked him with such impetuosity that his well-tried skill failed him, and he was the next moment thrown under its feet. The struggle now became desperate, for the animal had no common foe to contend with. Before it could wound him with its tusks, which seemed of unusual size, it required not an instant's thought in Rudolf to draw his dagger from his belt, and the next instant it was buried to its hilt in the throat of his adversary. At the same moment the tusks of the boar entered his side. Rudolf breathed a few words of an almost forgotten prayer, when the animal, uttering a dreadful yell, gave a convulsive spring into the air, and fell lifeless, half smothering the Baron with its gore.

Life was now fast ebbing from the side of Rudolf, when he was aroused by the sound of a voice, whose tones even at this dreadful moment thrilled through his soul with horror. Enveloped in a thick fog which had been gradually spreading around the scene of the combat, he could discern the fiend Heidelberger and his charmed circle; with an air of triumph they chanted the following lines:—

Mortal vain, thy course is run,
Thou hast seen thy setting sun—
Told I not true when I saw thee last,
That 'ere the circling year had passed,
Under the greenwood thou should'st be dying,
On the bloody greensward lying!

Deceived once, I tell thee never
Shall my victim from me sever—
Thou hast dared to brave our hate,
Rashly run upon thy fate!
Thou art on the greensward dying,
Underneath the greenwood lying!

The hounds bayed. The moon entered a dark cloud; and, when it emerged, its pale beams fell upon the green amphitheatre and the aged tree; but there was no one under its shade.

The following tradition is still related amongst the surrounding peasantry:—The Baron Rudolf, it is said, was enticed to sign over the bodies and souls of his future offspring to the fiend, Heidelberger, on condition that the latter would enable him to gain the person and possessions of the Lady Agatha. The contract, however, was obliged to be renewed at the birth of each child. Should he violate this convocation (which he signed with his own blood,) he granted similar power over himself; and the legend goes on to relate, that the whole of the members of the charmed circle were persons similarly enticed, who were doomed to a sort of perpetual labour, being compelled to chisel out their coffins in stone, which as soon as finished, were broken in pieces, when they were obliged to begin afresh.

The consequence of the Baron's nonfulfilment of his convocation have already been seen; his son is related to have died childless, and the property to have been dispersed into the hands of others, having never remained since his death more than two generations in one family; apparently blighting all its possessors. And the peasantry aver that the noise made by the continual labour of its victims, may still be heard by the adventurous at the close of day. VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

On Planting Poor Light Land.

Besides paring and burning, and trenching the soil previous to making the plantation, Mr. Withers, (who received the large silver medal from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. London, for experiments conducted on the subject in Norfolk,) spreads on it marl and farmyard dung, as for a common agricultural crop, and at the same time keeps the surface perfectly free from weeds by hoeing till the young trees have completely covered the ground. The progress that they make under this treatment is so extremely rapid, as apparently to justify, in *an economical point of view*, the extraordinary expenses that attend it. In three years, even oaks and other usually slow growing forest trees have covered the land, making shoots by three feet in a season, and throwing out roots well qualified, by their number and length, to derive from the subsoil abundant nourishment, in proportion as the surface becomes exhausted.—*Trans. Soc. Arts.*

The Air Plant.

Prince Leopold has succeeded in bringing to perfection that extraordinary exotic, the air plant. It is suspended from the ceiling, and derives its nourishment entirely from the atmosphere.

Potato Flour.

THE farina, or meal, obtained from potatoes is now regularly sold in the markets of Scotland. It is *stated* to be quite equal to genuine arrow root; but this is quite a mistake, unless the nutritious properties of arrow root have been overrated. Sir John Sinclair has devoted much of his time to the preparation of the flour; but as we gave his process many weeks since, it is not necessary to repeat it here.

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Kynaston's Cave.

We are indebted to the portfolio of an interesting lady correspondent for the original of the above engraving. The ingenious draughtswoman states the drawing to have been taken during a recent tour; and our readers will allow it to be a *fair sketch*. By way of rendering it unique, we append the following description from the same fair hand:—

From Shrewsbury to the Ness Cliff, (on the road to Ceriogg Bridge,) there is in the scenery little worthy of remark, until we approach the latter place, when the cliff on the right hand, and the Brathyn mountains (Montgomeryshire) on the left of the traveller, produce a very picturesque effect; and the post-house of Ness Cliff commands an extensive and lovely view of mountainous and champagne country. At this place we were invited to see a curious cave cut in the rock, which was, in the sixteenth century, the residence of one Humphrey Kynaston, a notorious bandit. This, however, was not his own work, since Ness Cliff, having been worked as a quarry, the cave, either by accident or design, was wrought by the labourers, and used by them as *salle à manger*, dormitory, or tool-house, according to circumstances. We proceeded to it by a broad rising walk of red sand, delightfully wooded, and presenting an enchanting view of the Brathyn and Wrekin, as well as the country for some miles round. At the end of this walk is a gate, which opens into a small grove; proceeding a little into which, we saw the cave in the high red cliff immediately before us. We ascended by a considerable flight of narrow and rugged steps cut from the solid rock: the interior of this curious place is as black as a coal-mine, and a partition, more than half the way across, divides the part where Kynaston used to reside by day from that in which he slept and ***kept his horse***, for he had actually the ingenuity to make the animal ascend and descend the stairs above-mentioned. The robber's initials, and the date of the year in which we may suppose he cut them, appear on the partition just opposite the entrance. The romance of the place was not a little augmented by the appearance of its inhabitant, (a blacksmith,) whose tall, thin figure, and whose pale, wild, and haggard countenance, well accorded with the singu-

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larity of his abode. He read for our amusement and *instruction*, I conceive, a few choice passages from a well-thumbed penny pamphlet, purporting to contain the veritable history of the adventurous Kynaston; from whence it appeared that Master Humphrey was a gentleman, like "that prince of thieves," Robin Hood, stealing from the rich to give to the poor, avenging the innocent, and chivalrous where ladies, or the lure of plunder, called forth his prowess; that his depredations were numerous, even in the face of day, and in the teeth of his enemies; and yet that those who admired and sided with him were for a considerable period the terror of the whole legal force who were on the alert to seize him. This interesting memoir was recited by the son of Vulcan, with an enthusiasm and delectable pronunciation, that could only be appreciated by hearing it, and was altogether inimitable. Strange! thought I, that this cave, once the residence of a robber, should now have become that of a *forger*.

M. L. B.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*.

RIENZI.

In No. 335, we gave the outline of the story of Rienzi, principally from Gibbon, but interspersed from other authorities. Miss Mitford's tragedy has since been represented with considerable success, and published. In the preface, we are told, that in addition to the splendid narrative of Gibbon, recourse has been had to "the still more graphical and interesting account of Rienzi's eventful career," contained in *L'Abbé de Sade's* Memoirs of Petrarque; and that, "as far as the female characters are concerned," the materials are entirely from invention. All this may appear well enough for the construction of the drama, and the female characters are drawn with peculiar grace and feeling; but we do not see why the character of Rienzi should be so essentially altered from history as it has been; neither do we think that any desirable effect has been gained by this change. In history, Rienzi is a master-spirit of reckless and atrocious daring, but in the drama, he is softened down to a fickle liberty brawler, and the sternest of his vices are glossed over with an almost inconsistent show of affection and tenderness. As he there stands, he is rather like an injured man, than one who so liberally dealt oppression and injustice around him.

Miss Mitford's tragedy will, however, be read with considerable interest in the closet, and fully to appreciate its beauties, every one who has witnessed it, ought to read it; for many of its "delicate touches" must be lost in the immense area of Drury Lane Theatre.* The plot is simple, and is effectively told; but as the newspapers, daily and weekly, have already detailed it, we shall confine ourselves to a few passages, which, in our reading, appeared to us among the many beauties of the drama.

PROGRESS OF RIENZI'S DISAFFECTION.

Claudia. He is changed,
Grievously changed; still good and kind, and full
Of fond relentings—crossed by sudden gusts
Of wild and stormy passion. Then, he's so silent—
He once so eloquent. Of old, each show,
Bridal, or joust, or pious pilgrimage,
Lived in his vivid speech. Oh! 'twas my joy,
In that bright glow of rapid words, to see
Clear pictures, as the slow procession coiled
Its glittering length, or stately tournament
Grew statelier, in his voice. Now he sits mute—
His serious eyes bent on the ground—each sense
Turned inward.

Rienzi. Claudia, in these bad days,
When man must tread perforce the flinty path
Of duty, hard and rugged, fail not thou
Duly at night and morning to give thanks
To the all-gracious power that smoothed the way
For woman's tenderer feet.

Colonna. He hath turned
A bitter knave of late, and lost his mirth,
And mutters riddling warnings and wild tales
Of the great days of heathen Rome; and prates
Of peace, and liberty, and equal law,
And mild philosophy, to us the knights
And warriors of this warlike age, who rule
By the bright law of arms. The fool's grown wise—
A grievous change.

Hatred—
And danger—the two hands that tightest grasp
Each other—the two cords that soonest knit
A fast and stubborn tie: your true love-knot
Is nothing to it. Fangh! the supple touch
Of pliant interest, or the dust of time,
Or the pin-point of temper, loose, or not,
Or snap love's silken band. Fear and old hate,
They are sure weavers—they work for the storm,
The whirlwind, and the rocking surge; their knot
Endures till death.

RIENZI'S TRIUMPH.

Hark—the bell, the bell!
The knell of tyranny—the mighty voice,
That, to the city and the plain—to earth,
And listening heaven, proclaims the glorious tale
Of Rome reborn, and Freedom. See, the clouds
Are swept away, and the moon's beat of light
Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars
Look out on us, and smile.

[*The gate of the Capitol opens, and Albertt and Soldiers join the People, and lay the keys at Rienzi's feet.*]

* Indisposition has as yet prevented our witnessing the representation of *Rienzi*; but we have been told by our play-going friends that every scene is listened to with marked attention, and that many passages are judiciously applauded. We are glad to hear this, because it is strong encouragement for other dramatists, and leads us to hope that tragedy-writing may still be revived among us, and that with greater success than has attended many recent efforts.

Hark! that great voice
Hath broke our bondage. Look, without a stroke
The Capitol is won—the gates unfold—
The keys are at our feet. Alberti, friend,
How shall I pay thy service? Citizens!
First to possess the palace citadel—
The famous strength of Rome; then to sweep on,
Triumphant, through her streets.
[*As Rienzi and the People are entering the Capitol, he pauses.*]
Oh, glorious wreck
Of gods and Cæsars! thou shalt reign again,
Queen of the world; and I—come on, come on,
My people!
Citizens. Live Rienzi—live our Tribune!

CLAUDIA'S LAMENT FOR HER HUMBLE HOME.

Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields;
My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo!—Oh! mine own dear home!

AMBITION.

Alas! alas!
I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.

RIENZI'S WRONGS.

One of the Ursini is condemned to death—his brother intercedes.

Rie. And dared talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,
Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just laws,
To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breath'd in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst never
Hear talk of retribution? This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge!—Mark well, my lords,
Pure, equal justice. Martin Ursini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die!
Colonna. Yet listen to us——
Rie. Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates, and potentates of Christendom,—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind
As justice. But this very day a wife,
One infant hanging at her breast, and two,
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein
To beg her husband's life; condemned to die
For some vile, petty theft, some paltry scudi:
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chaf'd and sear'd,
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, midst the dangerous coil, unmov'd, she stood,
Pleading in piercing words, the very cry
Of nature! And, when I at last said no—
For I said no to her—she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the stones
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We sav'd them all—
Thank heaven, we sav'd them all! but I said no
To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
Ask me for mercy now.

THE USURPER.

He bears him like a prince, save that he lacks
The port serene of majesty. His mood
Is fitful; stately now, and sad; anon,
Full of a hurried mirth; courteous awhile,
And mild; then bursting, on a sudden, forth,
Into sharp, biting taunts.

New power
Mounts to the brain like wine. For such disease,
Your skilful leech lets blood.

RIENZI ON HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

A bridal
Is but a gilt and painted funeral
To the fond father who hath yielded up
His one sweet child. Claudia, thy love, thy duty,
Thy very name, is gone. Thou art another's;
Thou hast a master now; and I have thrown
My precious pearl away. Yet men who give
A living daughter to the fickle will
Of a capricious bridegroom, laugh—the madmen!
Laugh at the jocund bridal feast, and weep
When the fair corse is laid in blessed rest,
Deep, deep in mother earth. Oh, happier far,
So to have lost my child!

FICKLE GREATNESS.

Thou art as one
Perched on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air; too giddy to look down
Where all his safety lies; too proud to dare
The long descent to the low depths from whence
The desperate climber rose.

RIENZI'S ORIGIN.

There's the sting,—
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The reverend worm, nobility! Wouldst shame me
With my poor parentage!—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jews' quarter—my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire.—Canst thou say worse?
Ang. Can worse be said?
Rie. Add, that my boasted schoolcraft
Was gained from such base toil, gained with such pain,
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street,
For tattered vestments and lean, hungry looks,
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorned and derided midst their ribald crew,
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells.
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a dear brother.
I seemed, I was, a base, ignoble slave.
What am I?—Peace, I say!—What am I now?
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome—
In all but name, her sovereign—last of all,
Thy father.

CIVIL WAR.

The city's full
Of camp-like noises—tramp of steeds, and clash
Of mail, and trumpet-blast, and ringing clang
Of busy armourers—the grim ban-dog bays—
The champing war-horse in his stall neighs loud—
The vulture shrieks aloft.

FEAR.

Terror, not love,
Strikes anchor in ignoble souls.

THE CAPITOL BELL.*

It is the bell that thou so oft hast heard
Summoning the band of liberty—" the bell
That pealed its loud, triumphant note, and raised
Its mighty voice with such a mastery
Of glorious power, as if the spirit of sound

* The passage between commas is omitted in the representation, but we know not why.

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That dwells in the viewless wind, and walks the waves
Of the chafed sea, and rules the thunder-cloud
That shrouded him in that small orb, to spread
Tidings of freedom to the nations."

RIENZI'S FALL.

And for such I left
The assured condition of my lowliness,—
The laughing days, the peaceful nights, the joys
Of a small, quiet home—for such I risked
Thy peace, my daughter. Abject, crouching slaves!
False, fickle, treacherous, perjured slaves!

Oh, had I laid
All earthly passion, pride, and pomp, and power,
And high ambition, and hot lust of rule,
Like sacrificial fruits, upon the altar
Of Liberty, divinest Liberty!
Then—but the dream that filled my soul was vast
As his whose mad ambition thinned the ranks
Of the Seraphim, and peopled hell. These slaves!
These crawling reptiles! May the curse of chains
Cling to them for ever.

LIBERTY.

For liberty! Go seek
Earth's loftiest heights, and ocean's deepest caves;
Go where the sea-snake and the eagle dwell,
'Midst mighty elements,—where nature is,
And man is not, and ye may see afar,
Impalpable as a rainbow on the clouds,
The glorious vision! Liberty! I dream'd
Of such a goddess once—dream'd that you slaves
Were Romans, such as rul'd the world, and I
Their tribune—vain and idle dream! Take back
The symbol and the power.

We can well imagine the effect which Mr. Young gives to some of these eloquent passages. They are full of poetical and dramatic fire. Indeed, we know of no professor of the histrionic art who could give so accurate an embodiment of Rienzi—as Mr. Young, the most chaste and discreet, if not the most impassioned, actor on the British stage. Again, we can conceive the force of these lines in the manly tones of Mr. Cooper:

I know no father, save the valiant dead
Who lives behind a rampart of his slain
In warlike rest. I bend before no king,
Save the dread Majesty of heaven. Thy foe,
Thy mortal foe, Rienzi.

In reprinting *Rienzi*, we suggest a larger size; we fear people in a second row of either circle of boxes, will find the type of the present edition too small; besides, they do not want to be checking the performers, or to be puzzled with "stage directions."

THE BOY'S OWN BOOK.

THE sight of this little book, as thick as, and somewhat broader than, a Valpy's Virgil, will make scores of little Lord Lingers think of "bygone mirth, that after no repenting draws." It is all over a holiday book, stuck as full of woodcuts as a cake is of currants, and not like the widely-thrown fruit of school plum puddings.

To begin with the exterior, which is one of the most ingenious specimens of block-printing we have yet seen. The medallion frontispiece contains the Publishers' Dedication to "the young of Great Britain," in return for which their healths should be drunk at the next breaking-up of every school in the empire.

As it professes to be a complete encyclopædia of the sports and pastimes of youth, it contains, 1. Minor Sports, as marbles, tops, balls, &c. 2. Athletic Sports. 3. Aquatic Recreations. 4. Birds, and other boy fancies. 5. Scientific Recreations. 6. Games of Skill. 7. The Conjuror; and 8. Miscellaneous Recreations. All these occupy 460 pages, which, like every sheet of the MIRROR, are as full as an egg. The vignettes and tail-pieces are the prettiest things we have ever seen, and some are very picturesque.

In our school-days there was no such book as this *Justinian of the play-ground*, if we except a thin volume of games published by Tabart. Boys then quarrelled upon nice points of play, parties ran high, and civil war, birch, and the 119th psalm were the consequences. A disputed marble, or a questioned run at cricket, has thus broken up the harmony of many a holiday; but we hope that such feuds will now cease; for the "Boy's Own Book," will settle all differences as effectually as a police magistrate, a grand jury, or the house of lords. Boys will no longer sputter and fume like an over-toasted apple; but, even the cares of childhood will be smoothed into peace; by which means good humour may not be so rare a quality among men. But to complete this philanthropic scheme, the publishers of the "*Boy's* Own Book," intend producing a similar volume for *Girls*. This is as it should be, for the *Misses* ought to have an equal chance with the *Masters*—at least so say we,—*plaudite*, clap your little hands, and *valete*, good bye!

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

THE editor, or *editress*, (for we doubt whether the former is epicene,) of this elegant little volume is the lady of Mr. Alaric A. Watts, the editor of the *Literary Souvenir*. It is expressly designed for the perusal of children from six to twelve years old, and is, we think, both by its embellishments and literary contents, calculated to attract hundreds of juvenile admirers. Indeed, we are surprised that the children have been so long without *their* "Annuals," whilst those of "a larger growth" have been supplied in abundance; but, as Sir Walter Scott has

set the example of writing for masters and misses, we hope that our nursery literature will rise in character, and it will not henceforth be the business of after-years to correct erroneous ideas imbibed from silly books during our childhood. In this task much time has been lost. Mrs. Watts is of the same opinion; and with this view, "the extravagances of those apocryphal personages — giants, ghosts, and fairies—have been entirely banished from her pages, as tending not only to enervate the infant mind, and unfit it for the reception of more wholesome nutriment, but also to increase the superstitious terrors of childhood,—the editor has not less scrupulously excluded those novel-like stories of exaggerated sentiment, which may now almost be said to form the staple commodity of our nursery literature." —(*Preface.*) Accordingly, we have in the *New Year's Gift* three historical pieces and engravings, illustrating the murder of the young princes in the Tower; Arthur imploring Hubert not to put out his eyes; and another. There are from thirty to forty tales, sketches, and poems, among which are a pretty story, by Mrs. Hofland; a Cricketing Story, by Miss Mitford, &c. There are two or three little pieces enjoining humanity to animals, and some pleasing anecdotes of monkeys and tame robins, and a few lines on the Reed-Sparrow's Nest:—

Only see what a neat, warm, compact little thing!
Mister Nash could not build such a house for the king;
Not he, let him labour his best.

Among the poetry are some graceful lines by Mr. Watts to his son; but our extract must be "The Spider and the Fly, a new version of an old story," by Mrs. Howitt. It is a lesson for all folks—great and small—from the infant in the nursery to the emperor of Russia, the grand signior of Turkey, and the queen of Portugal—or from those who play with toy-cannons to such as are now figuring on the theatre of war:—

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly:
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice—
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head—
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!—At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!
—And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Among the more serious pieces, we notice a beautiful lament of childhood by Mrs. Hemans, and a hymn by Mrs. Opie.

The engravings, twelve in number, with several little wood-cut tail-pieces, are beautifully executed; and altogether, the New Year's Gift deserves a place on the *cheffonier* shelf of every nursery in the kingdom.

We have received several other "Annuals," which we shall notice in an early Supplementary Number.

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SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

ALBUMS.

North. ALBUMS! James—these compendiums of wit and wisdom have become the greatest nuisances of all civilized society———

Shepherd. Tuts, man—what ails ye at Allbums?

North. They have broken that confidence between man and woman, which, in our young day, used to form the delight of an acquaintance with an amiable and accomplished female. In those happy times, how often have we sat in a bright circle of the fair and young, and talked, and laughed, in the gaiety of our careless hearts, without fear or apprehension! But now we are afraid, in the presence of ladies, to give utterance to any thing beyond a remark upon the weather. It is long since we have drilled ourselves to attribute smiles and whispers, and even squeezes of the hand, to their true source. We see an album lurking in every dimple of a young maiden's cheek, and a large folio common-place book, reposing its alexandrine length, in every curve of a dowager's double chin.

Shepherd. Tuts, man! What ails ye at Allbums?

North. No age is free from the infection. We go to a house in the country where there are three unmarried daughters, two aunts, and a grandmother. Complain not of a lack of employment on a rainy morning, in such a domicile and establishment as this. You may depend upon it, that the first patter of rain upon the window is the signal for all the vellum and morocco bound scrap-books to make a simultaneous rush upon the table. Forth comes the grandmother, and pushes an old dingy-coloured volume into your hands, and pointing out a spare leaf, between a recipe for curing corns, and a mixture for the hooping-cough, she begs you to fill it up—with any thing you please.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, man — why canna you oblege the auld body?

North. What right has an old woman, with silver spectacles on her long, thin nose, to enlist any man among the awkward squad which compose her muster roll? Who can derive inspiration from the boney hand, which is coaxingly laid on your shoulder, and trembles, not from agitation or love, but merely from the last attack of the rheumatism?

Shepherd. But young leddies hae their Allbums, too, as weel's auld anes.

North. And even the young ladies, James, presume too much upon their power. Is there no way of getting into their books, but by writing in their albums? Are we to pay for smiles at the rate of so many lines a-dimple? If the fair creatures are anxious to shew they can read, let them discover it by the tenor of their conversation, and not by large folios of quotations from books which every body knows; or if they are anxious to shew that they can write, we can tell them they are very wrong in having any such wish. I will put it to any man—are not the pleasantest women of his acquaintance, those to whose handwriting he is the greatest stranger? Did they not think their adored enslaver, who at one time was considered, when they were musing on her charms, beneath some giant tree, within the forest shade, "too fair to worship, too divine to love,"—did they not think her a little less divine, without being a bit more loveable, when they pored over, in her autograph, a long and foolish extract from some dunderhead's poems, with the points all wrong placed, and many of the words misspelt?

Shepherd. Neither points nor spellin's o' the smallest consequence in a copy o' verses.

North. Think of the famous lovers of antiquity, James. Do you think Thisbe kept a scrap-book, or that Pyramus slipped "Lines on Thisbe's Cat" through the celebrated hole-in-the-wall? No such thing. If he had, there would have been as little poetry in his love as in his verses. No man could have had the insolence, not even a Cockney poetaster, to kill himself for love, after having scribbled namby-pambys in a pale-blue, gilt-edged album.

Shepherd. Faith—that's rather a laughable idea.

North. In every point of view, scrap-books are the death of love. Many a very sensible man can "whisper soft nonsense in a lady's ear," when all the circumstances of the scene are congenial. We ourselves have frequently descended to make ourselves merely the most agreeable man in the world, till we unfortunately discovered that the blockheads who could not comprehend us when we were serious, were still farther from understanding the ineffable beauty of our nonsense; so that in both cases we were the sufferers. They took our elegant badinage for our sober and settled opinions, and laughed in the most accommodating manner when we delivered our real and most matured sentiments.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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Notes of a Reader.

LORD BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.—NEWSTEAD.

Sir Richard Phillips who has been for some months on a Tour of Inquiry and Observation through the United Kingdom, has just published his *First Part*, containing Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and part of Nottinghamshire. Sir Richard visited *Newstead*, and was hospitably entertained by Colonel Wildman. In his "Notes," on this interesting spot, he says,—"While in this vicinity, I heard many particulars of Byron's first love, a passion which tinged the whole of his future life. Near Newstead stands Annesley Hall, a house as considerable and venerable as Newstead itself; and the daughter of the owner, Mr. Chaworth, was an heiress of immense fortune, interesting, and amiable, but about four years older than Byron. He fell in love with her, but she had formed an early attachment for Capt. Musters, of the Nottingham militia, whom she married. After she had some children, she fell into a low state of mind, and separation was the consequence; but, on recovering, she was reunited to her husband, and has since borne him several children. She still lives, but has long been in very infirm health. The affair forms the subject of Lord Byron's justly celebrated *Dream*, printed with the 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

"From the eastern windows of the southern front of Newstead, all the scenery of the poem is visible, except Annesley Hall, which lies over the cape of which he speaks; but there still are trees, and the high point at which he describes the impassioned interview. I read the poem with the objects before me, and was overpowered by the sympathies and recollections which must be familiar to all men, for most men have felt as Byron felt, though few ever portrayed their feelings with such energy of thought and language.

"Night overtaking me at Newstead, the splendid hospitality of Colonel Wildman was kindly exerted, and he indulged a sentimental traveller by allowing me to sleep in Byron's room and Byron's bed. Those who admire Byron, (and for those who do not, I care but little) will participate in the luxury of such a night. The bed is elegantly surmounted with baronial coronets, but it was Byron's and I cared nothing for the coronets, though all the conveniences of the apartment were delightful.

"I will add to these details a fact which will interest many; that the dog which Lord Byron reared in Greece, and the grandson of Boatswain, having been brought home with his body, is still alive at Newstead, cherished for the sake of his master, and respected for his own good qualities."

We shall return to Sir Richard's "Tour" in our next number; for it possesses extraordinary attractions for all classes of readers.

THE ANNUALS.—THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

One hundred guineas is stated to be the lowest cost of either of the engravings in "the Literary Souvenir for 1829;" some of them, indeed, cost from 150 to 170 guineas each. A circulation of less than from 8 to 9,000 copies, would entail a loss upon the proprietors; so that the expense of "getting up" this superb "Annual" probably exceeds 3,500*l.*; and taking this sum for the average of six others published at the same price, and with a proportionate advance for two more published at one guinea each, the outlay of capital in these works is from 35 to 40,000*l.** This sum would purchase *Five Million* numbers of The Mirror, or 80 million printed pages, with 10 million impressions of woodcuts!

TRUE CONSOLATION.

A citizen of Geneva having lost his wife, he, according to the custom of the country, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the city. Somebody meeting him on his return from this painful ceremony, assumed a sorrowful countenance, and in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did. "Oh," replied the widower, "I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up; there is nothing like country air."

HARD RAIN.

Mr. Rae Wilson tells us, that he saw some huge stones of granite on his road to Mecklenburgh, which he says actually seem to have been rained there; in which belief he is strengthened by a story in a Philadelphia newspaper, of "a spitting of stones, which ended in a regular shower at Nashville, in May, 1825!"—There is seldom a good story without its match.

FRENCH PRISON.

A recent letter from Paris gives the following account of the Debtors' Prison, compared with which, it seems, our *Fleet*

* The portion of this sum paid for the literary department would form a curious item in the records of genius, especially in contrast with Milton's five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*.

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is a perfect Arcadia:—Each room contains four beds, small, dirty, and damp; so that the eyes of the unfortunate inmates become red and inflamed; not even a window can be shut to keep out a current of air. If a creditor visits a debtor who wishes to be revenged, the latter has only to cry *au loup*, when all parties assail the unlucky creditor, and *perhaps murder him!* Gambling is the great resource of the ignorant, so that frequently those who have only a few pence per day to exist on, are obliged to fast entirely, having anticipated their allowance; many even pawn their coats, and walk about *en chemise!*

NOLLEKENS.

When Nollekens, the sculptor, was at Rome, in 1760, he was recognised by Garrick with the familiar exclamation of "What! let me look at you, are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?" "Yes, Sir," being the answer, Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and sat to him for his bust, for which he paid Nollekens £12. 12*s.* in gold; this was the first bust he ever modelled. Sterne sat to him when at Rome, and that bust brought him into great notice.

INDIAN TRADITION.

Among the various Indian traditions of the Creation and fall of man is the following:—In the beginning, a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out a road to heaven, where he met a woman; they offended the Great Spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. They fell on the back of the tortoise; the woman was delivered of male twins; in process of time, one of these twins slew the other.—*Dr. Walsh.*

THE AGE OF THIRTY.

I always looked to about thirty, as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and, I flatter myself, that perhaps, I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming, and *I love lucre;* for we must love something; at least, if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so.—*Lord Byron*, in 1823.

COVENT GARDEN.

Where holy friars told their beads,
And nuns confess'd their evil deeds.
But, O sad change! O shame to tell,
How soon a prey to vice it fell!
How—since its justest appellation
Is Grand Seraglio to the Nation.
Satire, 1756.

CROSS TIMES.

When everybody was in suspense in consequence of the vacillating conduct of the French government, a gentleman with a determined *squint*, one day approached Talleyrand, and said to him, "Well, prince, how do affairs go on?" "As you see," replied Talleyrand.

CHANGING HATS.

Barry, the painter, was with Nollekens, at Rome, in 1760, and they were extremely intimate. Barry took the liberty one night when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens' was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night; and I was to have been known by my laced hat." Nollekens often used to relate the story, adding, "It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem."—*Nollekens's Life and Times.*

Napoleon's Roman bed at Malmaison was without curtains, and his arms were hung on the walls of the chamber.

LINES WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY OVER THE BROCKEN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

——— I moved on
With low and languid thought, for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country. *O thou Queen,*
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
Oh "dear, dear" England, how my longing eyes
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee: and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim. *Amulet for* 1839.

We wish a few more of the tourists who are picking their way over the continent, would illustrate their books of travels with such noble sentiments as are contained in these few lines—instead of the querulous whinings about cheap and dear living, the miseries of our climate, and a thousand other ills of the *malade imaginaire.*

Madame de Souza used to say that "cleanliness is the excellence of the poor."

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following intelligence from the seat of war, though premature in some respects, and *not quite* new in others, may be acceptable to your readers, from

A. A. A.

ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION.

AN awful army, artfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besieg'd Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom,
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray.
Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good,
Heaves high his head heroic hardihood;
Ibrahaim, Idam, Ismael, imps in ill,
Jostle John Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe Jack, Jill,
Kick kindling Kutusoff, king's kinsmen kill;
Labour low levels loftiest, longest limes,
Men march 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid mud'rous mines.

Now nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,
Oppos'd, opposing, overcoming odds.
Poor peasants, partly purchas'd, partly press'd,
Quite quaking, "Quarter! quarter!" quickly 'quest.
Reason returns, recalls redundant rage,
Saves sinking soldiers, softens signiors sage.
Truce, Turkey, truce! truce, treach'rous Tartar train!
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful ukraine!
Vanish, vile vengeance! vanish, victory vain!
Wisdom wails war—wails warring words. What were
Xerxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier?
Yet, Yassy's youth, ye yield your youthful yest,
Zealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's zest.

YE learned, pray say, who dark mysteries unfold,
Why razors cut better with *hot* water than *cold*.

Every kind of knife or razor is a fine saw, though we cannot possibly see it with the naked eye; and on all the edges of those fine polished tools there sticks a kind of resinous substance, which, when put into warm water, takes off the same, and makes the razor cut more easy and free.

A FATHER had three sons, in whose company he was walking when an old enemy of his came running out of an ambush, and inflicted a severe wound upon him before any of the bystanders could interfere. The eldest son pursued the assassin, the second bound up his father's wound, and the third swooned away. Which of the sons loved his father best?

MRS. BILLINGTON.

AT a rehearsal of *As You Like It*, Mrs. Billington, who sustained the principal female character, called out in a very peremptory manner, "Fellow, bring me my crook." Mr. Simmonds, the property-man, immediately replied, "Madam, your fellow is not here." She felt the rebuke, and made the request more successfully in more proper language; thus by hook or by crook obtaining it.

CATO the Censor only repented of three things during his life—to have gone by sea when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive, and to have told a secret to his wife.

"GONE TO JERICHO."

TRADITION says that there is more than one place in the county of Essex to which Henry VIII. used occasionally to retire with his mistresses. One of these was Blackmore, at some distance from Shenfield. The manor-house of Blackmore is called *Jericho;* so when Harry chose to retire with his mistresses, the cant phrase among the courtiers was, "*He was gone to Jericho.*" Hence this proverb or saying.

HALBERT H.

HUMBLE, OR UMBLE PIE.

THE shanks and feet of a buck being called *umbles*, were formerly made into a pie for the retainers or feudal servants. Hence arose the old saying of "You shall eat humble pie."

HALBERT H.

SAYS Tom, "Your lass look'd like a winter's day,
When last I saw her with the Misses Flirty."
"Indeed, you're merry, but tell me pray?"
"Why, then," quoth Tom, "she was both short and dirty."

W. G—Y.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 339.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Great Milton.

GREAT MILTON, a picturesque village, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, is entitled to notice in the annals of literature, as the family seat of the MILTONS, ancestors of Britain's illustrious epic poet. Of this original abode, our engraving is an accurate representation. One of Milton's ancestors forfeited his estate in the turbulent times of York and Lancaster. "Which side he took," says Johnson, "I know not; his descendant inherited no veneration for the White Rose." His grandfather was under ranger of the forest of Shotover, Oxon, who was a zealous Papist, and disinherited his son for becoming a Protestant. Milton's father being thus deprived of his family property, was compelled to quit his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, whence he went to London, and became a scrivener. He was eminent for his skill in music;* and from his reputation in his profession, he grew rich, and retired. He was likewise a classical scholar, as his son addresses him in one of his most elaborate Latin verses. He married a lady of the name of Caston, of a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John, THE POET,† and Christopher, who studied the law, became a bencher of the Inner Temple, was knighted at a very advanced age, and raised by James II. first to be a Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. He was much persecuted by the republicans for his adherence to the royal cause, but his composition with them was effected by his brother's interest.

Besides these two sons, he had a daughter, Anne, who was married to a Mr. Edward Philips, of Shrewsbury; by him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived the only authentic account of his domestic manners.

MILTON was thus by birth a gentleman; but had his descent been otherwise, his works would ennoble him to posterity.

> The lord, by giddy fortune courted,
> Stalks through a part by thousands played;
> The minstrel, proud and unsupported,
> Stands forth the Noble God has made'‡

We sought our illustration of GREAT MILTON in the "Oxfordshire" of that voluminous and expensive work, "the Beauties of England and Wales;" but, strange to say, the family name of Milton is not even mentioned there, although the house is still

> By chance or Nature's changing course untrimm'd.

* Dr. Burney says he was "equal in science, if not in genius, to the best musicians of his age."

† Born in his father's house, at the Spread Eagle in Bread-street, Cheapside, December 9, 1608.

‡ W. Kennedy—in the *Amulet* for 1829.

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The editor, however, tells us, on the authority of Leland, that there was at Great Milton a priory "many yeres syns;" and quotes the following quaint lines from a tablet in the church:—

Here lye mother and babe, both without sins,
Next birth will make her and her infant, twins.

ANCIENT FEASTINGS IN GUILDHALL, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first time that Guildhall was used on festive occasions was by Sir John Shaw Goldsmith, knighted in the field of Bosworth. After building the essentials of good kitchens, and other offices, in the year 1500, he gave here the mayor's feast, which before had usually been done in Grocers' Hall. None of these bills of fare (says Pennant) have reached me; but doubtless they were very magnificent. They at length grew to such excess, that in the time of Queen Mary a sumptuary law was made to restrain the expense both of provisions and *liveries*; but I suspect, (says Pennant,) as it lessened the honour of the city, it was not long observed, for in 1554, the city thought proper to renew the order of council, by way of reminding their fellow citizens of their relapse into luxury. Among the great feasts given here on public occasions, may be reckoned that given in 1612, on occasion of the unhappy marriage of the Prince Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I. The next was in 1641, when Charles I. returned from his imprudent and inefficacious journey into Scotland. But our ancestors far surpassed these feasts. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. had, at his marriage feast, (as is recorded,) 30,000 dishes of meat. Nevil, archbishop of York, had, at his consecration, a feast sufficient for 10,000 people. One of the abbots of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, invited 5,000 guests to his installation dinner. And King Richard II., at a Christmas feast, had daily 26 oxen, 300 sheep, besides fowls, and all other provisions proportionably. So anciently, at a call of sergeants-at-law, each sergeant (says Fortescue) spent 1,600 crowns in feasting. P. T. W.

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

(For the Mirror.)

To have too much forethought is the part of a wretch; to have too little is the part of a fool.

SELF-WILL is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

REMEMBER always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

IF there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

IRRITABILITY urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.

SAY the strongest things you can with candour and kindness to a man's face, and make the best excuse you can for him with truth and justice, behind his back.

MEN are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin; but still it is silver. Some men's characters are excellent, yet not without alloy. Others base, yet tend to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

IF a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone; the world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.

A PERSON who objects to tell a friend of his faults, because he has faults of his own, acts as a surgeon would, who should refuse to dress another's wound because he had a dangerous one himself.

SOME evils are irremediable, they are best neither seen nor heard; by seeing and hearing things that you cannot remove, you will create implacable adversaries; who being guilty aggressors, never forgive. W. J.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CUSTOMS RELATING TO THE BEARD.

(For the Mirror.)

IT was a custom among the Romans to consecrate the first growth of their beard to some god; thus Nero at the Gynick games, which he exhibited in the Septa, cut off the first growth of his beard, which he placed in a golden box, adorned with pearls, and then consecrated it in the Capitol to Jupiter.

The nations in the east used mostly to nourish their beards with great care and veneration, and it was a punishment among them, for licentiousness and adultery, to have the beard of the offending parties publicly cut off. Such a sacred regard had they for the preserva-

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tion of their beards, that if a man pledged it for the payment of a debt, he would not fail to pay it. Among the Romans a bearded man was a proverbial expression for a man of virtue and simplicity. The Romans during grief and mourning used to let their hair and beard grow, (Livy) while the Greeks on the contrary used to cut off their hair and shave their beards on such occasions.* (Seneca.) When Alexander the Great was going to fight against the Persians, one of his officers brought him word that all was ready for battle, and demanded if he required anything further. On which Alexander replied, "nothing but that the Macedonians cut off their beards—for there is not a better handle to take a man by than the beard." This shows Alexander intended close fighting. Shaving was not introduced among the Romans till late. Pliny tells us that P. Ticinius was the first who brought a barber to Rome, which was in the 454th year from the building of the city. Scipio Africanus was the first among the Romans who shaved his beard, and Adrianus the emperor (says Dion,) was the first of all the Cæsars who nourished his beard.

The Roman servants or slaves were not allowed to poll their hair, or shave their beards. The Jews thought it ignominious to lose their beards, 2 Sam. c. x. v. 4. Among the Catti, a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave or cut his hair till he had slain an enemy. (Tacitus.) The Lombards or Longobards, derived their name from the great length of their beards. When Otho the Great used to speak anything serious, he swore by his beard, which covered his breast. The Persians are fond of long beards. We read in Olearius' Travels of a king of Persia who had commanded his steward's head to be cut off, and on its being brought to him, he remarked, "what a pity it was, that a man possessing such fine mustachios, should have been executed," but added he, "Ah! it was your own fault." The Normans considered the beard as an indication of distress and misery. The Ancient Britons used always to wear the hair on the upper lip, and so strongly were they attached to this custom, that when William the Conqueror ordered them to shave their upper lip, it was so repugnant to their feelings, that many of them chose rather to abandon their country than resign their mustachios. In the 15th century, the beard was worn long. In the 16th, it was suffered to grow to an amazing length, (see the portraits of Bishop Gardiner, and Cardinal Pole, during Queen Mary's reign,) and very often made use of as a tooth-pick case. Brantome tells us that Admiral Coligny wore his tooth-pick in his beard.

C. B. Z.

* From this custom probably originated that in England, of widows concealing their hair for a stated period after the death of their husbands. Indeed, we know of more than one instance of a widow closely *cutting off* her hair. But these sorrowful observances are becoming less and less frequent.—Ed.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT ROUEN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE chapter of Rouen, (which consists of the archbishop, a dean, fifty canons, and ten prebendaries,) have, ever since the year 1156, enjoyed the annual privilege of pardoning, on Ascension-day, some individual confined within the jurisdiction of the city for murder.

On the morning of Ascension-day, the chapter, having heard many examinations and confessions read, proceed to the election of the criminal who is to be pardoned; and, the choice being made, his name is transmitted in writing to the parliament, which assemble on that day at the palace. The parliament then walk in procession to the great chamber, where the prisoner is brought before them in irons, and placed on a stool; he is informed that the choice has fallen upon him, and that he is entitled to the privilege of St. Romain. After this form, he is delivered into the hands of the chaplain, who, accompanied by fifty armed men, conveys him to a chamber, where the chains are taken from his legs and bound about his arms; and in this condition he is conducted to a place named the Old Tower, where he awaits the coming of the procession. After some little time has elapsed, the procession sets out from the cathedral; two of the canons bear the shrine in which the relics of St. Romain are presumed to be preserved. When they have arrived at the Old Tower, the shrine is placed in the chapel, opposite to the criminal, who appears kneeling, with the chains on his arms. Then one of the canons, having made him repeat the confession, says the prayers usual at the time of giving absolution; after which service, the prisoner kneeling still, lifts up the shrine three times, amid the acclamations of the people assembled to behold the ceremony. The procession then returns to the cathedral, followed by the criminal, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and carrying the shrine of the saint. After mass has been performed, he has a very serious exhortation addressed to him by a monk; and, lastly, he is conducted to an apartment near the cathedral, and is supplied with refresh-

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ments and a bed for that night. In the morning he is dismissed.

G. W. N.

The Sketch-Book.

ABBOTSFORD,

And Sir Walter Scott's Study.

[THE following extracts are from the private letter of a distinguished American gentleman, and form part of one of the most striking articles in "The Anniversary for 1829," edited by Allan Cunningham. We intended the whole article for our Supplementary "Spirit of the Annuals;" but as our engraving will necessarily occupy a few days longer, during which time this description of *Abbotsford* will be printed in fifty different forms, we are induced to take it by the forelock, and appropriate it for our present number. It is, perhaps, one of the most, if not the most, graphic paper in the whole list of "Annuals," notwithstanding there are scores of brilliant gems left for our Supplement. Certain arts must have their own pace; but, in our arduous catering for novelties for the MIRROR, we often have occasion to wish that *block-machinery* could be applied to engraving on wood.]

"STEPPING westward," as Wordsworth says, from the hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low, arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. &c. Here are the pieces, esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C. i. e. Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphrey Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; Bonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis*. I should have mentioned that stag-horns and bulls' horns (the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean), and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the very thumbikins under which Cardinal Carstairs did *not* flinch, and the mere terrific iron crown of Wisheart the Martyr, being a sort of barred headpiece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony. * *

Beyond the smaller, or rather I should say, the narrower armoury, lies the dining parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c. in short, all the minor details, are, I believe, fac similes after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are—the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrod, the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in Marmion, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles I., and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle. * * * * * *

A narrower passage leads to a charming breakfast room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettricke, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive, at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of watercolour drawings, chiefly by Turner and Thomson of Duddingstone, the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one very grand oil painting over

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the chimney-piece, Fastcastle, by Thomson, alias the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the most majestic and melancholy sea-pieces I ever saw; and some large black and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart of Allanbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious looking corridor, a small greenhouse, with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing-room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff.* and some portraits; among the rest glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his gray hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old Bard, I take it, in one of those "tremulous moods," in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—I believe chiefly *a la* Roslin, and the bookcases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities, filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end: foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recess of the bow window), of treatises *de re magicâ*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe), in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out, in one corner, a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of his present majesty. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fireplace; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn, filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." It *contained* the letter which accompanied the gift till lately: it has disappeared; no one guesses who took it, but whoever he was, as my guide observed, he must have been a thief for thieving's sake truly, as he durst no more exhibit his autograph than tip himself a bare bodkin. Sad, infamous tourist, indeed! Although I saw abundance of comfortable-looking desks and arm chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for *work*, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And here you may believe, was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid, part of the suite.

The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about five-and-twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture nothing but a small writing-table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair besides, plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. You have been both at the Elisée Bourbon and Malmaison, and remember the library at one or other of those places, I forget which; this gallery is much in the same style. There are only two portraits, an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claver-

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house, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it: Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are on the mantelpiece; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forest-craft, to wit—axes and bills and so forth of every calibre. There is only one window pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books well. It is a very comfortable-looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in. I should not forget some Highland claymores, clustered round a target over the Canterbury people, nor a writing-box of carved wood, lined with crimson velvet, and furnished with silver plate of right venerable aspect, which looked as if it might have been the implement of old Chaucer himself, but which from the arms on the lid must have belonged to some Indian prince of the days of Leo the Magnificent at the furthest. * *

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers, over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettricke Forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realization of dreams: some Frenchman called it, I hear, "a romance in stone and lime."

Spirit of Discovery.

Aerial Voyages of Spiders.

THE number of the aëronautic spiders occasionally suspended in the atmosphere, says Mr. Murray, I believe to be almost incredible, could we ascertain their amount. I was walking with a friend on the 9th, and noticed that there were four of these insects on his hat, at the moment there were three on my own; and from the rapidity with which they covered its surface with their threads, I cannot doubt that they are chiefly concerned in the production of that tissue which intercepts the dew, and which, illuminated by the morning sun, "glitters with gold, and with rubies and sapphires." Indeed, I have noticed that, when the frequent descent of the aëronautic spider was determined, a newly rolled turnip field was, in a few hours, overspread by a carpet of their threads. It may be remarked that our little aëronaut is very greedy of moisture, though abstemious in other respects. Its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky. Like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subserve some highly important purpose in the economy of Providence; such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the Furia infernalis, whose wounds are stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disapproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aëronaut, unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.

Mr. Bowman, F. L. S. says, "We arrested several of these little aëronauts in their flight, and placed them on the brass gnomon of the sundial, and had the gratification to see them prepare for, and recommence, their aërial voyage. Having crawled about for a short time, to reconnoitre, they turned their abdomens from the current of air, and elevated them almost perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the claws of their fore legs, at the same instant shooting out four or five, often six or eight, extremely fine webs, several yards long, which waved in the breeze, diverging from each other like a pencil of rays, and strongly reflecting the sunbeams. After the insects had remained stationary in this apparently unnatural position for about half a minute, they sprang off from the stage with considerable agility, and launched themselves into the air. In a few seconds after they were seen sailing majestically along, without any apparent effort, their legs contracted together, and lying perfectly quiet on their backs, suspended from their silken parachutes, and presenting to the lover of nature a far more interesting spectacle than the balloon of the philosopher. One of these natural aëronauts I followed, which, sailing in the sunbeams, had two distinct and widely diverging fasciculi of webs, and their position in the air was such, that a line uniting them would have been at right angles with the direction of the breeze."—*Mag. Natural History.*

The Ichneumon Fly.

There are several species of ichneumon which make thinnings among the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly. The process of one species is this:—while the caterpillar is feeding, the ichneumon fly hovers over it, and, with its piercer, perforates the fatty part of the caterpillar's back in many places, and in each deposits

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an egg, by means of the two parts of the sheath uniting together, and thus forming a tube down which the egg is conveyed into the perforation made by the piercer of the fly. The caterpillar unconscious of what will ensue keeps feeding on, until it changes into a chrysalis; while in that torpid state, the eggs of the ichneumon are hatched, and the interior of the body of the caterpillar serves as food for the caterpillars of the ichneumon fly. When these have fed their accustomed time, and are about to change into the pupa state, they, by an instinct given them, attack the vital part of the caterpillar (a most wonderful economy in nature, that this process should be delayed until they have no more occasion for food.) They then spin themselves minute cases within the body of the caterpillar; and instead of a butterfly coming forth (which, if a female, would have probably laid six hundred eggs, thus producing as many caterpillars, whose food would be the cabbage,) a race of these little ichneumon flies issues forth, ready to perform the task assigned them, of keeping within due limits those fell destroyers of our vegetables.—*Mr. Carpenter—in Gill's Repository.*

Hawking.

Professional falconers have been for many years natives of the village of *Falconsward*, near Bois le Duc, in Holland. A race of them was there born and bred, whence supplies have been drawn for the service of all Europe; but as there has been no sufficient inducement for the young men to follow the employment of their forefathers, numbers are dead or worn out; and there only remains John Pells, now in the service of John Dawson Downes, Esq., of Old Gunton Hill, Suffolk.

The hawks which have been trained for the field, are the slight falcon and the goshawk, which are the species generally used in falconry. The former is called a long-winged hawk, or one of the *lure*; the latter, a short-winged hawk, or one of the *fist*.

The Icelander is the largest hawk that is known, and highly esteemed by falconers, especially for its great powers and tractable disposition. The gyr falcon is less than the Icelander, but much larger than the slight falcon. These powerful birds are flown at herons and hares, and are the only hawks that are fully a match for the fork-tailed kite. The merlin and hobby are both small hawks and fit only for small birds, as the blackbird, &c. The sparrow-hawk may be also trained to hunt; his flight is rapid for a short distance, kills partridges well in the early season, and is the best of all for landrails.

The slight falcon takes up his abode every year, from October and November until the spring, upon Westminster Abbey, and other churches in the metropolis. This is well known to the London pigeon-fanciers, from the great havoc they make in their flight.—*Sir John Sebright*

Technicalities of Science.

The inutility of science, written in a merely technical form, is well exemplified in the instance of Cicero. He was advised by his friends not to write his works on Greek Philosophy in Latin; because those who cared for it would prefer his work in Greek, and those who did not would read neither Greek nor Latin. The splendid success of his *De Officiis*, his *De Finibus*, his *De Naturâ Deorum*, &c., showed that his friends were wrong. He persevered in the popular style, and led the fashion.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Doubtful Discoveries.

It may serve, in some measure, to confirm M. Dutrochet's recent opinion of the non-existence of miscroscopic animalcula, that the celebrated Spallanzani persuaded himself that he could see Animálcula infusória which could be seen by nobody else. He attributed his own superiority of vision, in this respect, to long practice in using the microscope. The philosopher exulted in his enviable distinction, when a peasant, to whom he showed his animalcula, could perceive nothing but muddy water.—*Ibid.*

Faculties of Brutes.

The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui*; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words.—*Medical Gazette.*

Sea Air.

The atmosphere, in the vicinity of the sea, usually contains a portion of the muriates over which it has been wafted. It is a curious fact, but well ascertained, that the air best adapted to vegetables is pernicious to animal life, and *vice versa*. Now, upon the sea-coast, accordingly, animals thrive, and vegetables decline.—*Hurwood's Southern Coast.*

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Chingford Church.

The roof with moss is green, and twines
Dark ivy round the sculptur'd lines.
DELTA.

THE pleasant village of CHINGFORD, in Essex, may be called a vignette of the topographer's "*rus in urbe*," it being only nine miles distant from the heart of London, and consequently almost within its vortex. It stands on the banks of the river Lea, and derives its name from the Saxon word Cinz and *ford*, (signifying the king's ford,) there having formerly been a ford here; the adjoining meadows being designated the king's meads, and the Lea, the king's stream. There appears to have been two manors in this parish, one of which was granted by Edward the Confessor to the cathedral of St. Paul's, but surrendered at the reformation to Henry VIII.; the other, according to Domesday Book, was held by Orgar, the Thane; and from the latter another manor has since been taken.

The "ivy-mantled" church, represented in the above vignette, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and consists of a chancel, nave, and south aisle, with a low square tower at the west end, containing three bells. Within the church are a few interesting monuments, among which is one to the memory of Robert Rampton, who died in 1585. and was yeoman of the chamber to Edward VI., and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. It stands in the south aisle, with an inscription on a brass plate against the wall, underneath which is an altar tomb covered with a slab of black marble, on which are the effigies, in brass, of Robert Rampton, and his wife Margaret, who died in 1590.

Altogether, Chingford is one of the prettiest villages near London, and its church is a picturesque attraction for pedestrian tourists, and such as love to steal away from the maelstroom of an overgrown metropolis, to glide into scenes of "calm contemplation and poetic ease;" although much of the journey lies through avenues of bricks and mortar, and trim roads that swarm with busy toil.

In the parish of Chingford is an estate called Scots Mayhew, or Brindwoods, which is held of the rector by the following singular tenure:—"Upon every alienation, the owner of the estate, with his wife, and a man and maid servant, (each upon a horse) come to the parsonage, where the owner does his homage, and pays his relief in manner following:—He blows three blasts with his horn, carries a hawk on his fist, and his servant has a greyhound in a slip—both for the use of the rector that day. He receives a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. They all dine, after which the master blows three blasts on his horn, and they all depart."*

For the original of the engraving, and the substance of this description, our thanks are due to S. I. B.

OLD SONG.

THE old minstrels saw far and deep, and clear into all heart-mysteries—and, low-born, humble men as they were, their tragic or comic strains strike like electricity.—*Blackwood.*

* Morant's Essex, vol. i. p. 57.

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SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE SHAVING SHOP.

'Tis not an half hour's work—
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
FLETCHER.

"HOLD back your head, if you please, sir, that I may get this napkin properly fastened—there now," said Toby Tims, as, securing the pin, he dipped his razor into hot water, and began working up with restless brush the lather of his soap-box.

"I dare say you have got a newspaper there," said I; "are you a politician, Mr. Tims?"

"Oh, just a little bit of one. I get Bell's Messenger at second hand from a neighbour, who has it from his cousin in the Borough, who, I believe, is the last reader of a club of fourteen, who take it among them; and, being last, as I observed, sir, he has the paper to himself into the bargain.—Please exalt your chin, sir, and keep your head a little to one side—there, sir," added Toby, cammencing his operations with the brush, and hoarifying my barbal extremity, as the facetious Thomas Hood would probably express it. "Now, sir—a *leetle* more round, if you please—there, sir, there. It is a most entertaining paper, and beats all for news. In fact, it is full of every thing, sir—every, every thing—accidents—charity sermons—markets—boxing—Bible societies—horse racing—child-murders—the theatres—foreign wars—Bow-street reports—electioneering—and Day and Martin's blacking."

"Are you a bit of a bruiser, Mr. Tims?"

"Oh, bless your heart, sir, only a *leetle*—a very *leetle*. A turn-up with the gloves, or so, your honour. I'm but a light weight—only a light weight—seven stone and a half, sir; but a rare bit of stuff, though I say it myself, sir—Begging your pardon. I dare say I have put some of the soap into your mouth. Now, sir, now—please let me hold your nose, sir."

"Scarcely civil, Mr. Toby," said I, "scarcely civil—Phroo! let me spit out the suds."

"I will be done in a moment, sir—in half a moment. Well, sir, speaking of razors, they should be always properly tempered with hot water, a *leetle* dip more or less. You see now how it glides over, smooth and smack as your hand.—Keep still, sir; I might have given you a nick just now. You don't choose a *leetle* of the mustachy left?"

"No, no—off with it all. No matrimonial news stirring in this quarter just now, Mr. Tims?"

"Nothing extremely particular.—Now, sir, you are fit for the king's levee, so far as my department is concerned. But you cannot go out just now, sir—see how it rains—a perfect water-spout. Just feel yourself at home, sir, for a *leetle*, and take a peep around you. That block, sir, has been very much admired—extremely like the Wenus de Medicine—capital nose—and as for the wig department, catch me for that, sir. But of all them there pictures hanging around, you is the favourite of myself and the connessoors."

"Ay, Mr. Tims," said I, "that is truly a gem—an old lover kneeling at the foot of his young sweetheart, and two fellows in buckram taking a peep at them from among the trees."

"Capital, sir—capital. I'll tell you a rare good story, sir, connected with that picture and my own history, with your honour's leave, sir."

"With all my heart, Mr. Tims—you are very obliging."

"Well then, sir, take that chair, and I will get on like a house on fire; but if you please, don't put me off my clew, sir.—Concerning that picture and my courtship, the most serious epoch of my life, there is a *leetle* bit of a story which I would like to be a beacon to others; and if your honour is still a bachelor, and not yet stranded on the shoals of matrimony, it may be *Werbum sapienti*, as O'Toole, the Irish schoolmaster, used to observe, when in the act of applying the birch to the booby's back.

"Well, sir, having received a grammatical education, and been brought up as a peruke-maker from my earliest years—besides having seen a deal of high life, and the world in general, in carrying false curls, bandeaux, and other artificial head-gear paraphernalia, in bandboxes to boarding schools, and so on—a desire naturally sprung up within me, being now in my twenty-first year, and worth a guinea a week of wages, to look about for what old kind Seignor Fiddle-stringo, the minuet-master, used to recommend under the title of a *cara sposa*—open shop—and act head frizzle in an establishment of my own.

"Very good, sir—In the pursuit of this virtuous purpose, I cast a sheep's eye over the broad face of society, and at length, from a number of eligible specimens, I selected three, who, whether considered in the light of natural beauty, or mental accomplishment, struck me forcibly as suitable coadjutors for a man—for a man like your humble servant."

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"A most royal bow that, Mr. Tims. Well, proceed, if you please."

"Very good, sir—well, then, to proceed. The first of these was Miss Diana Tonkin, a young lady, who kept her brother's snuff-shop, at the sign of the African astride the Tobacco Barrel—a rare beauty, who was on the most intimate talking terms with half a hundred young bloods and beaux, who looked in during lounging hours, being students of law, physic, and divinity, half-pay ensigns, and theatrical understrappers, to replenish their boxes with Landyfoot, whiff a Havannah cigar, or masticate pigtail. No wonder that she was spoiled by flattery, Miss Diana, for she was a bit of a beauty; and though she had but one eye—by heavens, what an eye that was!"

"She must have been an irresistible creature, certainly, Mr. Tims," said I. "Well, how did you come on?"

"Irresistible! but you shall hear, sir. I foresaw that, in soliciting the honour of the fair damsel's hand, I should have much opposition to encounter from the rivalry of the three learned professions, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the sword and of the buskin; but, thinks I to myself, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I at once set up a snuff-box, looked as tip-topping as possible, and commenced canvassing.

"The second *elite* (for I know a *leetle* French, having for three months, during my apprenticeship, had the honour of frisling the head-gear of Count Witruvius de Cancason, who occupied private state-lodgings at the sign of the Blue Boar in the Poultry, and who afterwards decamped without clearing scores)—the second *elite* (for I make a point, sir, of having two strings to my bow) was Mrs. Joan Sweetbread, a person of exquisite parts, but fiery temper, at that time aged thirty-three, twelve stone weight, head cook and housekeeper to Sir Anthony Macturk, a Scotch baronet, who rusticated in the vicinity of town. I made her a few evening visits, and we talked love affairs over muffins and a cup of excellent congou. Then what a variety of jams and jellies! I never returned without a disordered stomach, and wishing Highland heather-honey at the devil. Yet, after all, to prove a hoax!—for even when I was on the point of popping the question, and had fastened my silk Jem Belcher with a knowing *leetle* knot to set out for that purpose, I learned from Francie, the stable-boy, that she had the evening before eloped with the coachman, and returned to her post that forenoon metamorphosed into Madam Trot.

"I first thought, sir, of hanging myself over the first lamp-post; but, after a *leetle* consideration, I determined to confound Madam Trot, and all other fickle fair ones, by that very night marrying Miss Diana. I hastened on, rushed precipitately into the shop, and on the subject—and hear, oh heaven, and believe, oh earth! was met, not by a plump denial, but was shown the door."

"Upon my word, Mr. Tims," said I, "you have been a most unfortunate man. I wonder you recovered after such mighty reverses; but I hope——"

"Hope! that is the word, sir, the very word, I still had hope; so, after ten days' horrible melancholy, in which I cropped not a few heads in a novel and unprecedented style, I at it again, and laid immediate and close siege to the last and loveliest of the trio—one by whom I was shot dead at first sight, and of whom it might be said, as I once heard Kean justly observe in a very pretty tragedy, and to a numerous audience, 'We ne'er shall look upon her like again!'"

"Capital, Mr. Tims. Well, how did you get on?"

"A moment's patience, with your honour's leave.—Ah! truly might it be said of her, that she was descended from the high and great—her grandfather having been not only six feet three, without the shoes, but for forty odd years principal bell-ringer in the steeple of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and her grandmother, for long and long, not only head dry-nurse to one of the noblest families in all England, but *bonâ fide* twenty-two stone avoirdupois—so that it was once proposed, by the undertaker, to bury her at twice! As to this nonpareil of lovely flesh and blood, her name was Lucy Mainspring, the daughter of a horologer, sir,—a watch-maker—*vulgo* so called—and though fattish, she was very fair—fair! by Jupiter, (craving your honour's pardon for swearing,) she fairly made me give all other thoughts the cut, and twisted the passions of my heart with the red-hot torturing irons of love. 'Pon honour, sir, I almost grow foolish when I think of those days; but love, sir, nothing can resist love."

"I hope, Mr. Tims, you were in better luck with Miss Mainspring?"

"*A leetle*, a *leetle* patience, your honour, and all will be out as quick as directly—in the twinkling of a bed-post.—For three successive nights I sat up in a brown study, with a four-in-the-pound candle burning before me till almost cock-crow, composing a love-letter, a most elaborate affair, the pure overflowing of *la belle passion*, all about Venus, Cupids, bows and arrows, hearts, darts, and them things, which, having copied neatly over

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on a handsome sheet of foolscap, turned up with gilt, (for, though I say it myself, I scribble a smart fist,) I made a blotch of red wax on the back as large as a dollar, that thereon I might the more indelibly impress a seal, with a couple of pigeons cooing upon it, and '*toujours soire*' for the motto. This I popped into the post-office, and waited patiently —may I add confidently?—for the result.

"No answer having come as I expected *per* return, I began to smell that I was in the wrong box; so, on the following evening, I had a polite visit from her respectable old father, Daniel Mainspring, who asked me what my intentions were? —'To commence wig-maker on my own bottom,' answered I.—'But with respect to my daughter, sir?'—'Why, to be sure, to make her mistress, sir.'—'Mistress!' quoth he, 'did I hear you right, sir?'—'I hope you are not hard of hearing, Mr. Mainspring. I wish, sir—between us, sir—you understand, sir—to marry her, sir.'—'Then you can't have her, sir.'—'But I must, sir, for I can't do without her, sir.'—'Then you may buy a rope.'—'Ah! you would not sign my death-warrant—wouldn't you not now, Mr. Mainspring?'—'Before going,' said he, rummaging his huge coat-pockets with both hands at once, 'there is your letter, which I read over patiently, instead of my daughter, who has never seen it; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of calling you a great fool, and wishing you a good morning.'

"Now, though a lad of mettle, you know, sir, it would not have been quite the thing to have called out my intended father-in-law; so, with amazing forbearance, bridling my passion, I allowed him to march off triumphantly, and stood, with the letter in my hand, looking down the alley after him, strutting along, staff in hand, like a recruiting sergeant, as if he had been a phœnix.

"A man of my penetration was not long in scenting out who was the formidable rival to whom Daddy Mainspring alluded. *Sacre!* to think the mercenary old hunks could dream of sacrificing my lovely Lucy to such a hobgoblin of a fellow as a superannuated dragoon quartermaster, with a beak like Bardolph's in the play. But I had some confidence in my own qualifications; and as I gave a sly glance down at my nether person, 'Dash-the-wig-of-him!' thought I to myself, 'if he can sport a leg like that of Toby Tims.' I accordingly determined not to be discomfited, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting Miss Lucy, through a sure channel, with a passionate billet-doux, a patent pair of gilt bracelets, and a box of Ruspini's tooth-powder. By St. Patrick and all the powers, it was shocking to suppose that such an angel as the cherry-cheeked Lucy should be stolen from me by such an apology for a gallant, as Quartermaster Bottlenose of the Tipperary Rangers. 'Twas murder, by Jupiter."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. Tims. Did you challenge him to the duello?"

"A *leetle* patience, if you please, sir, and you shall hear all. During the violence of my love-fits, I committed a variety of professional mistakes. I sent at one time a pot of bear's grease away by the mail, in a wig-box, to a member of parliament in Yorkshire; and burned a whole batch of baked hair to ashes, while singing Moore's 'When he who adores thee,' in attitude, before a block, dressed up for the occasion with a fashionable wig upon it—to say nothing of my having, in a fit of abstraction, given a beautiful young lady, who was going that same evening to a Lord Mayor's ball, the complete charity-workhouse cut, leaving her scalp as bare as the back of my hand. But cheer up!—to my happy astonishment, sir, matters worked like a charm. What a parley-vooing and billet-dooing passed between us! We would have required a porter for the sole purpose. Then we had stolen interviews of two hours' duration each, for several successive nights, at the old horologer's back-door, during which, besides a multiplicity of small-talk—thanks to his deafness—I tried my utmost to entrap her affections, by reciting sonnets; and spouting bits of plays in the manner of the tragedy performers. These were the happy times, sir! The world was changed for me. Paddington canal seemed the river Pactolus, and Rag-Fair Elysium!

"The old boy, however, ignorant of our orgies, was still bothering his brains to bring about matrimony between his daughter and the veteran—who, though no younger than Methusalem, as stiff as the Monument, and as withered as Belzoni's Piccadilly mummy, had yet the needful, sir—had abundance of the wherewithal—crops of yellow shiners—lots of the real—sported a gig, and kept on board wages a young shaver of all work, with a buff jacket, turned up with sky-blue facings. Only think, sir—only ponder for a moment what a formidable rival I had!"

"I hope you beat him off, however," said I. "The greater danger the more honour you know, Mr. Tims."

"Of that anon, sir.—Lucy, on her part, angelic creature, professed that she could not dream of being undutiful to-

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wards kind old Pa; and that, unless desperate measures were resorted to, *quam-primum*, in the twinkling of a bed-post she would be under the disagreeable necessity to bundle and go with the disabled man of war to the temple of Hymen. Sacrilegious thought! I could not permit it to enter my bosom, and (pardon me for a moment, sir) when I looked down, and caught a glance of my own natty-looking, tight little leg, and dapper Hessians, I recommended her strongly to act on the principle of the Drury-lane play-bill, which says, 'All for Love, or the World well lost.'

"Well, sir, hark ye, just to show how things come about. Shortly after this, on the anniversary of my honoured old master, Zachariah Pigtail's birth, when we were allowed to strike work at noon, I determined, as a *dernier resort*, as a clincher, sir, to act the genteel, and invite Miss Lucy, in her furs and falderals, to accompany me to the Exhibition of Pictures. Heavens, sir, how I dressed on that day! The Day and Martin of my boots reflected on the shady side of the street. I took half an hour in tying and retying my neckcloth *en mode*. My handkerchief smelt of lavender, and my hair of oil of thyme—my waistcoat of bergamot, and my inexpressibles of musk. I was a perfect civet for perfumery. My coat, cut in the jemmy fashion, I buttoned to suffocation; but 'pon honour, believe me, sir, no stays, and my shirt neck had been starched *per order*, to the consistence of tin. In short, to be brief, I found, or fancied myself killing—a most irresistible fellow.

"I did not dare, however, to call for Miss Lucy at old Pa's, but waited for her at the corner of the street, patiently drumming on my boot, with a knowing little bit of bamboo; and projecting my left arm to her, off we marched in triumph.

"The Exhibition Rooms were crowded with the *ton*; and to be sure a great many fine things were there. Would you had seen them, sir. There were admirals in blue, and generals in red—portraits of my lord this, and my lady that—land scenes, and sea scenes, and hunting scenes, with thips, and woods, and old castles, all amazingly like life. In short, sir, Providence seems to have guided us to the spot, where we saw a picture—*the* picture, sir—the pattern copy of that there picture, sir—and heavens! such a piece of work—but of that anon—it did the business, sir. No sooner had I perused it through my quizzing-glass, which, I confess, that I had brought with me more for ornament than use—having eyes like a hawk—than I pathetically exclaimed to Lucy—'Behold, my love, the history of our fates!' Lucy said, 'Tuts, Toby Tims,' and gave a giggle; but I went on in solemn gravity, before a circle of seemingly electrified spectators.

"'Spose now, Miss Lucy,' said I, holding her by the finger of her Limerick glove; 'spose now, that I had invited you to take an outside seat on the Hampstead Flying Phœnix with me, to go out to a rural junketing, on May-day in the afternoon. Very well—there we find ourselves alive and kicking, forty couple footing it on the green, and choosing, according to our tastes, reels, jigs, minuets, or bumpkins. 'Spose then, that I have handed you down to the bottom of five-and-twenty couple at a country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley, Morgiana in Ireland, Petronella, or the Triumph; and, notwithstanding our having sucked a couple of oranges a-piece, we are both quite in a broth of perspiration. Very good—so says I to you, making a genteel bow, 'Do you please to walk aside, and cool yourself in them there green arbours, and I will be with you as quick as directly, with a glass of lemonade or cherry brandy?' So says you to me, dropping a curtsey *a la mode*, 'With ineffable pleasure, sir;' and away you trip into the shade like a sunbeam.

"'Now, Lucy, my love, take a good look of that picture. That is you, 'spose, seated on the turf, a *leetle* behind the pillar dedicated to Apollar; and you, blooming like a daffodilly in April, are waiting with great thirst, and not a little impatience, for my promised appearance, from the sign of the Hen and Chickens, with the cordials, and a few biscuits on a salver—when, lo! an old bald-pated, oily-faced, red-nosed Cameronian ranter, whose by your elegant negligee capering you have fairly danced out of his dotard senses, comes pawing up to you like Polito's polar bear, drops on his knees, and before you can avert your nose from a love-speech, embalmed in the fumes of tobacco and purl, the hoary villain has beslobbered your lily-white fingers, and is protesting unalterable affection, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages. Now, Lucy, love, did you ever, —say upon your honour,—did you ever witness such a spectacle of humanity? Tell me now?

"'Very well. Now, love, take a peep down the avenue, and yon is me, yon tight, handsome little figure, with the Spanish cap and cloak, attended by a trusty servant in the same costume, to whom I am pointing where he is to bring the cherry-brandy; when, lo! we perceive the hideous apparition! — and

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straightway rushing forward, like two tigers on a jackass, we seize the wigless dotard, and, calling for a blanket, the whole respectable company of forty couples and upwards, come crowding to the spot, and lend a willing hand in rotation, four by four, in tossing Malachi, the last of the lovers, till the breath of life is scarcely left in his vile body.

"'Now Lucy,' says I, in conclusion, 'don't you see the confounded absurdity of ever wasting a thought on a broken-down, bandy-legged, beggarly dragoon? Just look at him, with an old taffeta whigmaleerie tiéd to his back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind! Isn't he a pretty figure, now, to go a-courting? You would never forsake the like of me—would you now? A spruce, natty little body of a creature—to be the trollop of a spindle-shanked veteran, who, besides having one foot in the grave, and a nose fit for three, might be your great-grandfather?'

"It was a sight, sir, that would have melted the heart of a wheel-barrow. Before the whole assembled exhibition-room, Lucy first looked blue, and then blushed consent. 'Toby,' said she, 'don't mention it, Toby, dear,—I am thine for ever and a day!' Angelic sounds, which at once sent Bottlenose to Coventry. His chance was now weak indeed, quite like Grantham gruel, three groats to a gallon of water. In an ecstacy of passion, sir, I threw my silk handkerchief on the floor, and, kneeling on it with one knee, I raised her gloveless fingers to my lips!

"The whole company clapped their hands, and laughed so heartily in sympathy with my good luck! Oh! sir, had you but seen it—what a sight for sore eyes that was!"

"Then you would indeed be the happy man at last, Mr. Tims," said I. "Did you elope on the instant?"

"Just done, please your honour.—Next morning, according to special agreement, we eloped in a gig; and, writing a penitent letter from the Valentine and Orson at Chelsea, Daddy Mainspring found himself glad to come to terms. Thrice were the banns published; and such a marriage as we had! 'Pon honour, sir, I would you had been present. It was a thing to be remembered till the end of one's life. A deputation of the honourable the corporation of barbers duly attended, puffed out in full fig; and even the old quartermaster, pocketing his disappointment, was, at his own special petition, a forgiven and favoured guest. Seldom has such dancing been seen within the bounds of London; and, with two fiddles, a tambourin, and a clarionet, we made all the roofs ring, till an early hour next morning—and that we did."

"You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Tims," said I.

"And more than that, sir. When old Mainspring kicks, we are to have the counting of his mouldy coppers—so we have the devil's luck and our own; and as for false curls, braids, bandeaux, Macassar oil, cold cream, bear's-grease, tooth-powder, and Dutch toys, show me within the walls of the City a more respectable, tip-topping perfumery depot and wig-warehouse, than that wherein you now sit, and of which I, Tobias Tims, am, with due respect, the honoured master, and your humble servant!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

*** In addition to the foregoing, (which is one of the happiest pieces in Goldsmith's style that we have read for a long time,) there is in *Blackwood's Magazine* an article of extraordinary graphic spirit, occupying twenty-two pages. But we will attempt to abridge it for our columns, as well as to give a sprinkling from the *Noctes* in the same number. All are in the best style of their vigorous masters.

ELEGY

To the Memory of Miss Emily Kay, (cousin to Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew,) who lately died at Ewell, and was buried in Essex.

D. T. Fabula narratur.

SAD nymphs of UL, U have much to cry for,
Sweet MLE K U never more shall C!
O SX maids! come hither and VU,
With tearful I this M't' LEG.

Without XS she did XL alway—
Ah me! it truly vexes 1 2 C
How soon so DR a creature may DE,
And only leave behind XUVE!

Whate'er I 0 to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:
Then Y an SA write? then why N?
Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

When her Piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MNS, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon 1 U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRR,
It gave no Q nor yet 2 P to view:
She was not handsome; shall I tell U Y?
U R 2 know her I was all SQ.

L 8 she was, and prattling like A J.
O, little MLE! did you 4 C
The grave should soon MUU, cold as clay,
And U should cease to B an NTT!

While taking T at Q with LN G,
The MT grate she rose to put a (z)
Her clothes caught fire—I ne'er again shall C
Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.

O, LN G! in vain you set at 0
GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B
Thus sacrificed: to JL U should be brought,
And burnt U 0 2 B in FEG.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,
Taking good care her monument to Y 10,
And as her tomb was much 2 low B-4,
They lately brought fresh bricks the walls to I 10.

New Monthly Mag.

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Notes of a Reader.

A NEW CYCLOPÆDIA.

A "CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA" is announced for publication, under the superintendance of Dr. Lardner. It is to consist of a series of "Cabinets" of the several sciences, &c. and upwards of 100 volumes, to be published monthly, are already announced in the prospectus; or nine years publishing. The design is not altogether new, it being from the *Encyclopædie Methodique*, a series of dictionaries, now publishing in Paris; and about four years since a similar work was commenced in England, but only three volumes or dictionaries of the series were published. If this be the flimsy age, the "Cabinet Cyclopædia" is certainly not one of the flimsiest of its projects; and for the credit of the age, we wish the undertaking all success.

"A GENTLEMAN"

Is a term very vaguely applied, and indistinctly understood. There are Gentlemen by birth, Gentlemen by education, Gentlemen's Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the Press, Gentlemen Pensioners, Gentlemen, whom nobody thinks it worth while to call otherwise; *Honourable* Gentlemen, Walking Gentlemen of strolling companies, Light-fingered Gentlemen, &c. &c. very respectable Gentlemen, and God Almighty's Gentlemen. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

ROMAN THEATRES.

THERE are five theatres at Rome to a population very nearly as considerable as that of Dublin. Each of these establishments is the property of one of the noble families in the city, who prefer doing by themselves what is usually done in England by committee.

CATS AND FELINE ANIMALS *(once more!)*

ANIMALS of the cat kind are, in a state of nature almost continually in action both by night and by day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds; but they seldom *run*, owing, it is believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which cannot preserve the rigidity necessary to that species of movement. Their sense of sight, especially during twilight, is acute; their hearing very perfect, and their perception of smell less so than in the dog tribe. Their most obtuse sense is that of taste; the lingual nerve in the lion, according to Des Moulins, being no larger than that of a middle-sized dog. In fact, the tongue of these animals is as much an organ of mastication as of taste; its sharp and horny points, inclined backwards, being used for tearing away the softer parts of the animal substances on which they prey. The perception of touch is said to reside very delicately in the small bulbs at the base of the mustachios.—*Wilson's Zoology.*

TEA AND TAY.

From Blackwood's last "Noctes."

North. As you love me, my dear James, call it not tea, but *tay*. That though obsolete, is the classical pronunciation. Thus Pope sings in the *Rape of the Lock*, canto i.

"Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea."

And also in canto iii—

"Where thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

And finally in the Basset Table—

"Tell, tell your grief, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea."

Shepherd. A body might think frae thae rhymes, that Pop had been an Eerishman.

"MERRY ENGLAND."

THE people of England, we fear, have at last forfeited the proud title of "merry," to distinguish them from other and less happy, because more serious, nations; for now they sadden at amusement, and sicken and turn pale at a jest; so entirely have they forfeited it, that an ingenious critic cannot believe they ever possessed it; and has set himself accordingly to prove, that, in the old English, *merrie* does not mean merry, but sorrowful, or heart-broken, or some such thing.—*Edin. Rev.*

SYMPATHY.

THERE is a tear, more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;
By angel's eyes first wept and oft
On earth by eyes like those above:
It flows for virtue in distress,
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

Amulet.

MR. ABERNETHY

WAS one day descanting upon the advantages of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, "And what think you of Eton? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners." "It would have been as well, my dear," responded his wife, "had you gone there too."

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ENGLISH BENEVOLENCE.

For several years previous to 1823, the crops in Ireland had been scanty, particularly those of potatoes. In 1821 the potato crop was a complete failure; and in 1822 it is impossible to tell, and dreadful to think, of what might have been the consequence, had not the English people come forward, and by the most stupendous act of national generosity which the world ever saw, and which none but a country so rich as England could afford, arrested "the plague of hunger," which must otherwise have desolated the country.

PAINTING IN FRESCO.

The revival of this beautiful art is strongly recommended by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for the internal decoration of private residences. "As we have begun to build houses upon a handsome scale in London, the lovers of art may venture to hope, that instead of spending enormous sums solely on the upholsterer for his fading ornaments, something may now be spared to the artist, for conferring on the walls unfading decorations of a far more delightful and intellectual kind. If the work be well executed, it will not suffer injury from being washed with clean and cold water." The reviewer then goes on to suggest "small foundations, like the fellowships at our universities. The fellow, a young artist of promise, might spend two or three years in painting the interior of a church, or other public building, maintaining himself meanwhile on his fellowship, or two or three hundred pounds a year." "If, however, the objections to painting our churches be deemed insuperable, we have buildings designed for civil purposes in abundance, which are well adapted for this species of decoration." He then instances Westminster Hall, the walls of which might be covered with fresco; and the outsides of houses in many German cities and towns in the German cantons of Switzerland, the outsides of which are painted with scriptural and historical subjects. "Painting," observes he, "were the use of it universal, would be a powerful means of instruction to children and the lower orders; and were all the fine surfaces, which are now plain and absolutely wasted, enriched with the labours of the art, if they once began to appear, they would accumulate rapidly; and were the ornamented edifices open to all, as freely as they ought to be, a wide field of new and agreeable study would offer itself."

PHILANTHROPY.

Hast thou power? the weak defend,
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend.
Rich?—remember Him who gave.
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Amulet.

LITERARY CLUBS.

O what curses, not loud, but deep, has not old Simpkin, of the Crown and Anchor, in his day, and Willis and Kay in later times, groaned at the knot of authors who were occupying one of his best dining-rooms up-stairs, and leaving the Port, and claret, and Madeira to a death-like repose in the cellar, though the waiter had repeatedly popped his head into the apartment with an admonitory "Did you ring, gentlemen?" to awaken them to a becoming sense of the social duties of man. —*New Monthly Mag.*

ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.

The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert, that previously to an alligator going in search of prey, it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveller being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones, varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about 17 feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about 60 or 70 pounds.

CRICKET.

Miss Mitford, in one of her charming sketches, tells us of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards. This is what the people who write for Drury-lane and Covent-garden would call "pitching it pretty strong."

ADVANTAGES OF CHEAP BOOKS.

When Goldsmith boasted of having seen a splendid copy of his poems in the cabinet of some great lord, saying emphatically, "This is fame, Dr. Johnson," the doctor told him that, for his part, he would have been more disposed to self-gratulation had he discovered any of the progeny of his mind thumbed and tattered in the cabin of a peasant.—*Q. Rev.*

REMEMBRANCE.

I recollect my happy home,
My pleasures as a child:
The forest where I used to roam,
The rocks so bleak and wild.
That home is tenantless; the spot
It graced is rude and bare;
The lov'd ones gone, our name forgot,
And desolation there.

Forget Me Not—1829.

In how many thousand hearts will this lament find an echo!

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

QUID PRO QUO.

A CANON of the cathedral of Seville, who was very affected in his dress, and particular in his shoes, could not in the whole city find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes which did not please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, that the poor shoemaker fell dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year.*

The young shoemaker, having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and after asking the young man what profession he was, "*I forbid you,*" said he, "*to make shoes for a year to come.*"

WHEN Demetrius conquered the city of Magara, and every thing had been plundered by his soldiers, he ordered the philosopher Stilpon to be called before him, and asked him whether he had not lost his property in this confusion? "No," replied Stilpon, "as all I possess is in my head."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

A COUNTRY gentleman, much averse to city revelry, made the following couplet:

Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast,
And therefore proper at a city feast.

A city gentleman, who had laid up a store of wealth, replied:—

The chink of gold with gold, transporting sound!
Exceeds the Timbrel, or the Syren's voice
Harmonious, when collective plates go round,
And Hock and Turtle make the heart rejoice.

AN inveterate sportsman, hearing early his favourite cry of beagles from the wood, exclaimed:—

Hark, friend, what heavenly music meets the ear;
Haste, farmer, we shall lose it all, I fear.

The rustic, who dreads hounds over his new-sown wheat, replies:—

Music! I cannot hear it for the noise
Of those curs'd dogs, loud shouts, and bellowing boys.

ANTIGONUS, being in his tent, heard two soldiers, who were standing outside, speak very disrespectfully of him. After he had listened some time, he opened the tent and said to them, "If you wish to speak thus of me, you might at least go a little aside."—*Sulzer.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 340.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Vicenza.

SPIRIT OF THE "ANNUALS," FOR 1829.

For some days past our table has been glittering with these caskets of song and tale in their gay attire of silken sheen and burnished gold—till their splendour has fairly put out the light of our *sinumbra*, and the drabs, blues, and yellows of sober, business-like quartos and octavos. Seven out of nine of these elegant little books are in "watered" silk bindings; and an ingenious lady-friend has favoured us with the calculation that the silk used in covering the presumed number sold (70,000) would extend five miles, or from Hyde Park Corner to Turnham Green.

Brilliant as may be their exteriors, their contents are, as Miss Jane Porter says of her heroines, "transcendently beautiful." But of these we shall present our readers with some exquisite specimens. Our only trouble in this task is the *embarras des richesses* with which we are surrounded; otherwise it is to us an exhaustless source of delight, especially when we consider the "gentle feelings and affections" which this annual distribution will cherish, and the innumerable intertwinings of hands and hearts which this shower of *bon-bons* will produce; and such warm friends are we to this social scheme, that our presen-

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tation copies are already in the fair hands whither we had destined them.

We begin with the parent-stock,

The Forget-Me-Not,

Edited by Frederic Shoberl, Esq.

THE present volume, in its graphic and literary attractions is decidedly superior to that of last year, an improvement which makes us credit what the Ettrick Shepherd says of the proprietor—"There's no a mair just, nay, generous man in his dealings wi' his authors, in a' the tredd, than Mr. Ackermann."

This beautiful Annual contains the original of our ENGRAVING, from a plate by A. Freebairn, after an admirable picture by S. Prout, of which the following story is illustrative:—

THE MAGICIAN OF VICENZA.

IN the year 1796, on one of the finest evenings of an Italian autumn, when the whole population of the handsome city of Vicenza were pouring into the streets to enjoy the fresh air, that comes so deliciously along the currents of its three rivers; when the Campo Marzo was crowded with the opulent citizens and Venetian nobles; and the whole ascent, from the gates to the Madonna who sits enthroned on the summit of Monte Berrico, was a line of the gayest pilgrims that ever wandered up the vine-covered side of an Alpine hill; the ears of all were caught by the sound of successive explosions from a boat running down the bright waters of the Bachiglione. Vicenza was at peace, under the wing of the lion of St. Mark, but the French were lying round the ramparts of Mantua. They had not yet moved on Venice; yet her troops were known to be without arms, experience, or a general, and the sound of a cracker would have startled her whole dominions.

The boat itself was of a singular make; and the rapidity with which this little chaloupe, glittering with gilding and hung with streamers, made its way along the sparkling stream, struck the observers as something extraordinary. It flew by every thing on the river, yet no one was visible on board. It had no sail up, no steersman, no rower; yet it plunged and rushed along with the swiftness of a bird. The Vicentine populace are behind none of their brethren in superstition, and at the sight of the flying chaloupe, the groups came running from the Campo Marzo. The Monte Berrico was speedily left without a pilgrim, and the banks of the Bachiglione were, for the first time since the creation, honoured with the presence of the Venetian authorities, and even of the sublime podesta * himself.

But it was fortunate for them that the flying phenomenon had reached the open space formed by the conflux of the three rivers, before the crowd became excessive; for, just as it had darted out from the narrow channel, lined on both sides with the whole thirty thousand old, middle-aged, and young, men, maids, and matrons of the city, a thick smoke was seen rising from its poop, its frame quivered, and, with a tremendous explosion, the chaloupe rose into the air in ten thousand fragments of fire.

The multitude were seized with consternation; and the whole fell on their knees, from the sublime podesta himself, to the humblest saffron-gatherer. Never was there such a mixture of devotion. Never was there such a concert of exclamations, sighs, callings on the saints, and rattling of beads. The whole concourse lay for some minutes with their very noses rubbing to the ground, until they were all roused at once by a loud burst of laugher. Thirty thousand pair of eyes were lifted up at the instant, and all fixed in astonishment on a human figure, seen calmly sitting on the water, in the very track of the explosion, and still half hidden in the heavy mass of smoke that curled in a huge globe over the remnants. The laugh had proceeded from him, and the nearer he approached the multitude, the louder he laughed. At length, stopping in front of the spot where the sublime podesta, a little ashamed of his prostration, was getting the dust shaken out of his gold-embroidered robe of office, and bathing his burning visage in orange-flower water, the stranger began a sort of complimentary song to the famous city of Vicenza.

The stranger found a willing audience; for his first stanza was in honour of the "most magnificent city of Vicenza;" its "twenty palaces by the matchless Palladio;" much more "its sixty churches;" and much more than all "its breed of Dominicans, unrivalled throughout the earth for the fervour of their piety and the capacity of their stomachs." The last touch made the grand-prior of the cathedral wince a little, but it was welcomed with a roar from the multitude. The song proceeded; but if the prior had frowned at the first stanza, the podesta was doubly angry at the second, which sneered at Venetian pomposity in incomparable style. But the prior and podesta were equally outvoted, for the roar of the multitude was twice as loud as before. Then came other touches on the *cavalieri serventi*, the ladies, the

* The governor, a Venetian noble.

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nuns, and the husbands, till every class had its share: but the satire was so witty, that, keen as it was, the shouts of the people silenced all disapprobation. He finished by a brilliant stanza, in which he said, that "having been sent by Neptune from the depths of the ocean to visit the earth, he had chosen for his landing-place its most renowned spot, the birthplace of the gayest men and the handsomest women—the exquisite Vicenza." With these words he ascended from the shore, and was received with thunders of applause.

His figure was tall and elegant: he wore a loose, scarlet cloak thrown over his fine limbs, Greek sandals, and a cap like that of the Italian princes of three centuries before, a kind of low circle of green and vermilion striped silk, clasped by a large rose of topaz. The men universally said, that there was an atrocious expression in his countenance; but the women, the true judges after all, said, without exception, that this was envy in the men, and that the stranger was the most "delightful looking *Diavolo*" they had ever set eyes on.

The stranger, on his landing, desired to be led to the principal hotel; but he had not gone a dozen steps from the water-side, when he exclaimed that he had lost his purse. Such an imputation was never heard before in an Italian city; at least so swore the multitude; and the stranger was on the point of falling several fathoms deep in his popularity. But he answered the murmur by a laugh; and stopping in front of a beggar, who lay at the corner of an hospital roaring out for alms, demanded the instant loan of fifty sequins. The beggar lifted up his hands and eyes in speechless wonder, and then shook out his rags, which, whatever else they might show, certainly showed no sequins, "The sequins, or death!" was the demand, in a tremendous voice. The beggar fell on the ground convulsed, and from his withered hand, which every one had seen empty the moment before, out flew fifty sequins, bright as if they had come that moment from St. Mark's mint. The stranger took them from the ground, and, with a smile, flung them up in a golden shower through the crowd. The shouts were immense, and the mob insisted on carrying him to the door of his hotel.

But the Venetian vigilance was by this time a little awakened, and a patrol of the troops was ordered to bring this singular stranger before the sublime podesta. The crowd instantly dropped him at the sight of the bayonets, and knowing the value of life in the most delicious climate of the world, took to their heels. The guard took possession of their prisoner, and were leading him rather roughly to the governor's house, when he requested them to stop for a moment beside a convent gate, that he might get a cup of wine. But the Dominicans would not give the satirist of their illustrious order a cup of water.

"If you will not give me refreshment," exclaimed he, in an angry tone, "give me wherewithal to buy it. I demand a hundred sequins."

The prior himself was at the window above his head; and the only answer was a sneer, which was loyally echoed through every cloister.

"Let me have your bayonet for a moment," said the stranger to one of his guard. He received it; and striking away a projecting stone in the wall, out rushed the hundred sequins. The prior clasped his hands in agony, that so much money should have been so near, and yet have escaped his pious purposes. The soldiers took off their caps for the discoverer, and bowed them still lower when he threw every sequin of it into the shakos of those polite warriors. The officer, to whom he had given a double share, showed his gratitude by a whisper, offering to assist his escape for as much more. But the stranger declined the civility, and walked boldly into the presence-chamber of the sublime podesta.

The Signor Dominico Castello-Grande Tremamondo was a little Venetian noble, descended in a right line from Æneas, with a palazzo on the Canale Regio of Venice, which he let for a coffee-house; and living in the pomp and pride of a *magnifico* on something more than the wages of an English groom. The intelligence of this extraordinary stranger's discoveries had flown like a spark through a magazine, and the *illustrissimo* longed to be a partaker in the secret. He interrogated the prisoner with official fierceness, but could obtain no other reply than the general declaration, that he was a traveller come to see the captivations of Italy. In the course of the inquiry the podesta dropped a significant hint about money.

"As to money," was the reply, "I seldom carry any about me; it is so likely to tempt *rascals* to dip deeper in roguery. I have it whenever I choose to call for it."

"I should like to see the experiment made, merely for its curiosity," said the governor.

"You shall be obeyed," was the answer; "but I never ask for more than a sum for present expenses. Here, you

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fellow!" said he, turning to one of the half-naked soldiery, "lend me five hundred sequins!"

The whole guard burst into laughter. The sum would have been a severe demand on the military chest of the army. The handsome stranger advanced to him, and, seizing his musket, said, loftily, "Fellow, if you won't give the money, this must." He struck the butt-end of the musket thrice upon the floor. At the third blow a burst of gold poured out, and sequins ran in every direction. The soldiery and the officers of the court were in utter astonishment. All wondered, many began to cross themselves, and several of the most celebrated swearers in the regiment dropped upon their knees. But their devotions were not long, for the sublime podesta ordered the hall to be cleared, and himself, the stranger, and the sequins, left alone.

For three days nothing more was heard of any of the three, and the Vicenzese scarcely ate, drank, or slept, through anxiety to know what was become of the man in the scarlet cloak, and cap striped green and vermilion. Jealousy, politics, and piety, at length put their heads together, and, by the evening of the third day, the *cavalieri* had agreed that he was some rambling actor, or Alpine thief, the statesmen, that he was a spy; and the Dominicans that he was Satan in person. The women, partly through the contradiction natural to the lovely sex, and partly through the novelty of not having the world in their own way, were silent; a phenomenon which the Italian philosophers still consider the true wonder of the whole affair.

On the evening of the third day a new Venetian governor, with a stately *cortege*, was seen entering at the Water Gate, full gallop, from Venice: he drove straight to the podesta's house, and, after an audience, was provided with apartments in the town-house, one of the finest in Italy, and looking out upon the *Piazza Grande*, in which are the two famous columns, one then surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, as the other still is by a statue of the founder of our faith.

The night was furiously stormy, and the torrents of rain and perpetual roaring of the thunder drove the people out of the streets. But between the tempest and curiosity not an eye was closed that night in the city. Towards morning the tempest lulled, and in the intervals of the wind, strange sounds were heard, like the rushing of horses and rattling of carriages. At length the sounds grew so loud that curiosity could be restrained no longer, and the crowd gathered towards the entrance of the *Piazza*. The night was dark beyond description, and the first knowledge of the hazard that they were incurring was communicated to the shivering mob by the kicks of several platoons of French soldiery, who let them pass within their lines, but prohibited escape. The square was filled with cavalry, escorting wagons loaded with the archives, plate, and pictures, of the government. The old podesta was seen entering a carriage, into which his very handsome daughter, the betrothed of the proudest of the proud Venetian senators, was handed by the stranger. The procession then moved, and last, and most surprising of all, the stranger, mounting a charger, put himself at the head of the cavalry, and, making a profound adieu to the new governor, who stood shivering at the window in care of a file of grenadiers, dashed forward on the road to Milan.

Day rose, and the multitude rushed out to see what was become of the city. Every thing was as it had been, but the column of the lion: its famous emblem of the Venetian republic was gone, wings and all. They exclaimed that the world had come to an end. But the wheel of fortune is round, let politicians say what they will. In twelve months from that day the old podesta was again sitting in the government-house—yet a podesta no more, but a French prefect; the Signora Maria, his lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, with an infant, the image of her own beauty, and beside her the stranger, no longer the man of magic in the scarlet cloak and green and vermilion striped cap with a topaz clasp, but a French general of division, in blue and silver, her husband, as handsome as ever, and, if not altogether a professed *Diavolo*, quite as successful in finding money whenever he wanted it. His first *entree* into Vicenza had been a little theatrical, for such is the genius of his country. The blowing-up of his little steamboat, which had nearly furnished his drama with a tragic catastrophe, added to its effect; and his discovery of the sequins was managed by three of his countrymen. As an inquirer into the nakedness of the land, he might have been shot as a spy. As half-charlatan and half-madman, he was sure of national sympathy. During the three days of his stay the old podesta had found himself accessible to reason, the podesta's daughter to the tender passion, and the treasures of the state to the locomotive skill of the French detachment, that waited in the mountains the result of their offi-

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cer's diplomacy. The lion of St. Mark, having nothing else to do, probably disdained to remain, and in the same night took wing from the column, to which he has never returned.

As we love to "march in good order," we begin with the plates, the most striking of which is the Frontispiece, *Marcus Curtius*, by Le Keux, from a design by Martin, which we are at a loss to describe. It requires a microscopic eye to fully appreciate all its beauties—yet the thousands of figures and the architectural background, are so clear and intelligible as to make our optic nerve sympathize with the labour of the artist. The next is a *View on the Ganges*, by Finden, after Daniell; *Constancy*, by Portbury, after Stephanoff, in which the female figure is loveliness personified; *Eddystone during a Storm*; the *Proposal*, a beautiful family group; the *Cottage Kitchen*, by Romney, after Witherington; and the *Blind Piper*, from a painting by Clennell, who, from too great anxiety in the pursuit of his profession, was some years since deprived of reason, which he has never recovered.

In the *poetical* department we notice the Retreat, some beautiful lines by J. Montgomery; Ellen Strathallan, a pathetic legend, by Mrs. Pickersgill; St. Mary of the Lows, by the Ettrick Shepherd; Xerxes, a beautiful composition, by C. Swain, Esq.; the Banks of the Ganges, a descriptive poem, by Capt. M'Naghten; Lydford Bridge, a fearful incident, by the author of Dartmoor; Alice, a tale of merrie England, by W. H. Harrison; and two pleasing pieces by the talented editor. Our extract is

LANGSYNE.

BY DELTA.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As Memory roams the sunny track,
From which Hope's dreams were loath to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we peak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near,
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is, in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bowed beneath the scythe
Of death; while others, scattered far,
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth—
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah, no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

Of the *prose* articles, we have already given some specimens—The Hour Too Many, a fortnight since; and Vicenza, just quoted. The next we notice is Recollections of Pere la Chaise, for the graphic accuracy of which we can answer; Eliza Carthago, an African anecdote, by Mrs. Bowditch; Terence O'Flaherty, a humorous story, by the Modern Pythagorean of Blackwood; two interesting stories of Modern Greece; a highly-wrought Persian Tale, by the late Henry Neele; Miss Mitford's charming Cricketing Sketch; the Maid of the Beryl, by Mrs. Hofland; a Chapter of Eastern Apologues, by the Ettrick Shepherd; the Goldsmith of Westcheap, a story of the olden time—rather too long; and a characteristic Naval Sketch.

As we have already drawn somewhat freely on the present volume, we may adduce that as the best proof of the high opinion we entertain of its merits. The editor has only two or three pieces; but the excellent taste and judgment displayed in the editorship of the "Forget-me-not" entitle it to a foremost place among the "Annuals for 1829."

The Literary Souvenir,

Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

If the present were the first volume of the Literary Souvenir, the name of the editor would be a passport to popularity; but as this is the fifth year of its publication, any recommendation of ours would be supererogatory.

But the Souvenir for 1829, realizes that delightful union of painting, engraving, and literature, (at whose beneficial influence we have glanced in our accompanying number) even more fully than its predecessors. Ten out of the twelve embellishments are from celebrated pictures, and the whole are by first-rate engravers. Of their cost we spoke cursorily in a recent number; so that we shall only particularize a few of the most striking.

The engravings are of larger size than heretofore, and, for the most part, more brilliant in design and execution than any previous year. We can only notice *the Sisters*,

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(frontispiece) full of graceful and pleasing effect, by J. H. Robinson, after Stephanoff; *Cleopatra, on the Cydnus*, a splendid aquatic pageant, by E. Goodall, after Danby; the *Proposal*, consisting of two of the most striking figures in Leslie's exquisite painting of May Day in Queen Elizabeth's time; a *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott*, from Leslie's painting, and considered the best likeness: this is from the burin of an American artist of high promise. We must not, however, forget *Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine*, by John Pye, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, which is one of the most delightful prints in the whole series.

In the *poetry* are Cleopatra, well according with the splendid scene it is intended to illustrate — and I think of Thee, a tender lament—both by Mr. T. K. Hervey; Mrs. Hemans has contributed four exquisite pieces: Night, the Ship at Sea, and the Mariner's Grave, by Mr. John Malcolm, only make us regret that we have not room for either in our columns; Mary Queen of Scots, by H. G. Bell, Esq., is one of the most interesting historical ballads we have lately met with; the Epistle from Abbotsford, is a piece of pleasantry, which would have formed an excellent pendent to Sir Walter's Study, in our last; Zadig and Astarte, by Delta, are in the writer's most plaintive strain; the recollections of our happiest years, are harmoniously told in "Boyhood;" a ballad entitled "The Captive of Alhama," dated from Woburn Abbey, and signed R—, is a soul-stirring production, attributed to Lord John Russel; and the Pixies of Devon has the masterly impress of the author of Dartmoor. And last in our enumeration, though first in our liking, are the following by the editor:—Invocation to the Echo of a Sea Shell; King Pedro's Revenge, with a well written historiette; the Youngling of the Flock, full of tenderness and parental affection; and some Stanzas, for our admiration of which we have not an epithet at hand, so we give the original.

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS

By A. A. Watts, Esq.

Relics of love, and life's enchanted spring,
Of hopes born, rainbow-like, of smiles and tears:—
With trembling hand do I unloose the string,
Twined round the records of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream,
Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain
Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam
Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again!

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall:—
Since gentler ties around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall?

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tried!
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill,—and time and change defied!

Perish each record that might wake a thought
That would be treason to a faith like this!—
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss!

Yet,—ere we part for ever,—let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions—penned with many a deep-drawn sigh,—
Hopes—like the dove—with but *one* resting-place!

How many a feeling, long—too long—repress,
Like autumn-flowers, here opened out at last!
How many a vision of the lonely breast
Its cherish'd radiance on these leaves hath cast!

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
To call up visions—only loved too well;—

Ye too must perish!—Wherefore now divide
Tributes of love—first-offerings of the heart;—
Gifts—that so long have slumbered side by side;
Tokens of feeling—never meant to part!

A long farewell:—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:—
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past!

But, lo! the flames are curling swiftly round
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years;
Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
Even whilst I strive to trace them through my tears.

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord, and keeps her faith unbroken:
Thus perish all which to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

Barry Cornwall has contributed several minor pieces, though we fear his poetical reputation will not be increased by either of them.

Some of the minor pieces are gems in their way, and one of the most beautiful will be found appended to our current Number.

To the *prose*:—The first in the volume is "the Sisters," a pathetic tale of about thirty pages, which a little of the fashionable affectation of some literary coxcombs might fine-draw over a brace of small octavos. As it stands, the story is gracefully, yet energetically told, and is entitled to the place it occupies. The author of Pelham (*vide* the newspapers) has a pleasant conceit in the shape of a whole-length of fashion, which, being the best and shortest in its line that we have met with, will serve to enliven our extracts:—

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can pro-

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duce but a single example,—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek Tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children.—"What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she, to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him*."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school.—"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a d—d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better he will disgrace the regiment," said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master,) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better."

"And why the d—l will he not?"

"Bless you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true," said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the Colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle! he is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

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"Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinad Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had began worse; and many a country member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn-laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel;"—"never marry a beauty," said a third;—"he can admire none but himself;"—"will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and his coach-maker. On the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick, and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist was a banker and a man of business:—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he—"I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover.

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero;—"but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist,) my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brodé*) "my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in

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town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terrible long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion —"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney coach bound to the King's Bench,—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

The MS. found in a Madhouse, by the same author, is perhaps too horrific for this terror-loving age; but it is by no means less clever on that account; *toute en huile* would not do. Among the other tales are the Rock of the Candle, Irish, by the author of Holland-Tide,— nearly forty pages; and the Queen of May and Bridget Plantagenet,—of the olden time—which would be spoiled by abridgment for our present purpose. The same reason prevents our giving more than our commendation of Miss Mitford's General and his Lady, who, we think are new company for our fair authoress.

In the Vision of Purgatory, by Dr. Maginn, (Irish, of course,) the serious and ludicrous are mixed up with an abundance of skill and humour; this piece should be read after the Madhouse sketch.

The Souvenir is opportunely dedicated to Mr. Peel; and whether as a work of art, or elegant literature, it is decidedly worthy of such distinguished notice. If the argument of the fine arts contributing to virtue hold good, then the patronage of a minister will be patriotically bestowed on such works as the Literary Souvenir.

The Amulet.

Edited by S. C. Hall, Esq.

It would be difficult and somewhat egotistical for us to describe the pleasure we felt on our receiving this interesting volume for notice in our pages. The amiable spirit which breathes throughout its pages, and the good taste which uniformly dictates its editorship have secured the *Amulet* an extensive, and we are disposed to think, a more permanent, popularity than is attached to other works of similar form.*

The present volume contains Fourteen Plates, among which are *Murillo's Spanish Flower Girl; Etty's Guardian Angels*, by Finden; a copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of *Lady Georgiana Fane*, from Colnaghi's print; Eastlake's *Italian Mother;* one of Collins's last pictures, *The Fisherman Leaving Home; The Temple of Victory*, from Gandy,—all which are first-rate works of art.

There are eighty contributions, as the bookmakers say, "in prose and verse," with a predominance of the former. The first of the *prose* is a Strange Story of every day, by William Kennedy—well told, but too long for extract. The Mountain Daisy, a village sketch, by the Editor's lady, is gracefully written; and with the Fisherman, by the Editor, is a fair characteristic of the amiable spirit to which we have already alluded; and in the same tone of good feeling is the Rose of Fennock Dale, a true story by the fair authoress of the Mountain Daisy; and the Wandering Minstrels, by the Rev. F. A. Cox, L. L. D. Miss Mitford has contributed one of her inimitable sketches, Little Moses; but the most staple articles in the volume are The Battle of Bunaania, one of the Georgian Islands, by Mr. Ellis, the missionary; Notices of the Canadian Indians, by Dr. Walsh; a Journey over the Brocken, by Mr. Coleridge; and a Fragment, by Miss Jane Porter. Our prose selection is from the last of these articles; but we intend transferring a portion of Dr. Walsh's "Notices" to our next "Manners and Customs."

THE SOUTH SEA CHIEF.

By Miss Jane Porter.

While in the north of Europe, I met with a rather extraordinary person, whose account of himself might afford a subject for a pretty romance; a sort of new Paul and Virginia; but with what different catastrophe, it is not fair to presage. He described himself as a Frenchman, a native of Bourdeaux; where, at an early age, he was put on board a merchant ship, to learn the profession of a seaman. About that time war broke out between Great Britain, and the lately proclaimed

* In a few words, the *Amulet* reached us in an early stage of convalescence, when we began to feel that "no medicine is better for the weakness of the body than that which soothes and tranquillizes the soul." We are not suiting the action to the word; on the contrary, we would desire to wear such truths as the *Amulet* enjoins —in our "heart of hearts," as well in returning health and vigour as in the above moments.

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Republic of France; and the vessel he was in, being attacked, and taken by an English man-of-war, he was carried a prisoner into England. When there, his naturally enterprising character would not submit itself to a state of captivity; and, soon making his wishes understood, he entered on board a British sloop, bound to New Holland. While gazing with rapt astonishment on the seeming new heavens which canopied that, to him, also, new portion of the globe; while the stars of the Cross were exciting his youthful wonder; and he could no where find the constellations of the Great, or Little Bear in the midnight firmament, the sky was suddenly overcast with a cloud, like the pall of nature, and a fearful tempest burst from it. The scene was dreadful on that wide waste of waters; and the vessel being driven at last into the rocky labyrinths of the Society Isles, was finally wrecked on one not many leagues from the celebrated Otaheite. Leonce, the young Frenchman, and one seaman of the sloop, an honest north Briton, were the only persons who escaped; for when morning broke, they found themselves, restored from insensibility, lying on the shore, and not a trace of the ship, or of those who had navigated her, was to be discerned. The inhabitants of the island, apparently wild savages by their almost naked state, instead of seizing them as a prey, took them to their huts, fed, and cherished them. Hope for awhile flattered them that some other vessel, bound for New Holland, might also be driven upon those islands, though not with the same hard fate, and that by her means they might be released, and conveyed back to Europe. But days, and weeks, and months, wearing away without any such arrival, they began to regard the expectation less, and to turn their minds to take a more intimate interest in objects around them. Time, indeed, accustomed them to what might be called barbarous, in the manners of the people; by degrees, even themselves laid aside their European habits; they exchanged their clothing for the half-exposed fashion of the native chiefs; and, adopting their pursuits and pleasures, became hunters, and bold fishers in the light canoe. Finally, they learnt to speak the language, as if they had been born in the island; and, at length, sealed their insular destiny by marrying native women. Leonce was hardly eighteen when he was first cast ashore amongst them; but having a handsome person, and those engaging manners, from a naturally amiable disposition added to a gentleman's breeding, which never fail agreeably impressing even the rudest minds, the eye of female tenderness soon found him out; and the maiden, being the daughter of the king, and beautiful withal, had only to hint her wishes to her royal sire; and the king naming them to their distinguished object, she immediately became his happy bride. Leonce, becoming thus royally allied, and in the line of the throne, instantly received publicly the investiture of the highest order of Otaheitan nobility, namely, a species of tattooing appropriated to chiefs alone. The limbs of the body thus distinguished, are traversed all over with a damasked sort of pattern, while the particular royal insignia is marked on the left side of the forehead, and below the eye, like a thick mass of dark tattooing.

But the young Frenchman, and his north Briton companion, had reserved to themselves means of increasing their consequence, still more than by their mere personal merits, with their new fellow-countrymen. A few days after the wreck, the subsiding elements had cast up certain articles of the ship, which they managed to turn to good account: the most valuable of them were fire-arms and some gunpowder, and a few other implements, both of defence, and use in household, or ship's repairs. The fire-arms seemed to endow the new young chief, just engrafted into the reigning stock, with a kind of preternatural authority; and, by the aid of his old messmate, and new bosom-coadjutor, he exerted all his influence over their awed minds, to prevent their recurrence to the frightful practice he had seen on his first landing, of devouring the prisoners they took in war. His marriage had invested him with the power of a natively born son of the king; and, having made himself master of their language, his persuasions were so conclusive with the leading warriors, that, in the course of a very little time, it was rare to hear that so dreadful a species of vengeance was ever tasted, even in stealth. However, so addicted were some few of the fiercer sort, to this ancient triumph of their ancestors, that he found it necessary to add commands to persuasions, and then threats to commands; and having expressed in the strongest terms his abhorrence of so cowardly and brutal a practice, he told them, that the first man he saw attempt to touch the flesh of a prisoner to devour it, he would instantly put the offender to death.

Shortly after this warning, a fray took place between the natives of his father-in-law's dominions, and their enemies from a hostile island. A number of captives were taken; and all under his command held his former orders in such reverence,

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that none, excepting two (and they had before shown refractory dispositions,) presumed to disobey his edict of mercy. But these men, in derision of his lenity, particularly to the female sex, selected a woman prisoner to be their victim; and slaying her, as they would have done a beast, they commenced their horrible repast upon her body. Laonce descried the scene at a distance just as they had prepared their hideous banquet, and, going resolutely towards them, levelled his musket at the cannibals. One of the wretches was killed with the horrid morsel in his mouth, and a second shot, brought down his voracious accomplice in the act. This bold example so awed all within ken of the fact, that from that hour, until the day he quitted the island, a period of fourteen years, no captive ever met with the interdicted fate. Though the old sovereign continued in life, he consigned the power to his new son, and Laonce became virtually king of the place. Indeed, so reconciled was he and his friend the north Briton (who also married) to the spot which had first sheltered them, and then adopted them even as its legitimate offspring, that although many ships of different nations touched there, no inducements could prevail on them to quit their sea-girt home of simple nature, for all the blandishments which civilized life could produce. Yet Laonce took a hospitable delight in showing every act of friendship in his power to the captains of the vessels; refitting them with food and fresh water; and rendering them much essential service, in pointing out how to manage with safety the difficult navigation round the several islands.

The animation with which he recited these circumstances, after he was far from the spot where they took place, strongly portrayed the fearless independence of his former life. He spoke with the decision of one whose commands had been unappealable, and all the barbarian chief lightened in his eyes. But when he recalled his home there, his family happiness, his countenance fell, his eyes clouded, and he spoke in half-stifled words. He described his palace-hut; his arms, his hunting spear, his canoe; his return to his hut, with the fruits of the chase; the graceful, delicate person of his wife; her clinging fondness on his entrance; his tenderness for her, and for his children—for she bore to him a son and a daughter; and, while he spoke, he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. "I was then beloved," said he, "Honoured!—master of all around me; Now, I am nothing:—no home—no wife—no friend! I am an outcast here!—when there! Oh; Berea! wilt thou have forgotten me?" His tears, and wild agonies, prevented him proceeding; and my eyes could not remain dry, when seeing such genuine grief, such real suffering.

But the cause of his being separated from his South-Sea home, and his beloved Berea and her babes, remains to be told. It appears, that about three years before the period I met him, a Russian ship, sent on a voyage of discoveries, touched at the island where Laonce had become naturalized. The captain was received with royal hospitality by the king; and the *Prince Laonce* became the glad interpreter between the Europeans and his august father-in-law—for the captain spoke French. And, besides procuring the crew all they wanted for common comforts, the young chief loaded the commander and his officers with useful presents. One night it blew a violent gale, and the Russian captain, deeming it impossible to keep his anchorage in a bay so full of unseen dangers, made signals to the land, in hopes of exciting some native, experienced in the navigation, to come off, and direct him how to steer. Every moment increased his jeopardy; the storm augmented; and, at each growing blast, he expected to be torn from his cables, and dashed to atoms against the rocks. No one moved from the shore. Again the signals were repeated: Laonce had risen from his bed on hearing the first. Who was there amongst all in that island, excepting his British comrade, who would have known how to move *a ship* through those boiling waves? The light canoe, and a vessel of heavy burthen, were different objects! His comrade was then watching by the side of an almost dying wife, who had just made him the father of his first-born son. Could Laonce summon him from that spot of his heart's tenderest duties, to attend to the roaring guns of distress from a stranger vessel? Impossible! He rose, and looked out on the night. He listened to the second signal, he wrung his hands, and, sighing, was returning to his couch again. His wife had then risen also. She clasped her arms round him, and a big tear stood in both her eyes. "You tell me," said she, "that your people do not make those thunders to heaven, and to earth, till they are drowning. You know you can save them all. Go, Lao,"—and she smiled; "go; and the foreign chief, after you have saved him, will give you something for me—either a looking-glass, or a silk handkerchief. Go, Lao."

He wound his arms round the gentle pleader; and, almost ashamed that the father and the husband in his heart,

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should make him calculate between his own life and that of the gallant crew, he told her, that the tempest raged too tremendously for him to dare stemming it. But she laughingly repulsed his caresses, accusing his fondness for her as the inducement of his assumed apprehensions; and being too long accustomed to the rashness of her own people, in braving every weather, to believe any plea of positive danger, she still persisted; saying she must have a silk handkerchief that night from yon ship, or she should think he loved his sound sleep better than he did his fond Berea.

The enthusiastic love which still warmed the faithful husband's breast, and a third signal of distress from the struggling vessel, mastered his better judgment, and, seizing his canoe, he dashed into the foaming waves and boldly stemmed their fury to the object of his mission. The overjoyed crew, as they heard his voice hailing them through the storm, cast out a rope, by which they hoisted him into their cracking ship. The most rapturous acknowledgments from the captain, greeted him as soon as he jumped on the deck; and the eager seamen called him their deliverer. He was happy! he said, he was happy in the achievement of what he had done; he had obeyed the wish of his beloved Berea, and he had survived the lashing surge. He was happy, in the confidence that he should rescue the gallant vessel he came to take under his control. But that hour of happiness was his last. He took the helm in his hands; he gave the requisite directions to the seamen, for the management of the ship; and he soon steered her out of the dangers of the bay, till she rode in safety on the main ocean. He then asked for a boat to carry him on shore, for his canoe had been crushed by an accident. But the wind still blowing hurricanes, they would not venture the loss of one of their boats; and during the hot contentions between him, and the ungrateful chief of the vessel he had preserved, they were driven out far to sea; whence his swimming arm, had he plunged into the boisterous deep, could have been of no use to him. Indignation, despair, overwhelmed him. None appeared to understand the nature of his feelings; all pretending to wonder that a European born, should not be grateful to any occasion that would carry him away from a savage country like that. In vain Laonce remonstrated; in vain he talked of his wife and children; the captain and his sailors laughed, promised him better of both sorts among his kindred whites; and when he cursed their hardened hearts and cruel treachery, they laughed again, and left him to his misery. At last, when the protracted hurricane subsided, and the vessel's log-book proved that she had been driven several degrees leeward of the Society Isles, abandoned to a sullen despair, he ceased to accuse or to reproach; he ceased even to speak on any subject, but cast himself into his lonely berth during the day, that he might not be irritated to continued unavailing madness, by the sight of the ingrates who had betrayed him. To his straining eyes, nothing but the silvery line of the star-lit sea was on that distant horizon; but his heart's vision pierced farther, and he beheld the sleepers in that home;—no, not the sleepers! His disconsolate, his despairing wife, tearing her bright locks, and beating the tender bosom he must no longer clasp to his own. His children—"Oh! my babes!" cried he, and the cry of a father's heart for once pierced the obdurate bosom of the captain, who, in that moment, had happened to come upon the deck to examine the night. To ease his Otaheitan benefactor, he declared he had thus carried him off, to share in the honour of his expected discoveries. The unhappy chief, in then answering him, begged, that if he had, indeed, any spark of honesty towards him, he would prove it, by obeying his wish in one thing at least; and that was, to set him on shore on the first European settlement they should fall in with. "Do this," said he, "and I may yet believe you have honour. For honour is a man's own act; a discovery is fortune's; and for its advantages, did I stay, I should not have to thank you. But I want none such. Set me on shore, and there I will follow my own destiny."

To this poor request, the iron-souled commander of the vessel, at last consented; and in the course of some weeks after, Laonce was landed on the coast of Kamschatka. His secret intent was to lie in wait for the possibility of some ship touching at the port where he was set ashore, that might be bound to the track of his beloved islands; but not uttering a word of this, to the reprobate wretch who had torn him thence, he simply bade him "farewell! and to use his next pilot better;" so saying, they parted for ever. But weeks and months passed away, and no vessel bound for the South Seas, showed itself in that distant latitude; and its gloomy fogs, and chilling atmosphere, its pale sky, where the sun never shone for more than three or four hours in the day, seemed to wither up his life with his waning hopes! In no way did it resemble the land he had left;

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the warm, and the genial heavens of the home he was yet bent to find again;—and he left Kamschatka for some more propitious port; but, like *Sinbad the Sailor*, he wandered in vain. A cruel spell seemed set on him, or on the spirit of adventure; for in no place could he hear of a vessel going the way of his prayers. At last he arrived, by a most tedious and circuitous journey at Moscow, with a design to lay his case before the young and ardent Alexander, the then Emperor of Russia; with the hope that his benevolence, and a sense of what he had done for the vessel which had betrayed him, would incline his majesty to make some effort to return him to his island, and his family.

That this hope was not vain, the character of the good Alexander, since proved by a life of undeviating promptness to all acts of humanity, may be a sufficient voucher. But whether the homeward-bound chief, found, on his setting his foot again upon the ground whence he had been so cruelly rifled; and whence, indeed, the innocent confidence, the playful bravery of his fond wife, had urged him; whether he found his cherishly-remembered home, yet standing as he left it; and her, still the tender and the true to his never-wandered heart; and whether his children sprang to his knee, to share the parental caress; and the people around, raised the *haloo* of joy to the returned *son of their king!*—whether these fondly-expected greetings hailed his arrival, cannot be absolutely told; for the vessel that took him out, was to make the circuit of the globe, ere it returned; hence, from that, and other circumstances, the facts have never reached the narrator of this little history, of what was really the meeting between Laonce and his Berea; of the young chief, and the natives he had devotedly served! But can the faithful hearts of wedded love, doubt the one; or manly attachment suspect the other? For the honour of human nature, we will believe that all was right; and, in the faith of a humble Christian, we will believe, that "he who shewed mercy, found mercy!" That he is now restored to his island-home, and to his happy, grateful family!

Among the *poetical* contributions are The Angels' Call, and Woman and Fame, by Mrs. Hemans; Carthage, and Stanzas, by T. K. Hervey; the Chapel on the Cliff, by W. Kennedy; all entitled to high praise. A Christian's Day, by Miss A. M. Porter, is a sweet devotional composition. The extract from one of Mr. Atherstone's unpublished books of the Fall of Nineveh, maintains the high opinion already formed of the published part. Mr. C. Swain has two beautiful pieces. We have only room to name those *gems* of the poetry, viz. Wearie's Well, and another beautiful ballad, by W. Motherwell; and some exquisite lines by the Rev. G. Croly; and to quote the following:—

CHANGE.

BY L. E. L.

The wind is sweeping o'er the hill;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over leaf and flower;
For there was green for every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's love song;
And by the garden-beds, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps;
No rose is opening now—
No music, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past;
The likeness is the same with each—
Their summer did no last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

We congratulate the editor and the public on the past success of the *Amulet*, especially as it proves that a pious feeling co-exists with a taste for refined amusement, and that advantageously. There is nothing austere in any page of the *Amulet*, nor anything so frivolous and light as to be objectionable; but it steers in the medium, and consequently must be acceptable to every well-regulated mind. Indeed, many of the pieces in the present volume may be read and re-read with increased advantage; whilst two only are unequal to the names attached to them.

The Gem.

Edited by Thomas Hood, Esq.

The present is the first year of the *Gem*, which, as a work of art or literature, fully comes within the import of its title. It is likewise the first appearance of Mr. Hood as the editor of an "annual," who, with becoming diffidence, appears to rely on the "literary giants" of his muster-roll, rather than on his individual talent. Notwithstanding such an editorship must have resembled the perplexity of Sinbad in the Valley of Diamonds, Mr. Hood's volume is almost unexceptionably good, whatever he may have rejected; and one of the best, if not *the best*, article in the whole work, has been contributed by the editor himself. Associated as Mr. Hood's

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name is with "whim and oddity," we, however, looked for more quips, quirks, and quiddities than he has given us, which we should have hailed as specially suited to the approaching festive season, and from their contrast with the contents of similar works, as more likely to attract by their novelty and humour.

The embellishments of the *Gem*, fifteen in number, have been selected by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. The *Death of Keeldar* is a beautiful composition by Mr. Cooper, and is worthy of association with Sir Walter Scott's pathetic ballad. The *Widow*, by S. Davenport, from a picture by R. Leslie, R. A. is one of the most touching prints we have yet seen, and every one is capable of estimating its beauties, since its expression will be sure to fasten on the affections of the beholder. *May Talbot*, by J. C. Edwards, from a painting by A. Cooper, is admirable in design and execution. Of the *Temptation on the Mount*, engraved by W. R. Smith, after Martin, we have spoken in our accompanying Number; but as often as we look at the plate, we discover new beauties. It is a just idea of "all the kingdoms of the earth;" the distant effect is excellent, and the "exceeding high mountain" is ably represented. The faces in the *Painter's Study* are decidedly superior to the rest of the print. The *Fisherman's Daughter*, from a painting by Bone, is pleasing; and *Venice, with the Embarkation of the Doge*, is a stirring scene of pageantry and triumph.

Among the *poetry* is the Painter's Song, a pleasing composition, by Barry Cornwall, who has also The Victim, a dramatic sketch of twenty pages. Stanzas, by Horace Smith, Esq. are a pleasant satire upon the little vanities of great people. We give the *Dream of Eugene Aram* in full, although it consists of nearly two pages of small type.:—

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

[The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder* in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all—
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze—
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside—
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is *The Death of Abel*."

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:

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There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"Oh, God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul I knew
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now from forth the frowning sky
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool—
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"Oh, heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread—
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep—
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up,—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where:
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist."

Mr. Planché's versification of the homely proverb—Poverty parts good company — will create many good-natured smiles, and run counter with Mr. Kenney's To-morrow. Some of the minor pieces are very pleasing, especially two by Hartley Coleridge, Esq.

We confess we do not admire the taste which dictated Mr. C. Lamb's Widow; it is in every respect unworthy of the plate, and the feelings created by the two are very discordant. We love a joke, but to call a widow's sables a perpetual "black joke," disgusts rather than pleases us. The Funeral of General Crawford, by the author of The Subaltern is an affecting incident; and Nina St. Morin, by the author of May You Like It, is of the same character. Catching a Tartar, by Mansie Wauch, and the Station, an Irish Story, are full of humour; and May Day, by the editor, abounds with oddities. Thus, "the golden age is not to be regilt; pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct—pans will not last for ever;" "horticultural hose, *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that from long stockings they had dwindled into short socks;" "the contrast of a large marquee in canvass with the long lawn;" "Pan's sister, Patty, the wags called *Patty Pan*," &c.

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One of the finest stories in the *Gem* is the Rival Dreamers, by Mr. Banim; and curious enough, this is the third Annual in which we have met with the same legend. The present version is, however, the best narrative, which such of our readers as know the O'Hara Family will readily believe. We could abridge it for our present space; but it would be injustice to the author to pare down his beautiful descriptions; and we will endeavour to give place to the tale in a future Number. The Last Embarkation of the Doge of Venice is interesting; almost every incident connected with that huge pleasure-house is attractive, but one of the present, the Marriage of the Sea, is well told. The Shearmen's Miracle Play smacks pleasantly of "the good old times" of merry England. Miss Mitford has contributed two of her inimitable sketches—Harry Lewington and his Dog, and Tom Hopkins—the latter an excellent portrait of "the loudest, if not the greatest man" in the little town of Cranley. We must give the village lion, in little:—

TOM HOPKINS.

At the time of which I speak, Tom Hopkins was of an age somewhat equivocal; public fame called him fifty, whilst he himself stuck obstinately at thirty-five; of a stout active figure, rather manly than gentlemanly, and a bold, jovial visage, in excellent keeping with his person, distinguished by round, bright, stupid black eyes, an aquiline nose, a knowing smile, and a general comely vulgarity of aspect. His voice was hoarse and deep, his manner bluff and blunt, and his conversation loud and boisterous. With all these natural impediments to good company, the lowness of his origin, recent in their memories, and the flagrant fact of his residence in a country town, staring them in the face, Mr. Tom Hopkins made his way into almost every family of consideration in the neighbourhood. Sportsmanship, sheer sportsmanship, the qualification that, more than any other, commands the respect of your great English landholder, surmounted every obstacle.

With the ladies, he made his way by different qualities; in the first place he was a character, an oddity, and the audacity of his vulgarity was tolerated, where a man only half as boisterous would have been scouted; then he was gallant in his way, affected, perhaps felt, a great devotion to the sex, and they were half amused, half pleased, with the rough flattery which seemed, and probably was, so sincere.

His house was an ugly brick dwelling of his own erection, situate in the principal street of Cranley, and adorned with a green door and a brass knocker, giving entrance into a stone passage, which, there being no other way to the stable, served both for himself, and that very dear part of himself, his horses, whose dwelling was certainly by far more commodious than their master's. His accommodations were simple enough. The dining-parlour, which might pass for his only sitting-room,—for the little dark den which he called his drawing-room was not entered three times a year; the dining-room was a small square room, coloured pea-green with a gold moulding, adorned with a series of four prints on shooting, and four on hunting, together with two or three portraits of eminent racers, riders, hunters, and grooms. Guns and fishing-rods were suspended over the mantel-piece; powder-horns, shot-belts, and game-bags scattered about; a choice collection of flies for angling lay in one corner, whips and bridles in another, and a pile of books and papers,—Colonel Thornton's Tour, Daniel's Rural Sports, and a heap of Racing Calendars, occupied a third; Ponto and Carlo lay basking on the hearth-rug, and a famous little cocking spaniel, Flora by name, a conscious favourite, was generally stretched in state on an arm-chair.

Here, except when the owner was absent on a sporting expedition, which, between fishing, shooting, hunting, and racing, did, it must be confessed, happen pretty often; here his friends were sure to find a hearty welcome, a good beef-steak,—his old housekeeper was famous for cookery!—and as much excellent Port and super-excellent Madeira—Tom, like most of his school, eschewed claret and other thin potations—as their host could prevail on them to swallow. Many a good fellow hath heard the chimes at midnight in this little room.

Such was Tom Hopkins; and such, allowing for the difference of thirty years, Tom Hopkins is still. Some changes are, however, observable in that gallant sportsman, such changes as thirty years are wont to bring. He sits somewhat heavier in the saddle, and mounts somewhat seldomer—has well nigh given up fishing and shooting—has exchanged fox-hunting for coursing—sold his hunters and purchased a staid roadster—keeps a brace of greyhounds, of whose pedigree he vaunts much—belongs to two coursing meetings, and swears every year that his dog was cheated out of the cup.

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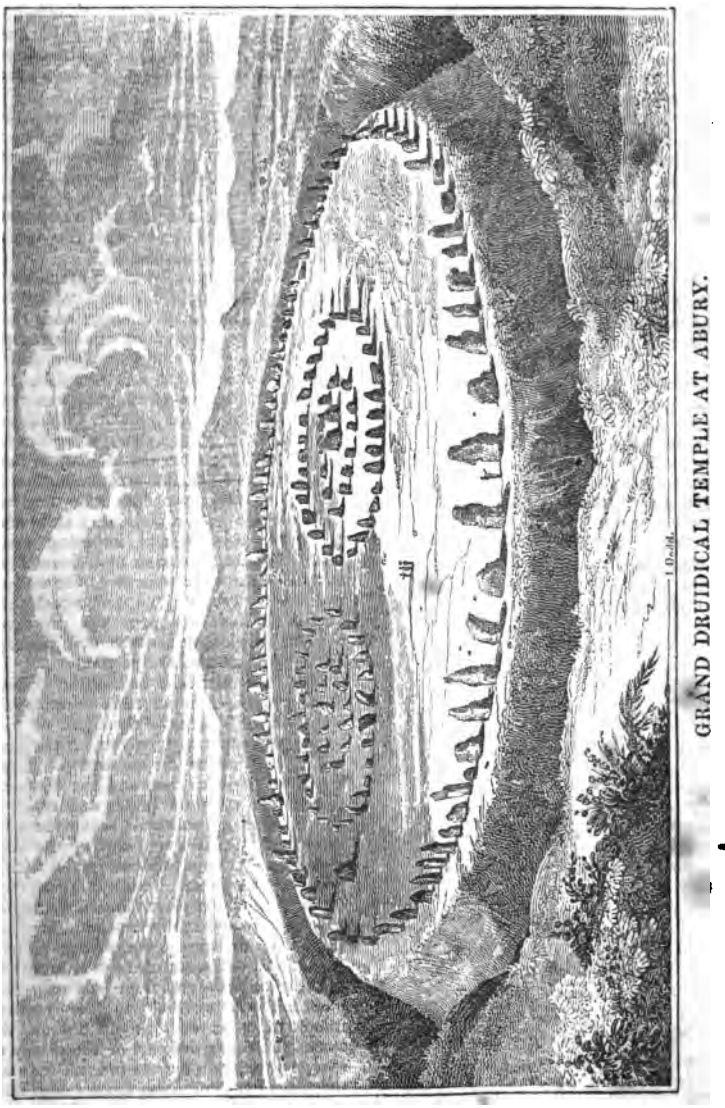
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 341.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1828. [PRICE 2d.



GRAND DRUIDICAL TEMPLE AT ABURY.

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TEMPLE AT ABURY.

Sermons in stones
And good in every thing.
SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT means the mysterious circle of stocks and stones on the other side? Such will be the question of many a lover of fun, novel, fiction, and romance; and though we cannot settle their origin with the quickness or the humour of Munden's *Cockletop*, we will try to let our inquirer into the secret with the smallest show of mysticism possible.

Our engraving represents the Temple of Abury, the most extensive of all the ruins in Wiltshire, attributed to the Druids. Such was its original state, before the Vandalism of modern times destroyed and levelled much of its monumental grandeur. It consisted of a grand circle, containing two minor circles. The outer circle contained upwards of 28 acres, and was surrounded by a ditch. There was a circle within each of the two circles, contained within the circumvallation; and according to Dr. Stukely, the antiquarian, the original was thus composed:—

Outward circle, within the vallum -	100 stones
Northern Temple, outward circle	30 —
Ditto, inward circle - - -	12 —
Cove, or cell - - - - - -	3 —
Southern Temple, outward circle -	30 —
Ditto, inward circle - - - -	12 —
Central Obelisk - - - - -	1 —
Ring Stone - - - - - -	1 —

The Temple occupied a spot to which there is a gradual and imperceptible ascent on all sides, and was approached by two avenues of two hundred stones each. Its general form was that of a snake, in by gone ages, the symbol of eternity and omniscience. "To make the form still more elegant and picture-like, the head of the snake is carried up the southern promontory of *Hack*pen Hill—and the very name of the hill is derived from this circumstance."*

The whole figure thus represented the circle, snake, and wings. By this the founders meant to picture out the nature of the Divinity; the circle meant the supreme fountain of all being, the Father; the serpent, that divine emanation from him, which was called the Son; the wings imported that other divine emanation from them, which was called the Spirit, the *Anima Mundi*. That the Temple was of a *religious*, and not of a warlike nature, is proved by its ditch being within side the agger of earth, contrary to the mode adopted in works of defence.

Of the devastation and decay of Abury, the following data will afford some idea:

The grand total of stones, included in the temples and avenues, was 650; in the original temples, 188.

In Aubrey's time, A. D. 1663 - -	73 stones
In Dr. Stukeley's time, A. D. 1722 -	29 —
In 1815 - - - - - - - -	17 —

Of very late years, says Sir Richard Colt Hoare, I do not imagine the dilapidations of the temple have been very great.

It should, however, be mentioned, that the tracing of the *snake form* is due to Dr. Stukeley; for his predecessor Aubrey mentions the avenue as "a solemn walk leading to a monument upon the top of the hill, without any allusion to the supposed design or its connexion with the Grand Temple at Abury.

It is a matter of greater speculation than we can here enter into, as to the *date and founders of Abury*; and their history is as dislocated as are the masses of its ruins. Antiquarians agree on the purpose for which it was founded, viz. for the performance of the religious ceremonies of the Druids. Sir R. Colt Hoare illustrates this point by supposing the flat ledge projecting from the vallum, to have been intended for the accommodation of sitting, to the spectators who resorted hither to the public festivals; and adds he, What a grand and imposing spectacle must so extensive and elevated an amphitheatre have presented, the vallum and its declivities lined with spectators, whilst the hallowed area was preserved for the officiating Druids, and perhaps the higher order of the people!

Gentle Reader! be ye lordling or lowlier born, once more *turn back to the engraving*. We have a subject of yesterday rife and ready for you, on the next page; but *turn to the engraving*. Look again at those circles, and the fantastic forms that compose them, and think of the infatuated thousands that were wont to assemble round them, and of the idolized sons of power that once stood within their hallowed area. Think of those days of sacrifice and superstition—those orgies of ignorance and barbarism—and contrast them with the happy, happy age of religious liberty in which it is your boast and blessing to live—and then you may read "sermons in stones," to the mastermind of your own time. To us, the stones of Abury are part of the poetry of savage life, and of more interest than all the plaster toys of these days. But they may not be so with you and "FINIS." We were once compensated for missing

* Dr. Stukely, who says, that *acan* in the Chaldee signifies a serpent, and *kac* is no other than a snake. In Yorkshire they still call snakes *hags*; and in the British language *pen* denotes a head.

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Foothill and its finery, by witnessing day-break from Salisbury Plain, and associating its glories with the time-worn relics of STONEHENGE!

*** The *engraving* and data are from Mr. Higgins's Celtic Druids, for the loan of which and a portion of this article, we thank our friend "JAMES SILVESTER," whose valuable note on "*Circular Temples*" must stand over for our next.

WE had penciled for our Supplement the following beautiful lines from Mr. Watts's "Literary Souvenir," but they will be more in place here. *Silbury* is an immense mound adjoining the road to Devizes, and opposite Abury; Sir R. C. Hoare thinks it part of Abury; but H. and many others think it the sepulchre of a King or Arch-Druid.

SILBURY HILL.

GRAVE of Cunedha, were it vain to call
For one wild lay of all that buried lie
Beneath thy giant mound? From Tara's hall
Faint warblings yet are heard, faint echoes die
Among the Hebrides: the ghost that sung
In Ossian's ear, yet wails in feeble cry
On Morvern: but the harmonies that rung
Around the grove and cromlech, never more
Shall visit earth: for ages have unstrung
The Druid's harp, and shrouded all his lore,
Where under the world's ruin sleep in gloom
The secrets of the flood,—the letter'd store,
Which Seth's memorial pillars from the doom
Preserved not, when the sleep was Nature's tomb. H.

Fine Arts.

(For the Mirror.)

"The way to be an excellent painter is to be an excellent man—and these united, make a character that would shine even in a better world than this."—JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

THE sister arts of *Painting and Engraving* have been making great progress in England for some time past, and we are disposed to think this a subject of congratulation and importance to all classes of the community.

The literature of the Fine Arts is likewise becoming more and more popular every day. They form a prominent feature in every new literary project, and not unfrequently literature, to use a hackneyed phrase, is made their vehicle—like the namby-pamby of an English opera for the strains of Rossini or Weber. The public are contented with excellence in one department and mediocrity in the other; they cannot be constantly admiring—that is out of the question—and it is probably on this account that much of what appears *below par* is tolerated and even encouraged.

We will not go the length of assenting to the proposal of converting Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures into Sermons, by the mere alteration of the terms of art into scriptural phraseology; but we venture to assert that much national good is likely to result from these advances of art, and its constant introduction into all our amusements. That it promotes the growth of virtue is too old an axiom to be refuted:

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

"The Italians commonly call a taste for the fine arts, or skill in them, by the name of Virtue. They term the productions of artists objects of virtue; and a person who has a taste for such things is denominated *a virtuoso*, that is, a virtuous man." Such is the language of the *Edinburgh Review*, in commencing an article on a recently-published translation of Lanzi's *History of Painting in Italy*, in six octavo volumes—and what a delightful relief is this from the party declamations which usually occupy so large a portion of that "critical journal." But this is not singular, for it is now no uncommon thing to see a large letter column of a newspaper, and a similar proportion of a printed sheet published at twopence, alike occupied by "the Fine Arts."

Patronage, royal and noble, has already achieved much for painting, and even the *reported* project for a National Gallery does much to foster the art. It keeps the study afloat and uppermost in the public mind; and the immense increase of exhibitions, not only in London, but in provincial towns, serves to prove that patronage now consists in something more substantial than tutelar notice, and unpaid promises. Artists need no longer journey to the metropolis to find sale for their works, for their genius is nourished on its native soil by the liberality and good taste which abound in the neighbourhood of every important town in the empire. It may be as well to keep up the hue and cry about the folly of portrait-painting, if it be only to keep down the vanity of wealth; but the munificent rewards which painters receive for this branch of their art will enable them to devote a greater portion of their leisure to higher studies. *Their taste* will not thus be impugned; for Cooke, the actor, is known to have entertained the meanest opinion of his own performance of Richard the Third, as an historical portrait, notwithstanding it was the corner-stone of his fame. We do not invite the comparison; but Mr. Haydon began with history—his want of patronage is well known; he then tried portraits—but his want of success was reserved for the style of his Mock Election pictures, and, in all probability, they will turn out the philosopher's stone for his future life.

But it is to the splendid union of Painting, Engraving, and Literature that much

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of these beneficial effects may be traced. In every branch of the fine arts and literature, what a powerful influence will this triple advancement produce. Only compare the topographical works of Mr. Britton with those of his predecessors—his highly-finished line engravings, excellent antiquarian pieces on wood, and erudite descriptions, with the wretched prints and the quaintnesses of old topographers—or even with the lumber of some of our county histories. With this improvement, and that of map-work, painting has comparatively but little to do; and yet how evident is the progress of the literature of these works.*

It would be easy to adduce hundreds of instances of the recent union of painting and engraving. About five years ago, a plan was started for illustrating the Bible from pictures of the old masters. Upwards of two hundred of them were transferred to wood-blocks; but the scheme did not repay the ingenious originator—partly from their small size, uncertainty of *effect* to be produced on *wood*, and partly from the very cheap rate at which the engravings were sold — the whole series being purchaseable for three or four shillings.† But a similar design is now in progress on metal, being the idea of *La Musée* in little. It consists of beautiful outline copies of the great masters, published at so cheap a rate as to be within the reach of a school-boy. Within the present year, also, two series of Views in Great Britain, one of Views in London, and another of Paris, have been publishing at the rate of threepence for each view; and when we see among their artists the names of Westall, Pugin, and Pye, we have a sufficient voucher for their excellence.

A passing notice of a few of the more splendid works of art, (for the above are among the cheap and popular projects of the day,) and we must conclude.

* The only place in which they do not progress mutually is the theatre. Look at the scenery of our patent theatres, and compare it with the vulgar daubs even of John Kemble's time. Some of the scenes by Stanfield, Roberts, Grieve, and Pugh, are "perfect pictures." Yet the language of the stage is at a stand, and insipid comedy, dull tragedy, and stupid farce are more abundant than before the "march of mind."

† While on the subject of *wood-engraving*, perhaps we may be allowed to mention our own humble plan of illustrating a sheet of letter-press for twopence. Of course, perfection in the engraving department would have ruined all parties concerned: for each of our subjects (as the miniature painters tell you of their works) might be *worked up* to "any price" It is now six years since the MIRROR was commenced, and as we are not speaking of ourselves, individually, we hope we may refer to the progressive improvement of the *graphic* department without any charge of vanity.

It would be tedious to enumerate even a small portion of the fine pictures which have been engraved during the last two years; the mention of two or three will answer our purpose. Every printseller's window will attest the fact. Only let the reader step into Mr. Colnaghi's parlours, in Cockspur-street, and we might say the spacious print gallery in Pall Mall. There let him turn over a few of the host of fine portraits which have been transferred from the canvass to the copper—the excellent series of royal portraits—and of men whose names will shine in the history of their country, when their portraits shall be gathered into the portfolios of a few collectors. Among portraits, we ought, however, to recollect Mr. Lodge's invaluable collection of historical characters, the originals of which were exhibited a few months since, previous to their republication in a more economical form. The Temple of Jupiter, published a few months since, is perhaps one of the proudest triumphs of the year. Martin's Deluge, too, has lately appeared, and we look forward to the publication of his last splendid picture, the Fall of Nineveh, with high hopes.

In the SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER‡ *(published with the present)* we have noticed in detail a few of the many superb engravings which embellish the Christmas presents for the ensuing year, as well as their literary talent, by a string of extracts like

"Orient pearls at random strung."

The success of these elegant works has benefited our artists to the sum of twelve thousand pounds, in their preparation for 1829. A fortnight since we mentioned the cost of the plates of the Literary Souvenir to be 100*l.* and upwards for each subject. Another work, still more splendid, (being nearly double the price,) is under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, whose masterly hand is visible in some of the finest engraving ever submitted to the world—equalled only by a rival in its first year—one of the best proofs of the patronage these works enjoy. It would be invidious to particularize—but we must mention the transference of two of Martin's designs—Marcus Curtius (in the Forget Me Not) and Christ Tempted on the Mount—as two of the most surprising efforts of genius we have ever witnessed. Our readers need not be told that all the engravings are *on steel*; and were it not for the adoption of this lasting metal, the

‡ The engraving is from Prout's exquisite picture of the magnificent city of *Vicenza*—for which we recollect our obligation to the "*Forget Me Not.*"

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cost of half the engravings would exceed that of the whole work: all we hope is, that the public patronage may be as lasting as the metal; then it will be no idle vaunt to call this the march, or even race, of genius. In conclusion, we recommend all our lady friends (who have not done so) to place on their drawing-room table a *Print Album*, or *Scrap Book*, to be supported "by voluntary contributions." They may then form a pretty correct estimate of the taste of their visiters; and if taste in the fine arts be a test of virtue and integrity, they may even settle the claims of any two rival aspirants by this fair and unerring method, which should admit of no appeal.

ANECDOTES OF CHRISTINA,

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

(For the Mirror.)

CHRISTINA was the only child of the great Gustavus Adolphus, who succeeded to the throne of her father in 1632, when she was but five years of age. The young queen, at an early age, discovered but little taste for the society and occupations of her sex. When young, she was capable of reading the Greek historians. At the age of eighteen she assumed the reins of government. Several princes of Europe aspired to her hand; but she rejected them all. To prevent a renewal of applications on this subject, she solemnly appointed Gustavus her successor, but without the smallest participation in the rights of the crown during her own life. During her minority, Sweden enjoyed internal repose, but was involved in a long war with the German empire. She was crowned with great splendour in the year 1650. From this time she entertained a philosophical contempt for pomp and parade, and a kind of disgust for the affairs of state. She invited to her court men of the first reputation in various studies. She was a great collector of books, manuscripts, medals, paintings, &c. In 1654, when she was only in her 28th year, Christina abdicated the crown, in order that she might live a life of freedom. With her crown, she renounced the Lutheran and embraced the Catholic religion. In quitting the scene of her regal power, she proceeded to Rome, where she intended to fix her abode. Some disgust which she received at Rome, induced her, in the space of two years, to determine to visit France. Here she was treated with respect by Louis XIV., but the ladies were shocked with her masculine appearance and demeanour, and the unguarded freedom of her conversation. Apartments were assigned her at Fontainbleau, where she committed an action, which has indelibly stained her memory, and for which, in other countries, (says her biographer,) she would have paid the forfeit of her own life. This was the murder of an Italian, Monaldeschi, her master of the horse, who had betrayed some secret intrusted to him. He was summoned into a gallery in the palace; letters were then shown to him, at the sight of which he turned pale, and entreated for mercy; but he was instantly stabbed by two of her own domestics in an apartment adjoining that in which she herself was. The French court was justly offended at this atrocious deed; yet it met with vindicators, among whom was Leibnitz, whose name was disgraced by the cause which he attempted to justify. Christina was sensible that she was now regarded with horror in France, and would gladly have visited England, but she received no encouragement for that purpose from Cromwell. She returned to Rome, and resumed her amusements in the arts and sciences. In 1660, on the death of Charles Gustavus, she took a journey to Sweden to recover her crown; but her ancient subjects rejected her claims, and submitted to a second renunciation of the throne; after which she returned to Rome. Some differences with the pope made her resolve, in 1662, once more to return to Sweden; but the conditions annexed by the senate to her residence there were now so mortifying, that she proceeded no farther than Hamburgh. She went back to Rome, and cultivated a correspondence with the learned men there, and in other parts of Europe, and died in 1689, leaving behind her many letters, a "Collection of Miscellaneous Thoughts or Maxims," and "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Alexander the Great." P. T. W.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.

(For the Mirror.)

PERSONS desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumption, the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds. G. W. N.

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The Cosmopolite.

ARTISTICAL ERRORS.

A SECOND CHAPTER OF BULLS.

(For the Mirror.)

I SAW a picture not long since, in Edinburgh, copied from an engraving in Boydell's Shakspeare; subject,—"Lear (and suite) in the storm," but coloured according to the imagination and taste of the artist; its name ought assuredly to have been *Redcap and the blue-devils*, for the venerable and lamented monarch had fine streaming locks of the real *carrot hue*, whilst his very hideous companions showed *blue* faces, and blue armour; and with their strangely contorted bodies seemed meet representatives of some of the infernal court.—In a highly adorned prayer book, published in the reign of William III., the engravings of which are from *silver-plates*, one print illustrates our Lord's simile of the mote and beam, by a couple of men aiming at each other's visual organs, ineffectually enough, one having a great *log of wood* growing from his eye, and the other being blind in one eye from a *cataract;* at least, though I think I do not err in saying, a *moat* and castle, in it.—I have seen an old edition of Jeremy Taylor's "Life and Death of Christ," illustrated with many remarkably good engravings. Of one of these the subject is, the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda; the fore ground is occupied by our Saviour, the cripple, and other invalids; and in the distance appears a small *pond* palisadoed by slender pilasters; over it hovers an angel, who, with *a long pole*, is, to the marvel of the beholders, dexterously "troubling the waters." In the same volume, some of the figures are clad in the garb of the time when drawn, and St. Jude is reading the *New Testament* in a *pair of spectacles!*—In Holyrood House, and in one of the rooms added in the days of Charles II., is a panel-painting of "the Infant Hercules strangling the serpents;" and leaping up in front of the cradle, appears one of those pretty and rare spaniels called *King Charles's breed.* In the same palace, and in one of the chambers, once occupied by the unfortunate Mary, is a very old painting, intended, as the guide assures visiters, to represent St. Peter's vision of the great sheet; it may be, but if so, *one* archangel in *military sandals*, holding in his hands *a small towel*, represents (by a *figure* in *painting* I presume,) St. Peter, the sheet, and its innumerable living contents. He must have taken a hint, from the artist who painted for the passage through the Red Sea nothing but ocean, assuring his employer, that the Israelites could not be seen, because they were all gone over, and the Egyptians were every one drowned!—"I once saw," writes a friend, "a full length portrait of *Wordsworth*, in a modern painting of 'Christ riding into Jerusalem;' it was amongst a group of Jews, and next to a likeness of *Voltaire*. I believe the painter intended to contrast the countenances of the Christian and infidel poets, and thus pay a handsome compliment to the former; but the taste that placed the ancients and moderns together, remined me of a fine old painting of the Flemish school; a 'David with Goliah's head,' in the fore-ground of which were a number of fat *Dutchmen*, dressed in *blue coats and leather breeches*, with *pipes* in their mouths."—"Raphael," says a little French work on painting, in my possession, speaking of *unity* of time, *A pêché contre cette regle, dans son tableau d'Heliodore, ou il fait intervenir le Pape Jules 2 dans le Temple de Jerusalem porte sur les epaules, des Gonfalonniers.*" The same work notices a breach of the *unity* of *design* in Paul Veronese, "*qui dans la partie droite d'un de ses tableaux, a represénte Jesus Christ benissant l'eau, dont il va être baptise par St. Jean Baptiste; et dans la partie gauche notre Seigneur tente par le diable.*"—Upon the celebrated "Transfiguration" of Raphael, I heard an artist remark, "undoubtedly it is the first picture in the world, yet the painter has erred in these respects:—the upper portion of the picture is occupied by the subject, but the lower and fore-ground by the *Healing of the Demoniac.* Now that event did not happen until after the transfiguration, and we infringe upon our Saviour's *ubiquity* by supposing it to occur (contrary to the sacred story) at the same time. *He* may, indeed, as *God* be *omnipresent*, but as *man*, the New Testament no where asserts that the Incarnate Presence was in different places at the same moment." Instances of erroneous judgment are frequent in those who illustrate holy writ. Some have attempted to embody *Him*, "whom no man hath seen at any time." Some have filled their skies with beings as little ærial as possible, or apotheoses of the Virgin and sundry saints. Angels, as some represent them, even in whole lengths, are by *anatomists* regarded as *monsters;* but what, then are the chubby winged heads *without bodies*, with which some artists ethe-realize their works. Some err by mingling on the same canvass the sacred and profane; scripture characters and the

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non-descripts of heathen mythology. Nor is poetry free from the latter error, as is exemplified in the major and minor epics, &c., of many Christian poets. The drawings of the monks, splendid in colouring and beautiful in finish, are mostly ludicrous in design, from glaring anachronisms, erroneous perspective, &c. I saw a print in Montfaucon, where fish were gamboling like porpusses on the surface of the sea, and one or two were visible *through the paddles* of a boat. In the same volume was a print of the apotheosis of St. Louis, from an illumination. The holy prince was represented dying in the fore-ground, but over head were a couple of angels flying away with his soul, (under the figure of a wretched infant, skinny and naked, save the glory that covered his head,) in a kind of sheet, or rather sack.

But to detail all the absurdities and indecencies of these revered artists, whether limners, or carvers in wood, were endless. Their anachronisms, however, have been of considerable service to the antiquary. Sculpture has its monstrosities, architecture its incongruities, though not so palpable as those of painting, because the art is less generally understood by the common observer, or rather pictorial errors are in general easily detected by the eye alone, and sometimes by the most commonly informed mind; but architectural defects are only recognisable by those who have studied the principles of this fine art. Poetry, I am sorry to say, is not exempt from bulls and blunders, of various kinds and degrees of enormity; many of which have been, from time to time, exposed in a very amusing manner. I shall therefore, in conclusion, crave the liberty of producing one which has lately come under my own cognizance. A modern poet, whose compositions are fraught with beauty and genius, sings:—

"Then swooped the winds, that hurl the *giant oak*
From *Snowdon's altitude.*"

And another, in stanzas of extreme strength and eloquent description, describes a storm at night "among the mountains of Snowdon," with these expressions:—

——"The bird of night
Screams from her straw-built nest, as from the womb
Of infant death, and wheels her drowsy flight
Amid *the pine-clad rocks*, with wonder and affright."

——"The night-breeze dies
Faint, on *the mountain-ash leaves that surround*
Snowdon's dark peaks."

Now, a painful pilgrimage of eleven hours, up Snowdon and back again, enables me to declare that had oaks, pines, and service-trees adorned those appalling and volcanic chaos, five or six years since, some storm sufficient to have shattered the universe, must have swept them all away, ere I looked upon that dreary assemblage of rocks which seems like the *ruins of a world.* I ascended from the Capel Cerig side of the mountain, and therefore venture not to say what may be the aspect of the Llanberries; but the only verdure I beheld, was that of short, brown heathy grass, a few stunted furze-bushes, and patches of that vividly green moss, which is spongy and full of water. The only living inhabitants of these wilds were a few ruffian-like miners, two or three black slugs, and a scanty flock of straggling half-starved mountain sheep, with their brown, ropy coats. The guide told me, that even *eagles*, had for three centuries abandoned the desolate crags of Snowdon; and as for its being a haunt for *owls*, neither bird nor mouse could reside there to supply such with subsistence. Snowdon appeared to me too swampy to be drained for cultivation in many parts, and in most others its marble, granite and shingles, forbade the idea of spontaneous vegetation. I am sorry for the poets, having a sincere regard for the fraternity, but Snowdon is not adorned with pines, firs, larches, and service-trees, like parts of the Alps; it is *not* wooded like the romantic Pyrenees, nor luxuriantly fertile in fruits, flowers, and grain, like the terrible, but sylvan Etna.

M. L. B.

Old Poets.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

["A Lover of Old English Poetry," has, in the last *London Magazine*, a short paper on DRUMMOND of HAWTHORNDEN, a name dear to every poetical mind, and every lover of early song. His intention, he says, is "rather to excite than satiate" the taste of his readers for the poetry of Drummond,—an object in which we cordially agree, and would contribute our offering, had not the task, in the present instance, been already so ably performed. We cannot, therefore, do better than introduce to our readers a few of his judicious selections. They are exquisite specimens of the evergreen freshness of old poetry, and by their contrast with contemporary effusions will contribute to the mosaic of our sheet. By the way, we hear of a sprinkling of the antique world of letters in some of the "Annuals"—an introduction which reflects high credit on

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the taste of the editors, and serves to prove that sickliied sentimentalities, like all other sweets, when enjoyed to excess, will cloy the fancy, but not so as entirely to unfit the mind for a higher species of intellectual enjoyment. We would have *old and new alternate* in the literary wreath, lest, by losing the comparison, the "bright lights" of other times should be treated with irreverence and neglect.]

FROM THE "HYMN ON THE FAIREST FAIR."

I FEEL my bosom glow with wonted fires:
Raised from the vulgar press, my mind aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto His praise to climb
From deep Eternity who call'd forth time:—
That ESSENCE, which, not mov'd, makes each thing move,—
Uncreate beauty—all-creating love . . .
Ineffable, all-powerful GOD, all free.—
Thou only liv'st, and all things live by thee . . .
Perfection's sum—prime cause of every cause,
Midst and beginning, where all good doth pause . . .
Incomprehensible, by reachless height;
And unperceived, by *excessive light*.
O King! whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness does to all extend,—
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That standing, flowest—giving, dost abound . .
Great Architect,—Lord of this universe,—
That sight is blinded would thy greatness pierce.

Then follows this noble simile, nobly sustained, and with a flow and harmony of verse not common in the poets of his period:—

Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glass,—
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' cliffs, where sun doth never shine;—
When he some craggy hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountain he do find
More heights before him than he left behind,—
With halting pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded limits of Thy praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'errun;
But now I see how scarce I have begun—
With wonders new my spirits range possest,
And, wandering wayless, in a maze them rest.

Oh! that the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy!

LIFE.

Woods cut again do grow:
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, do no more see the sun!
What fair is wrought
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

SONNET.—SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,—
Thy head with flame, thy mantle bright with flowers:
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,—
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers;—
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again!
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone—nor gold, nor gems can her restore,
Neglected virtue—seasons, go and come,
When thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,—
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels lays!

SLEEP.

NOW while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her, from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And, looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red;
While Sleep, in triumph closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,—
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice,—
I wake, I turn, I weep, oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd—
Lo! by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come,—but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show—
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe:
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath
I long to kiss the image of my death!

HARK, happy lovers, hark!
This first and last of joys,
This sweetener of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds:
And half so sweet is not,
In equal measure got
At light of sun as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark!

Notes of a Reader.

INDIAN FEAST OF SOULS.

EVERY three or four years, by a general agreement, the Indians disinter the bodies of such as have died within that time; finding the soft parts mouldered away, they carefully clean the bones, and each family wrap up the remains of their departed friends in new fur. They are then laid together in one mound or barrow, and the ceremony concludes with a feast, with dances, songs, speeches, games, and mock combats.

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PALEY.

We think it next to impossible for a candid unbeliever to read the Evidences of Paley, in their proper order, unshaken. His Natural Theology will open the heart, that it may understand, or at least receive the Scriptures, if any thing can. It is philosophy in its highest and noblest sense; scientific, without the jargon of science; profound, but so clear that its depth is disguised. There is nothing of the "budge Doctor" here; speculations which will convince, if aught will, that "in the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth," are made familiar as household words. They are brought home to the experience of every man, the most ordinary observer on the facts of nature with which he is daily conversant. A thicker clothing, for instance, is provided in winter for that tribe of animals which are covered with *fur*. Now, in these days, such an assertion would be backed by an appeal to some learned Rabbi of a Zoological Society, who had written a deep pamphlet, upon what he would probably call the *Theory of Hair*. But to whom does Paley refer us? To any dealer in rabbit skins. The curious contrivance in the bones of birds, to unite strength with lightness, is noticed. The bore is larger, in proportion to the weight of the bone, than in other animals; it is empty; the substance of the bone itself is of a closer texture. For these facts, any "operative" would quote Sir Everard Home, or Professor Cuvier, by way of giving a sort of philosophical éclat to the affair, and throwing a little learned dust in the eyes of the public. Paley, however, advises you to make your own observations when you happen to be engaged in the scientific operation of picking the leg or wing of a chicken. The very singular correspondence between the two sides of any animal, the right hand answering to the left, and so on, is touched upon, as a proof of a contriving Creator, and a very striking one it is. Well! we have a long and abstruse problem in chances worked out to show that it was so many millions, and so many odd thousands to one, that accident could not have produced the phenomenon; not a bit of it. Paley, who was probably scratching his head at the moment, offers no other confirmation of his assertion, than that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get *a wig made even*, seldom as it is that the *face* is made awry. The circulation of the blood, and the provision for its getting from the heart to the extremities, and back again, affords a singular demonstration of the Maker of the body being an admirable Master both of mechanics and hydrostatics. But what is the language in which Paley talks of this process?—technical?—that mystical nomenclature of Diaforius, which frightens country patients out of their wits, thinking, as they very naturally do, that a disease must be very horrid which involves such very horrid names? Hear our anatomist from Giggleswick.

"The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the waterworks at London Bridge; and the roaring in the passage through that pipe is inferior, in impetus and velocity, to the blood gushing from the whale's heart."

He cares not whence he fetches his illustrations, provided they are to the purpose. The laminæ of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, "as a *latch* enters into the catch, and fastens a door." The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like *pin-holes in a piece of velvet*, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk by a provision of *sticking-plaster*. The lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckler, and drawing his legs out of *his boots* when they become too small for him.

In this unambitious manner does Paley prosecute his high theme, drawing, as it were, philosophy from the clouds. But it is not merely the fund of entertaining knowledge which the Natural Theology contains, or the admirable address displayed in the adaption of it, which fits it for working conviction; the "sunshine of the breast," the cheerful spirit with which its benevolent author goes on his way (*κνδει γαιων*,) this it is that carries the coldest reader captive, and constrains him to confess within himself, and even in spite of himself, "it is good for me to be here."

* * * * We mourn over the leaves of our peaches and plum-trees, as they wither under a blight. What does Paley see in this? A legion of animated beings (for such is a *blight*) claiming their portion of the bounty of Nature, and made happy by our comparatively trifling privation. We are tortured by bodily *pain*,—Paley himself was so, even at the moment that he was thus nobly vindicating God's wisdom and ways. What of that? Pain is not the object of contrivance—no anatomist ever dreamt of explaining any organ of the body on the principle of the thumb screw; it is itself productive of good; it is seldom both violent, and long continued; and then its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. "It has the

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power of affording a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which I believe," says this true philosopher, "few enjoyments exceed." The returns of an hospital in his neighbourhood lie before him. Does he conjure up the images of Milton's lazar-house, and sicken at the spectacle of human suffering? No—he finds the admitted 6,420—the dead, 234—the *cured*, 5,476; his eye settles upon the last, and he is content.

There is nothing in the world which has not more handles than one; and it is of the greatest consequence to get a habit of taking hold by the best. The bells speak as we make them; "how many a tale their music tells!" Hogarth's industrious apprentice might hear in them that he should be "Lord Mayor of London"—the idle apprentice that he should be hanged at Tyburn. The landscape looks as we see it; if we go to meet a friend, every distant object assumes his shape—

"In great and small, and round and square,
'Tis Johnny, Johnny, every where."

Crabbe's lover passed over the very same heath to his mistress and from her; yet as he went, all was beauty—as he returned all was blank. The world does not more surely provide different kinds of food for different animals, than it furnishes doubts to the sceptic and hopes to the believer, as he takes it. The one, in an honest and good heart, pours out the box of ointment on a Saviour's head—the other, in the pride of his philosophy, only searches into it for a dead fly.—*Q. Rev.*

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

When Bernard Gilpin was summoned up to London to give an account of himself and his creed before Bonner, he chanced to break his leg on the way; and, on some persons retorting upon him a favourite saying of his own, "that nothing happens to us but what is intended for our good," and asking him whether it was for his good that he had broken his leg, he answered, "that he made no question but it was." And so it turned out, for before he was able to travel again, Queen Mary died, and he was set at liberty.

Men keep their word simply because it is *right* to do so. They feel it is right, and ask no further questions. Conscience carries along with it its own authority—its own credentials. The depraved appetites may rebel against it, but they are aware that it is rebellion.—*Q. Rev.*

ARAB HOSPITALITY.

M. Pacho, the African traveller, lately arrived at Marmorica, when the rains had commenced, and the ground was preparing for the seed, and was admitted to all the rites of Arab hospitality. Invited to a great feast, he was regaled with the usual dainty of a sheep roasted whole, and eaten with the fingers; while girls, dressed as Caryatides, presented a large vase of milk, which was passed round to the company. All that was expected in return was to cover bits of paper with writing, and thus convert them into amulets; for, in his capacity of sorcerer, the Christian is supposed to possess supernatural powers.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

IMPROMPTU ON WASTE.

By the late Edward Knight, Esq. of Drury-Lane Theatre.

Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity.
Waste thou not, then, the smallest time—
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For all thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.

Forget Me Not—1829.

AN ELECTION.

G. A. Steevens says an election is "madman's holiday;" but in the last *Quarterly Review* we find the following ludicrous supplemental illustration.

Let a stranger be introduced, for the first time, to an election, let him be shown a multitude of men reeling about the streets of a borough-town, fighting within an inch of their lives, smashing windows at the Black Bear, or where

"High in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
The Rampant Lion shows his kingly face;"

and yelling like those animals in Exeter 'Change at supper time; and then let him be told that these worthies are choosing the senate of England—persons to make the laws that are to bind them and their children, property, limb, and life, and he would certainly think the process unpropitious. Yet, in spite of it all, a number of individuals are thus collected, who transact the business of the nation, and represent its various interests tolerably well. The machinery is hideous, but it produces not a bad article.

SPANISH COMFORTS.

In Spain, there are few or no schools in the villages and small towns, that would have the effect of releasing the minds of the natives from monkish tyranny, which at present influences their principles, and biasses their choice, with regard to political, and indeed almost all other pursuits. Nor is any attention paid to trade. The peasantry simply exist, like cattle, without any other signs of exertion, than such as the necessity of food requires. They

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have no idea of rising in the world; and where there is no interest there is no activity.

It appears, that in the North of Spain, so little encouragement is given to the arts, that even physicians are not able to obtain support; that prints are unsaleable, and no new publications appear but newspapers; that the tradesmen neglect their persons, very seldom shaving, and having frequently a cigar in their mouths; that the breath of the ladies smells of garlick; that the gentlemen smoke cigars in bed; that there is hardly a single manufactory in the kingdom belonging to a native in a flourishing state; that, from recent political events, the flocks have been neglected, and the wool deteriorated; that cleanliness is neglected, and rats and mice unmolested; that the porters of the most respectable houses are cobblers, who work at their trades at their doors; that women are employed in loading and unloading ships; and that they, as well as the servants in houses, carry every thing on their heads, even lighted candles, without the least fear of their being extinguished; that oxen are tied to carts by their horns; that in the inns, generally, no one can read or write but the landlords; that the constitutional soldiers, for their fare, generally took a leathern bag, *(barracho,)* and got it filled with red wine as sour as vinegar; not appearing to wish for meat, bread and cheese, with boiled soup, onions, and garlick, forming the substance of their frugal repasts; that no memorial is erected on the spot where the battle of Vittoria was fought in 1813; and that, in fact, there is no national feeling in the country.

THE EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMAN

Must always keep his dignity, for his dignity will not keep him. We have no objection to meet him at a dress party, or at the quarter sessions, nor to read his articles in the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, or the British Critic; but we request not his contributions for Maga, nor will Mr. North send him a general invitation to the Noctes.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

INTENSE COLD.

The lowest temperature witnessed by Capt. Franklin in North America was on the 7th of February, of the second winter passed on the shores of Bear Lake. At eight in the morning, the mercury in the thermometer descended to 58° below zero; it had stood at — 57.5°, and — 57.3° in the course of that and the preceding day; between the 5th and the 8th, its general state was from — 48° to — 52°, though it occasionally rose to — 43°. At the temperature of — 52.2°, Mr. Kendall froze some mercury in the mould of a pistol-bullet, and fired it against a door at the distance of six paces. A small portion of the mercury penetrated to the depth of one-eighth of an inch, but the remainder only just lodged in the wood. The extreme height of the mercury in the tube was from 71° at noon to 73° at three o'clock.—*Quarterly Rev.*

PARR'S PUNNING.

Of all the species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. "See!" said he, "what has happened — *procumbit humi bos.*" On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, "Stop, stop, that is too much. I am at present only *par levibus ventis.*" At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be "Lucretius *carus.*"—*Field's Memoirs.*

HOUBRAKEN'S HEADS.

Houbraken, as the late Lord Orford justly observes, "was ignorant of our history, uninquisitive into the authenticity of the drawings which were transmitted to him, and engraved whatever was sent;" adducing two instances, namely, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Secretary Thurloe, as not only spurious, but not having the least resemblance to the persons they pretend to represent. An anonymous but evidently well informed writer (in the Gentleman's Magazine) further states, that "Thurloe's, and about *thirty* of the others, are copied from heads painted for no one knows whom."—*Lodge's Illustrated Biography.*

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

Every reader of taste knows that "glance from earth to heaven" which pervades the Georgics throughout, and that poetical almanack which the poet has made use of for pointing out the various seasons for the different operations of husbandry. Will it be believed that his Spanish translator has actually taken the trouble to convert these indications into days of the month, and inserted the result of his labours in the text?

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WOMAN'S EYE.

The light that beams from woman's eye,
And sparkles through her tear,
Responds to that impassion'd sigh
Which love delights to hear.
'Tis the sweet language of the soul,
On which a voice is hung,
More eloquent than ever stole
From saint's or poet's tongue.
Forget Me Not—1839.

"NIMIUM NE CREDE COLORI." JACK TAYLOR once said to a water-drinking person, with a purple face, "better things might *primâ facie* be expected."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MR. ABERNETHY.

OF Mr. Abernethy's independence and strict veneration of what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic:—A certain noble personage, now enjoying a situation of great responsibility in the Sister Kingdom, had been waiting for a long time in the surgeon's anteroom, when, seeing those who had arrived before him, successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card — another — another — and another; still no answer. At length he gained admission in his turn; and, full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long?—"Wh—ew!" responded the professor; "because you didn't come sooner, to be sure. And now, if your lordship will sit down, I will hear what you have to say."

One thing Mr. Abernethy cannot abide, that is, any interruption to his discourse. This it is, in fact, which so often irritates him, so often causes him to snarl.—"People come here," he has often said to us, "to consult me, and they will torture me with their long and foolish fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel, and then they blackguard me all about this large town; but I can't help that."

That Abernethy is odd all the world knows, but his oddity is far more amusing than repulsive, far more playful than bearish. Yates's picture of him last year was not bad; neither was it good—it wanted the raciness of the original. Let the reader imagine a smug, elderly, sleek, and venerable-looking man, approaching seventy years of age, rather (as novel-writers say) below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and upright in his carriage withal; with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples: let them imagine such a person habited in sober black, with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of unlaced half-boots, and his hands into the pockets of his "peculiars," and they have the "glorious John" of the profession before their eyes. The following colloquy, which occurred not many days since, between him and a friend of ours, is so characteristic of the professor, that we cannot resist its insertion:—

Having entered the room, our friend "opened the proceedings." "I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on."—"Which I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye.—"But—" interposed our friend.—"Which I can't see," again said, or rather sung the professor. "Perhaps not, sir, but—"—"Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I'll tell you all about it." Our friend sat down accordingly, while Abernethy, standing with his back against the table, thus began: "I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself, were I in a predicament similar to yourself. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach. Mind,—at present I have no reason to believe that there is any thing else the matter with you." (Here my friend was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent.)—"Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there,—(*now don't bother,*) and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and

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acrid stimulus. (*Don't bother again!*) You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with my eye?' I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observation will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people of a morning, and some won't listen to me; so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town. I can't help it—they came to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it. I can't do any more. Well, sir, as to the question of diet. I must refer you to my book. (Here the professor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded.) There are only about a dozen pages—and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that it is necessary for you to know. I am christened 'Doctor My-Book,' and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one-half of it when it was done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for any body to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature, not to force her. Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by Gad; your stomach will never be right. People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities, as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked—'Well, but Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practise what you preach?' I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post: both point the way, but neither follow its course.'"—And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

GIPSIES.

Whether from India's burning plains,
Or wild Bohemia's domains
Your steps were first directed:—
Or whether ye be Egypt's sons,
Whose stream, like Nile's for ever runs
With sources undetected,—

Arab's of Europe! Gipsy race!
Your Eastern manners, garb, and face
Appear a strange chimera;
None, none but you can now be styled
Romantic, picturesque, and wild,
In this prosaic era.

Ye sole freebooters of the wood
Since Adam Bell and Robin Hood—
Kept every where asunder
From other tribes—King, Church, and State
Spurning, and only dedicate
To freedom, sloth, and plunder.
Your forest-camp—the forms one sees
Banditti like amid the trees,
The ragged donkies grazing,
The Sibyl's eye prophetic, bright
With flashes of the fitful light,
Beneath the caldron blazing,—

O'er my young mind strange terrors threw:
Thy history gave me, Moore Carew!
A more exalted notion
Of Gipsy life, nor can I yet
Gaze on your tents, and quite forget
My former deep emotion.

For "auld lang syne" I'll not maltreat
Yon pseudo-Tinker, though the Cheat,
Ay sly as thievish Reynard,
Instead of mending kettles, prowls
To make foul havock of my fowls,
And decimate my hen yard.

Come thou, too, black-eyed lass, and try
That potent skill in palmistry,
Which sixpences can wheedle;
Mine is a friendly cottage—here
No snarling mastiff need you fear,
No Constable or Beadle.

'Tis yours, I know, to draw at will
Upon Futurity a bill,
And Plutus to importune:—
Discount the bill—take half yourself,
Give me the balance of the pelf,
And both may laugh at fortune. *Ibid.*

GEORGE HARVEST.

THE Rev. George Harvest, of Trinity College, Cambridge, having been private tutor to the Duke of Richmond, was invited to dine with the old duchess, and to accompany her party to the play. He used to travel with a night-cap in his pocket, and having occasion for a handkerchief at the theatre, made use of his cap for that purpose. In one of his reveries, however, it fell from the side-box, where he was sitting, into the pit, where a wag, who picked it up, hoisted it upon the end of a stick, that it might be claimed by its rightful proprietor. Judge of the consternation of a large party of ladies of rank and fashion, when George Harvest rose in the midst of them, and claimed the night-cap (which was somewhat greasy from use) by the initials G. H., which were legibly marked on it. The cap was restored to him amidst shouts of laughter, that ran through the pit to the great discomfiture of the duchess and the rest of the party.—*Ibid.*

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Scientific Recreations.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

(From the Treatise on Electricity—in the Library of Useful Knowledge.)

THE colours produced by the electric explosion of metals have been applied to impress letters or ornamental devices on silk and on paper. For this purpose Mr. Singer directs that the outline of the required figure should be first traced on thick drawing paper, and afterwards cut out in the manner of stencil plates. The drawing paper is then placed on the silk or paper intended to be marked; a leaf of gold is laid upon it, and a card over that; the whole is then placed in a press or under a weight, and a charge from a battery sent through the gold leaf. The stain is confined by the interposition of the drawing paper to the limit of the design, and in this way a profile, a flower, or any other outline figure may be very neatly impressed.

Most combustible bodies are capable of being inflamed by electricity, but more especially if it be made to strike against them in the form of a spark or shock obtained by an interrupted circuit, as by the interposition of a stratum of air. In this way may alcohol, ether, camphor, powdered resin, phosphorus, or gunpowder be set fire to. The inflammation of oil of turpentine will be promoted by strewing upon it fine particles of brass filings. If the spirit of wine be not highly rectified, it will generally be necessary previously to warm it, and the same precaution must be taken with other fluids, as oil and pitch; but it is not required with ether, which usually inflames very readily. But on the other hand, it is to be remarked that the temperature of the body which communicates the spark appears to have no sensible influence on the heat produced by it. Thus the sparks taken from a piece of ice are as capable of inflaming bodies as those from a piece of red-hot iron. Nor is the heating power of electricity in the smallest degree diminished by its being conducted through any number of freezing mixtures which are rapidly absorbing heat from surrounding bodies.

HEATING ROOMS.

A NEW invention for heating rooms has met with much encouragement in Paris. A piece of quick-lime dipped into water, and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, is said to give almost a purgatory-heat, and prevent the necessity of fire during winter.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

GOLDEN RULES.

TO RENDER MEN HONEST, RESPECTABLE, AND HAPPY.

By Sir Richard Phillips.

ALL members of the human family should remember, that the human race is, as to time and nature, but as one totality; for, since every man and woman had two parents, each parent two parents, and so on in geometrical progression, hence every individual, high or low, must necessarily be descended from every individual of the whole population as it existed but a few hundred years before, whether they were high or low, virtuous or abandoned; while every procreative individual of the existing race must be the actual progenitor of the entire race which may exist at the same distance of future time. What motives for charity, for forbearing from injuries, for benevolence, for universal love.

The bed of sickness, with its increased sensibility of nerves, is a delicate test of man's conscience, and of self-approbation or reprobation. Requiring sympathy himself, he now sympathizes with others; and, unable to direct his thoughts to external things, they are forced upon himself. Great is then his solace, and efficacious his medicines, if he has no other reflections than such as are supplied by his justice, liberality, and benevolence; but accumulated will be his sufferings, and dangerous the result, if crimes and misdeeds force themselves at such a time on his mind; while in any delirium of fever he will rave on those subjects, and, without vision, will often perceive, by the mere excitement of his brain, the spectres of the injured making grimaces before him.

If you are rich, and want to enjoy the exalted luxury of relieving distress, go to the Bankrupt Court, to the Court for Insolvent Debtors, to the gaols, the workhouses, and the hospitals. If you are rich and childless, and want heirs, look to the same assemblages of misfortune; for all are not culpable who appear in the Bankrupt and Insolvent Lists; nor all criminal who are found in gaols; nor all improvident who are inmates of workhouses and hospitals. On the contrary, in these situations, an alloy of vice is mixed with virtue enough to afford mate-

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rials for as deep tragedies as ever poet fancied or stage exhibited; and visiters of relief would act the part of angels descending from Heaven among men, whose chief affliction is the neglect of unthinking affluence.

Marriage is a circumstance of life, which, in its actual course, involves the feelings and fortunes of human beings more than any other event of their lives. It is a connexion generally formed by inexperience, under the blindness and caprice of passion; and, though these conditions cannot be avoided, as forming the bases of the connexion, yet it is so important, that a man is never ruined who has an interesting, faithful, and virtuous wife; while he is lost to comfort, fortune, and even to hope, who has united himself to a vicious and unprincipled one. The fate of woman is still more intimately blended with that of her husband; for, being in the eyes of the law and the world but second to him, she is the victim of his follies and vices at home, and of his ill success and degradation abroad. Rules are useless, where passions, founded on trifling associations and accidents, govern; but much mischief often results from fathers expecting young men to be in the social position of old ones, and from present fortune being preferred to virtues; for industry and talent, stimulated by affection, and fostered by family interests, soon create competency and fortune; while a connexion founded on mere wealth, which is often speedily wasted by dissipation, habits of extravagance, and the chances of life, necessarily ends in disappointment, disgust, and misery.

Wretched is the man who has no employment but to watch his own digestions; and who, on waking in the morning, has no useful occupation of the day presented to his mind. To such a one respiration is a toil, and existence a continued disease. Self-oblivion is his only resource, indulgence in alcohol in various disguises his remedy, and death or superstition his only comfort and hope. For what was he born, and why does he live? are questions which he constantly asks himself; and his greatest enigmas are the smiling faces of habitual industry, stimulated by the wants of the day, or fears for the future. If he is excited to exertion, it is commonly to indulge some vicious propensity, or display his scorn of those pursuits which render others happier than himself. If he seek to relieve his inanity in books, his literature ascends no higher than the romances, the newspapers, or the scandal, of the day; and all the nobler pursuits of mind, as well as body, are utterly lost in regard to him. His passage through life is like that of a bird through the air, and his final cause appears merely to be that of sustaining the worms in his costly tomb.

The decline of life, and the retrospections of old age, furnish unequivocal tests of worthiness and unworthiness. Happy is the man, who, after a well-spent life, can contemplate the rapid approach of his last year with the consciousness that, if he were born again, he could not, under all the circumstances of his worldly position, have done better, and who has inflicted no injuries for which it is too late to atone. Wretched, on the contrary, is he, who is obliged to look back on a youth of idleness and profligacy, on a manhood of selfishness and sensuality, and on a career of hypocrisy, of insensibility, of concealed crime, and of injustice above the reach of law. Visit both during the decay of their systems, observe their feelings and tempers, view the followers at their funerals, count the tears on their graves; and, after such a comparison, in good time make your own choice.

Constant change is the feature of society. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes in a pantomime. TEN YEARS convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. TWENTY YEARS convert infants into lovers, and fathers and mothers, render youth the operative generation, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men into crawling drivellers, and bury all the preceding generation. THIRTY YEARS raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into merely bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and grandmothers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. FORTY YEARS, alas! change the face of all society; infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names so cherished are forgotten, and unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. FIFTY YEARS! why should any desire to retain their affections from maturity for fifty years? It is to behold a world which they do not know, and to which they are unknown; it is to live to weep for the generations passed away, for lovers, for parents, for

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children, for friends, in the grave; it is to see every thing turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute despotism of time; it is, in a word, to behold the vanity of human life in all its varieties of display!

Social Philosophy.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SHERRY.

COMMENTATORS have puzzled themselves to find out Falstaff's sherries sack: there can be no doubt but that it was *dry sherry*, and the French word *sec* dry, corrupted into sack. In a poem printed in 1619, sack and sherry are noted throughout as synonymous, every stanza of twelve ending—

Give me sack, old sack, boys,
To make the muses merry,
The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
Is a cup of old sherry.

CURIOUS WILL.

By a Student of the University of Dublin.

Cum ita semper me amares,
How to reward you all my care is,
Consilium tibi do imprimis
For I believe that short my time is;
Amice Admodum amande,
Pray thee leave off thy drinking brandy,
Video qua sorte jaceo hic,
'Tis all for that, O sick! O sick!
Mors mea, vexat matrem piam,
No dog was e'er so sick as I am.
Secundo mi amice bone,
My breeches take, but there's no money,
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
If such old things to wear you'll venture;
Pediculos si potes pellas,
But they are sometimes prince's fellows;
Accipe libros etiam musam,
If I had lived I ne'er had used them,
Spero quod his contentus eris,
For I've a friend almost as dear is,
Vale ne plus tibi detur.
But send her up, Jack, if you meet her.

C. K. W.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

IN the old cathedral of St. Paul, walks were laid out for merchants, as in the Royal Exchange. Thus, "the south alley for usurye, and poperye; the north for simony and the horse fair; in the middest for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies; and the font for ordinary paiements of money, are so well knowne to all menne as the beggar knows his dishe."

THE LINCOLNSHIRE EEL,

A bit of Munchausen.

IN the year 1702, there was a universal complaint among the feeders of cattle in the fens, that they frequently lost a horse, an ox, or a cow, and could not discover by what means; when watching more narrowly, they observed a horse, and presently after a cow, go to the river to drink, and suddenly disappear. On going to the river-side they saw an eel, the body of which was as large as an elephant. They could not doubt but this was the thief who had so often robbed them of their cattle, and they very reasonably concluded if they could catch the eel, their cattle would henceforth drink in safety. A council being called among the farmers, they determined upon the following expedient:—They sent to London and purchased a cable and anchor, by way of fishing-line and hook, and roasted a young bullock, with which they baited the hook, and fastened the end of the cable round a barn, which stood about a hundred feet from the river, and then waited to see what the morning would produce. At break of day they repaired to the river-side, when, to their great astonishment, they found that the eel had been there and swallowed the bait, but in endeavouring to disengage himself, had pulled the barn after him into the river, and having broken the cable, made his escape.

*** With the present is published a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the SPIRIT of "the ANNUALS" for 1829—with Critical Notices of their Engravings and Literary Contents, copious Selections, and Unique Extracts, and a FINE ENGRAVING from a splendid subject, in one of the most popular of these elegant works.

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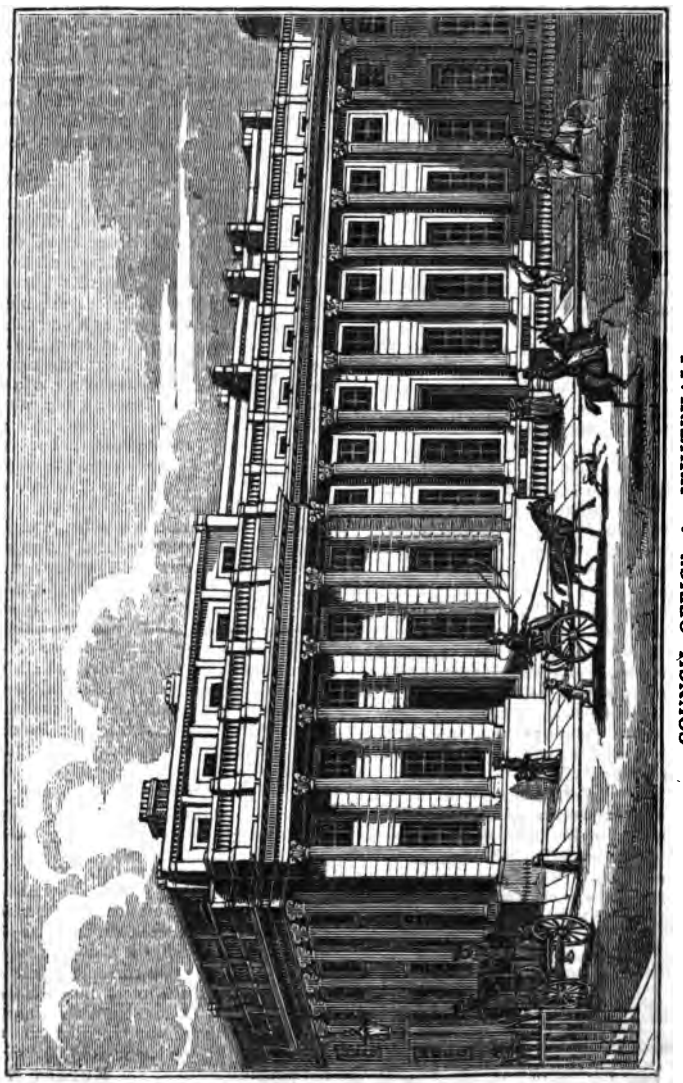
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 342.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 22, 1828. [PRICE 2d.



COUNCIL OFFICE, &c. WHITEHALL.

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COUNCIL OFFICE, &c. WHITEHALL.

FROM the Druid's Temple, at Abury, (our last engraving,) to the Council Office, at Whitehall, is a long stride in the march of time. From "grave to gay, and lively to severe," is nothing to it; but variety is the public dictum; and with more sincerity than the courtier in *Tom Thumb*, we say to the public,

"Whate'er your majesty shall please to name,
Long cut or short cut, to us 'tis all the same."

On the annexed page is represented the new splendid range of buildings, including the *Council Office*, *Board of Trade*, &c. at Whitehall. The architect, Mr. Soane, has adapted the façade from the Temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome.*

But Mr. Soane's adaptation has been only partial, and he has adhered merely to the details of the columns and entablature. "The façade," it is well observed in an early Number of the *Athenæum*, "enjoys one of the most favourable sites for the display of a public building which the metropolis affords; no limit has been set to the expense; the finest materials the country yields have been used in its construction; the richest example of the richest order which antiquity has left us, has been lavishly employed in its decoration; and yet," continues the critic, "is not the whole a failure?" He then describes the effect of it as "poor, or at best but pretty," and attributes the absence of grandeur to the "want of sufficient elevation."—"To the general elevation it may be objected, that it has no prominent centre; that, composed of two wings and an intermediate space receding, it has more the character of a flank than a front building; and that the want of a central entrance derogates greatly from its dignity as a principal façade."

But we are mere amateurs in these matters, and it will be as well to leave the remainder of this criticism to the more studious reader. We have, however, glanced at the principal defects which the writer in the *Athenæum* points out, and we are bound to admit the justice of his remarks. The details which produce this effect would not be so generally interesting. "The order itself," says he, "it must be admitted, is well copied, and excellently executed;" but Mr. Soane's application of it is loudly censured—a Roman temple being inappropriate for a British Council Office. Perhaps our critic would have preferred a façade like that of the Palais de Justice at Paris,—a platform, ascended by an immense flight of steps, which serves as a basement for a projecting body of four Doric columns; with four large pedestals in front, and statues of *Strength*, *Plenty*, *Justice*, and *Prudence*, as the cardinal virtues of English legislation and trade.

Upon the whole, we cannot help thinking some of the details of this new range extremely rich and pleasing, although we assent to the above character of their general effect. The columns, of fluted Corinthian, and the cornice of the order, are to us very beautiful; but the upper windows are unsightly, or, as a wag would say, purely attic; and the entrances are too strictly *official* for the architecture of the building. This brings us again to the inappropriateness of the adaptation, which made these introductions unavoidable.†

The front of the building is not completed, the northern wing having yet to be erected. When this is finished, the effect may be materially assisted.

While we are in this quarter, and lest "we may never come again," it may be as well to thank our correspondent, "An Architect," for his letter on "Whitehall," a very small portion of which has ever been completed. What has been finished—the Banqueting House—is one of the triumphs of Inigo Jones, but like all human works, is sadly dilapidated; although this is attributable to the bad material, rather than to the interval since its erection. The *whole* was, indeed, a magnificent design.

* The portion of this temple which is still standing in the Campo Vaccino, and which consists of three marble columns, with a fragment of entablature, is universally acknowledged to be the finest specimen, not only of the architecture of the Augustan age, but of the Corinthian order, not merely in Rome, but throughout the whole ancient world. Whether contemplated in the original, or through the medium of drawings, it inspires unequivocal admiration, as a perfect model of the florid style; and from the inferences deducible from the dimensions and relative position of the three columns and their entablature, it is clear that the elegance and propriety of their arrangement, as members of an entire edifice, were equal to the grace of the proportions of the still existing parts, and to the beauty, however exquisite, of their enrichments.

† One of the most characteristic buildings recently erected in the metropolis, was the ill-fated *Brunswick Theatre*, the propriety of whose façade was universally acknowledged.

CROMLECH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN No. 328 of the MIRROR, you mistake in spelling *cromlech*; the last syllable is always written *lech*, not *leh*; neither is it derived from *crom* and *leac*, the Irish, but from *crom* and *llech*, the Celtic, of which the Irish is the most corrupted, and the present Welsh the most pure dialect. *Llech* signifies a stone in Welsh, and is pronounced in a way peculiar to the Welsh; when simple it is *llech*, when compounded *lech*. RUPERT C.

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GARDEN OF HYACINTHS

IN THE SERAGLIO, CONSTANTINOPLE.

(For the Mirror.)

In this garden the sultan passes most of his leisure hours, free from the outward parade attendant on his rank. It is small, but tastefully disposed in oblong beds, edged with fine porcelain; no plant is allowed to grow in it except the hyacinth; whence the name of the garden and the apartment it contains. Nothing can be more beautiful than the interior; three sides are formed by a divan, the cushions and pillows of which were of black satin, exquisitely embroidered. The floor was covered with Gobelin tapestry, and the ceiling magnificently gilded and burnished. Opposite the windows of the chamber was a fire-place, in the European manner; and on each side a door, covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors appeared a glass-case, containing the sultan's private library; every volume was in manuscript, with the name written on the edges of the leaves. Opposite the doors and fire-place hung three gold cages, containing artificial birds, which sang by mechanism. On one side was a raised bench, on which was placed an embroidered towel, a splendid vase, and basin for washing the hands and beard; upon the wall over it was suspended an embroidered portfolio, worked with silver on yellow leather, to contain the petitions presented to the sultan when he goes in procession to the mosque. Close to the door was placed a pair of yellow boots and slippers, which are always at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the sultan. Groups of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poniards, were displayed with great taste and effect on the compartments of the walls; the handles were covered with diamonds and jewels of large size, which, as they glittered around, gave an almost dazzling brilliancy to this sumptuous chamber, thus characterizing the amusements of the man when divested of the ceremony and formality of the sultan. Ina.

NEEDLE-WORK ALTAR-PIECE.

(For the Mirror.)

The town of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, was the last place of residence of Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," where he was rector. His pious lady employed her leisure hours with her needle, in the completion of a most elegant altar-piece, which now embellishes the sacramental table in the church; and, through the care of the parish clerk, this specimen of the indefatigable mind of Mrs. Young has been surprisingly preserved. The words down the centre,

I AM
THE BREAD
OF
LIFE,

have the appearance of being the production of a most masterly pencil; and the word "life" is in as fine a state of preservation as on the day when it was first presented by the benevolent artist; every tint, including the light and shade which surround the word, having withstood the ravages of time, and been ingeniously preserved by a kind of gauze covering.

W. G. C.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.

(For the Mirror.)

It has not been till lately that any of the travellers into Palestine have told what was meant by the locusts mentioned by St. Matthew as part of the food of John the Baptist. Dr. Clarke first related, that a tree grows in the Holy Land, which is called the locust tree, and produces an eatable fruit; but this fact was well known to many who had been in the Mediterranean. The tree grows in several of the countries which border that sea. It has been found in much greater abundance in some parts of the East Indies, whence it has now become an article of export. Many thousands of its pods are annually imported by the East India Company; and, either because the fruit is richer in more southern climates, or for some other reason, a great quantity of them are shipped for Venice and Trieste, where there is distilled from them a liquor, which is supposed to be an antidote to the plague, or at least useful in curing it. These pods are about twenty inches long, and from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. We call them pods for want of a term which would more accurately describe them; but they are not flat, neither have they that sort of hinge on one side, and slight fastening on the other, which plainly show how the shells of peas and beans are to be opened. On the contrary, these are round; but there are two opposite lines along them, where the colour alone would induce any one to suppose the skin to be, as it is, thinner than elsewhere. Having the fruit before us only in a dry state, we can describe it in no other; but at present a knife could scarcely be made to penetrate the thicker part, and does not very easily make its way into the thinner. The fruit, which lies in little cells within, is a pulp,

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or paste, somewhat like that of tamarinds, but smoother, and not so sweet. There are pips in it nearly as hard, and about half as large, as those of a tamarind, containing a kernel in each. It should be added, that in the stems of this locust tree wild bees still deposit their honey.

W. G. C.

FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

On reading the Mirror, No. 337, my attention was attracted to one of your many pleasant and amusing extracts from the "Public Journals," bearing the title of "Flowers." Being myself a great admirer of that beautiful and delightful part of creation, I was led to peruse the article with somewhat increased attention. In all ages flowers have been regarded with peculiar sympathy; they have been associated with the calm serenity of virtue; they have been strewed around the altars of devotion; have been made to accompany the lonely, unobtrusive works of merit; and hung around the grave of faded and departed innocence, thus silently, but powerfully, depicting virtue, the essence of felicity. Although I do not consider you to be accountable for statements contained in the articles extracted from other journals, still I presume you would not knowingly make your work the vehicle of any matter which would lead your readers astray. I have, therefore, ventured to call your attention to a particular part of the above article, and to correct what I presume to be a misstatement.

In the article alluded to, the writer states, "It has been said that flowers placed in bed-rooms are not wholesome; that cannot," he remarks, "be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation," &c.

Now plants, it is well known, respire similarly to animals, through the pores of their leaves. By the agency of the sun, during the day, a quantity of pure gas, called oxygen, is given out; but on the contrary, during the night, or absence of the sun, gas of a most noxious and pernicious nature is emitted, and at the same time a portion of the pure air (oxygen gas) is absorbed. The greater part of the atmosphere must therefore be impregnated with this deleterious gas. Taking into consideration the confined state of a bed-chamber, the great increase of perspiration of the body, with the continual increase of carbonic gas from respiration, and this in an apartment where every thing *ought* most sedulously to be avoided which in the least tends to deteriorate the atmosphere, it must be evident the practice ought to be avoided, if we are desirous of preserving health.

Flowers in a state of vegetation are, I consider, more pernicious *at night*, or during the absence of the sun, than those plucked and put into water, provided they be not immersed too long a time; for immediately the stem is severed from the plant, the vital action, if it may be so termed, ceases, and decomposition commences; but till the decomposition has been going on some time, nothing of a pernicious nature need be apprehended. In like manner, directly the vital principle becomes extinct in animals, decomposition ensues. For the space of five or six days, however, no perceptible alteration of the fibres is visible; but after that time a compound of gases begins to exhale from the body, accompanied with a fetid odour, till the parts are entirely decomposed.

The effluvium arising from the *farina* and *petals* is considered unwholesome, however agreeable it may be to the senses, whether the plant be in a state of vegetation or not, it being too powerful for the olfactory nerve.

S. S. T.

*** Our pages are always open to the correction of our readers, and in this instance we thank *S. S. T.* for the above, although we think he has misconceived some portion of the article on "Flowers," the writer adding to that passage quoted by our correspondent, "*provided fresh air is frequently introduced;*" of course, he does not refer to the *night-time*, although it would have been clearer, had he suggested the removal of flowers from bed-rooms during the night.—Ed.

CIRCULAR TEMPLES.

(For the Mirror.)

These structures are generally supposed to have been built with astronomical allusions, especially the noble temple at *Stonehenge*. Circular temples existed among the Israelites. In Exodus, c. xxiv. v. 4, it is written that "Moses rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars." Again in Joshua, iv. 9, Joshua set up twelve stones; and it is well worthy of remark, that the twelve pillars of Moses and Joshua correspond with the number of stones of the inner circles at Abury. It is possible that these stones were plastered over, and probably highly ornamented, as in Deuteronomy, xxvii. 2, we read, "Thou shalt set thee up great stones, and plaster them with plaster;" and there is a large, upright stone in Ireland, which, according to the legend of the country, was once covered over with gold. On some of these

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pillars it is likewise probable that certain characters were traced, as among the Israelites words of the law were written upon similar obelisks or columns.

The earliest temples in Greece were formed of obeliscal columns; and in some parts of Africa the custom obtains to this day. Hence the pillars of our present temples are the most ancient; and subsequent builders of holy sanctuaries filled up the intercolumniations till the temples were constructed as we now see their ruins in Athens and elsewhere. But many of the early temples were round; and it is a curious fact, hitherto unnoticed, I believe, that the altar end, the sanctum of our earliest Saxon churches, is circular.

JAMES SILVESTER.

ST. OLAVE.—A MANX LEGEND.

(For the Mirror.)

[MAGNUS, King of Norway, having committed sacrilege, by opening the grave of St. Olave, he was commanded by the spirit of the offended saint to perform the voluntary penance of quitting the kingdom in thirty days. He obeyed this intimation, and immediately left Norway. Having conquered many of the Western Isles, at length he established himself in the Isle of Man. Afterwards attempting the reduction of Ireland, he was surrounded by the natives and slain, with the whole of his followers.]

Olave, of rocky Norway's saints, the holiest and the best,
Entomb'd in tumulus, enjoys a calm and peerless rest;
By all of heav'ns votaries in saintly rank renown'd,
As high in blessedness, and chief in holy missal crown'd.

The dead—in holy, stilly peace, the sacred dead repose,
Afar from earth's turmoil and grief, and all of sick'ning woes;
From racking pain, and withering pride, and avarice's care,
Secure they rest in solitude, unaw'd by sin or snare.

To sack the gloomy sepulchre of lately living clay,
From cheerful day and life remov'd, by dreaded death away,
Is crime indeed of blackest hue, deserving exile's fate,
From native climes ordain'd to feel an outlaw's dreary state.

Could Norway's priest-despising chief, deem sacrilege a crime
Fitting for absolution,—or dark penance of set time
That daring such all dreaded sin, he gazes on the grave,
And tramples o'er the hallow'd dust of canoniz'd Olave.

Lone sepulchre in holy earth—sure wickedness so dire,
Of holy man, and sacred place, incenses heaven's ire;
Can less than ever banishment from Norway's ice bound land,
Stay sure revenge—pursuing fate—and justice' awful hand?

Away he sails—the foaming seas as Corsair now he laves,
Dauntless—heroic—daring winds, and man-entombing waves,
To visit other lands afar,—to combat chiefs of fame;
In battle-field to spread around the dread of Norway's name.

Lone Mona's sea-girt isle he dares with spear and flashing sword,
Usurping regal rule and right by power of pirate horde;
Yet vengeance drear, and dark desert of direst actions, crave
A bloody death, a justice clear, and dark usurper's grave.

On Erin's lovely land he falls—awarded darksome doom,
When, ruffian-like, he dared profane the saintly Olave's tomb:
He leaves his conquests, kingdoms, crowns, and all of earthly state,
To sleep in loneliness, and fill his dark predicted fate.

Kirk Michael, Isle of Man. A. B. C.

The Anecdote Gallery.

A LIVING ALCHEMIST.

(From Sir R. Phillips's Tour.)

AT Luton, Beds. Sir Richard hears of an ALCHEMIST, who lives at the village of Lilley, midway between Luton and Hitchen. The whole of his interview with this eccentric personage, will doubtless be interesting to our readers.

It was four miles out of my road, but I thought a modern alchemist worthy of a visit, particularly as several inhabitants of Luton gravely assured me, that he had succeeded in discovering the Philosopher's Stone, and also the Universal Solvent. The reports about him would have rendered it culpable not to have hazarded anything for a personal interview. I learnt that he had been a man of fashion, and at one time largely concerned in adventures on the turf, but that for many years he had devoted himself to his present pursuits; while for some time past, he had been inaccessible and invisible to the world, the house being shut and barricadoed, and the walls of his grounds protected by hurdles, with spring-guns so planted as to resist intrusion in every direction. Under these circumstances, I had no encouragement to go to Lilley, but I thought that even the external inspection of such premises would repay me for the trouble. At Lil-

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ley, I inquired for his house of various people, and they looked ominous; some smiled, others shook their heads, and all appeared surprised at the approach of an apparent visiter to Mr. Kellerman.

The appearance of the premises did not belie vulgar report. I could not help shuddering at seeing the high walls of respectable premises, lined at the top with double tiers of hurdles, and on driving my chaise to the front of the house, I perceived the whole in a state of horrid dilapidation. Contrary, however, to my expectation, I found a young man who appeared to belong to the out-buildings, and he took charge of my card for his master, and went to the back part of the house to deliver it. The front windows on the ground-floor and upper stories were entirely closed by inside shutters, much of the glass was broken, and the premises appeared altogether as if deserted. I was pleased at the words, "My master will be happy to see you," and in a minute the front door was opened, and Mr. Kellerman presented himself.—I lament that I have not the pencil of Hogarth, for a more original figure never was seen. He was about six feet high, and of athletic make; on his head was a white night-cap, and his dress consisted of a long great-coat once green, and he had a sort of jockey waistcoat with three tiers of pockets. His manner was extremely polite and graceful, but my attention was chiefly absorbed by his singular physiognomy. His complexion was deeply sallow, and his eyes large, black, and rolling. He conducted me into a very large parlour, with a window looking backward, and having locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, he desired me to be seated in one of two large arm chairs covered with sheepskins. The room was a realization of the well-known picture of Teniers' Alchemist. The floor was covered with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, bottles in various shapes, intermingled with old books piled upon each other, with a sufficient quantity of dust and cobwebs. Different shelves were filled in the same manner, and on one side stood his bed. In a corner somewhat shaded from the light, I beheld two heads, white, with dark wigs on them; I entertained no doubt therefore, that among other fancies he was engaged in re-making the brazen speaking head of Roger Bacon and Albertus. Many persons might have felt alarmed at the peculiarity of my situation, but being accustomed to mingle with eccentric characters, and having no fear from any pretensions of the black art, I was infinitely gratified by all I saw.

Having stated the reports which I had heard, relative to his wonderful discoveries, I told him frankly that mine was a visit of curiosity, and stated that if what I had heard was matter of fact, the researches of the ancient chemists had been unjustly derided. He then gave me a history of his studies, mentioned some men whom I had happened to know in London, who he alleged had assured him that they had made gold. That having in consequence examined the works of the ancient alchemists, and discovered the key which they had studiously concealed from the multitude, he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights; and after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they described their processes, he had, at length, happily succeeded; had made gold, and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of paying off the national debt in the coin of the realm.

I yielded to the declaration, expressed my satisfaction at so extraordinary a discovery, and asked him, to oblige me so far, as to show me some of the precious metal which he had made.

"Not so," said he; "I will show it to no one. I made Lord Liverpool the offer, that if he would introduce me to the king, I would show it to his majesty; but Lord Liverpool insolently declined, on the ground that there was no precedent; and I am therefore determined, that the secret shall die with me. It is true that, in order to avenge myself of such contempt, I made a communication to the French ambassador, Prince Polignac, and offered to go to France, and transfer to the French government, the entire advantages of the discovery; but after deluding me, and shuffling for some time, I found it necessary to treat him with the same contempt as the others."

I expressed my convictions in regard to the double dealing of men in office.

"O," said he, "as to that, every court in Europe well knows that I have made the discovery, and they are all in confederacy against me; lest by giving it to any one, I should make that country master of all the rest—the world, Sir," he exclaimed with great emotion, "is in my hands and my power."

Satisfied with this announcement of the discovery of the philosopher's stone, I now inquired about the sublime alkahest or universal solvent, and whether he had succeeded in deciphering the enigmatical descriptions of the ancient writers on that most curious topic.

"Certainly," he replied, "I succeeded in that several years ago."

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"Then," I proceeded, "have you effected the other great desideratum, the fixing of mercury?"

"Than that process," said he, "there is nothing more easy; at the same time it is proper I should inform you, that there are a class of impostors, who mistaking the ancient writers, pretend it can be done by heat; but I can assure you, it can only be effected by water."

I then besought him to do me the favour, to show me some of his fixed mercury, having once seen some which had been fixed by cold.

This proposition, however, he declined, because he said he had refused others. "That you may, however, be satisfied that I have made great discoveries, here is a bottle of oil, which I have purified, and rendered as transparent as spring water. I was offered £10,000. for this discovery; but I am so neglected, and so conspired against, that I am determined it and all my other discoveries shall die with me."

I now inquired, whether he had been alarmed by the ignorance of the people in the country, so as to shut himself up in so unusual a manner.

"No," he replied, "not on their account wholly. They are ignorant and insolent enough; but it was to protect myself against the governments of Europe, who are determined to get possession of my secret by force. I have been," he exclaimed, "twice fired at in one day through that window, and three times attempted to be poisoned. They believed I had written a book containing my secrets, and to get possession of this book has been their object. To baffle them, I burnt all that I had ever written, and I have so guarded the windows with spring-guns, and have such a collection of combustibles in the range of bottles which stand at your elbow, that I could destroy a whole regiment of soldiers if sent against me." He then related, that as a further protection he lived entirely in that room, and permitted no one to come into the house; while he had locked up every room except that with patent padlocks, and sealed the key-holes.

It would be tedious and impossible to follow Mr. Kellerman through a conversation of two or three hours, in which he enlarged upon the merits of the ancient alchemists, and on the blunders and impertinent assumptions of the modern chemists, with whose writings and names it is fair to acknowledge he seemed well acquainted. He quoted the authorities of Roger and Lord Bacon, Paracelsus, Boyle, Boerhaave, Woolfe, and others, to justify his pursuits. As to the term, philosopher's stone, he alleged that it was a mere figure, to deceive the vulgar. He appeared also to give full credit to the silly story about Dee's assistant, Kelly, finding some of the powder of projection in the tomb of Roger Bacon at Glastonbury, by means of which, as was said, Kelly for a length of time supported himself in princely splendour.

I inquired whether he had discovered the blacker than black of Apollonius Tyaneus; and this, he assured me, he had effected; it was itself the powder of projection for producing gold.

Amidst all this delusion and illusion on these subjects, Mr. Kellerman behaved in other respects with great propriety and politeness; and having unlocked the door, he took me to the doors of some of the other rooms, to show me how safely they were padlocked; and on taking leave, directed me in my course towards Bedford.

In a few minutes, I overtook a man, and on inquiring what the people thought of Mr. Kellerman, he told me that he had lived with him for seven years; that he was one of eight assistants whom he kept for the purpose of superintending his crucibles, two at a time relieving each other every six hours; that he had exposed some preparations to intense heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burst, and that he called on him to observe, that it contained the true "blacker than black." The man protested, however, that no gold had ever been made, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; for he was quite sure, that if he had made any discovery, he could not have concealed it from the assistants; while, on the contrary, they witnessed his severe disappointments, at the termination of his most elaborate experiments.

On my telling the man that I had been in his room, he seemed much astonished at my boldness; for he assured me, that he carried a loaded pistol in every one of his six waistcoat pockets. I learnt also from this man, that he has or had considerable property in Jamaica; that he has lived in the premises at Lilley about twenty-three years, and during fourteen of them pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardour; but for the last few years shut himself up as a close prisoner, and lived in the manner I have described.

HERE lyeth wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray:
I have no more to say.

Weever's Epitaphs.

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Notes of a Reader.

COURT OF CHARLES II.

In the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, there is an admirably written article on Hallam's "Constitutional History," not a mere essay, but somewhat more like a review than usual. It contains an abundance of florid, bold, and vigorous writing, extending through upwards of 70 pages. Among the most striking passages we notice a parallel between Cromwell and Napoleon, drawn with considerable force. But our extract is from the lighter portion, as the following ludicrous sketches of some of the enormities of Charles II. "Towards the close of the Protectorate, many signs indicated that a time of license was at hand. But the restoration of Charles II. rendered the change wonderfully rapid and violent. A deep and general taint infected the morals of the most influential classes, and spread itself through every province of letters. Poetry inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to its licentious example. * * * * The favourite duchess stamps about Whitehall, cursing and swearing. The ministers employ their time at the council board in making mouths at each other, and taking off each other's gestures for the amusement of the king. The peers at a conference begin to pommel each other, and to tear collars and periwigs. A speaker in the House of Commons gives offence to the court. He is way-laid by a gang of bullies, and his nose is cut to the bone. * * The second generation of the statesmen of this reign, were worthy of the schools in which they had been trained, of the gaming table of Grammont, and the tiring room of Nell ——." This is but a small portion of the good set terms in which the reviewer illustrates the licentiousness of the times. Speaking of Clarendon, he says, "Mr. Hallam scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the wear and tear which honesty almost necessarily sustains in the friction of political life, and which in times so rough as those through which Clarendon passed, must be very considerable. When these are fairly estimated, we think that his integrity may be allowed to pass muster." Perhaps political honesty is like Joseph Surface's French plate, or the tinsel spread over a pair of Birmingham sale-shop candlesticks, whose tenderness will not withstand the wear and tear of conveyance in the purchaser's pocket. But the oddity of the reviewer's comparisons even puts one in good humour with their virulence.

STREET SYMPATHIES.

During "the season" the veriest stranger who has an eye and ear, and thoughts, must find in London sufficient to occupy his attention; true, he may start and sigh, to think that of the busy and enormous multitude around him, not one would care, if, treading on yonder bit of orange peel, he should slip off the flagway, and falling beneath the wheel of that immense coal-wagon, have his thigh crushed to atoms, while you'd be saying "Jack Robinson." But if he do sigh, the more fool he; first, because "grieving's a folly," as the old sea song hath it; next because he is mistaken in supposing that no one would feel interested in his misfortune. There are two upon the very flagway with him, who would evince the greatest sympathy in his fate; the one is a surgeon's apprentice, who, with anxious care, would bear him off to *his* hospital, that he might "try his 'prentice hand" to doctor him while living, and dissect him when dead; and the other is a running reporter to one of the morning papers, who would with gentle and soothing accents inquire his name, condition, and abode, to swell the paragraph, and increase his pay. — *Blackwood's Magazine*

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

My heart is with you, Bulwer, and portrays
The blessings of your first paternal days;
To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
I knew, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, ev'n fresh'ning life our life-time long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom;
Without them we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine,
Propitious stars saw Truth and Passion twine!
Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels Love's bower brighten'd by the beams of Fame!
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

T. Campbell.

The Duc de Laval has the character of being a perfect fool. It is said that on one occasion he talked of having received an anonymous letter, signed by all the officers of his regiment; that on another, he ordered ottomans to be placed in the four corners of his octagon saloon!—*Josephine's Memoirs.*

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

INFINITE are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley himself narrowly escaped being a baker; here was a decision upon which hung in one scale, perhaps, the immortal interests of thousands, and, in the other, the gratification of the taste of the good people of Giggleswick for hot rolls. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Then, again, how different in their kind, as well as in their magnitude, are these consequences from anything that might have been *à priori* expected. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long,

"The Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes."

Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland, and the inheritance, which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a schoolboy (as Mr. Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military—and, we trust we may now add, its civil and political—glory.—*Quarterly Rev.*

SERVANTS.

A FUND has lately been established at Stockholm, from which it is intended to reward good and faithful servants. The king has contributed to it 1,000 crowns; the prince royal 500; and the princess royal 300. This has been suggested as an example worthy of our imitation; many legacies, &c. have from time to time been bequeathed for the encouragement of faithful servants in England; some are claimed, but the majority are shamefully misapplied by those to whom their distribution has been entrusted.

LONDON LUXURIES.

A CAPITAL like London is a Maelstrom—an immense whirlpool—whose gyrations sweep in whatever is peculiarly desirable from the most distant regions of the empire—so active becomes the love of gain when set in motion by the love of luxury. We recollect once being on shipboard to the north of Duncan's Bay Head, and out of sight of land, the nearest being the Feroe Islands:—we were walking the deck, watching a whale which was gamboling at some distance, throwing up his huge side to the sun, and sending ever and anon a sheet of water and foam from his nostrils. Our thoughts were on Hecla and on the icebergs of the Pole, on the Scalds of Iceland and the sea-kings of Norway, when a sail hove in sight: we asked what craft it was—and were answered, "a Gravesend brig dredging for lobsters." Never was enchantment so effectually broken—never stage-trick in pantomime more successfully played off. Scene changes from Feroe and Iceland to the Albion in Aldersgate-street.—Exeunt Scald, champion, and whale—Enter common councilman, turbot, and lobster-sauce.—*Quarterly Rev.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

To be convinced that, at some period or another of their history, the Egyptians had conceived a *beau-ideal* superior to the beautiful which nature habitually produced in their country, we have only to examine the young Memnon, at the British Museum, and the heads of many of the sphinxes which remain.—*Weekly Rev.*

ALGEBRA.

ALGEBRA I was charmed with, and found so much pleasure in resolving its questions, that I have often sat till morning at the engaging work, without a notion of its being day till I opened the shutters of my closet. I recommend this study in particular to young gentlemen, and am satisfied, if they would but take some pains at first to understand it, they would have so great a relish for its operations, as to prefer them many an evening to clamorous pleasures; or, at least, not be uneasy for being alone now and then, since their algebra was with them.—*Life of John Buncle.*

A LUCKY MATCH.

THE late Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, commissioned one Jenkins, a dealer in pictures, residing at Rome, to send him any piece of sculpture which might not exceed fifty guineas. Jenkins sent a head of Minerva, which Mr. Locke, not liking, returned, paying the carriage, and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also at Rome, having purchased a trunk of Minerva for fifty pounds, upon the return of this head, found that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and 220 guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had joined the head and trunk, or, what is called "restored it," which he did at the expense of twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of 1,000 guineas! and it is now at Newby, in Yorkshire.—*Nollekens and his Times.*

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NELSON.

WE received the following little anecdote from a letter of a gentleman now at the head of the medical profession, with which he favoured us shortly after perusing Salmonia. "I was (says our friend) at the Naval Hospital, at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him,) arrived at the Roads, and landed on the jutty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but making his way through the crowd, and the dust, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors; he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say. At length, he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them:—*Nelson.* "Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?"—*Sailor.* "Lost my right arm, your honour."—Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, "Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow." And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. As this was the only occasion on which I saw Nelson, I may, possibly, overrate the value of the incident.—*Q. Rev.*

THE BRITISH ALMANAC.

THIS work, though only in its second year, is too well known to be benefited by our recommendation. As a compilation, with occasional originality, it is one of the best executed labours of the Society from whom it emanates, and who, from the multiplicity of facts here assembled, may be called "The Society for the" *Condensation* "of Useful Knowledge."

In the Almanac for 1829 we notice several improvements upon that of last year. The "Remarks on Weather" are valuable; and the "Garden Plants in Flower" in each month, in themselves extremely interesting, contrast the unchanging course of nature with the grand revolutions and events of the column of "Anniversaries." Thus, what different emotions are produced by reading April 6, "First Abdication of Bonaparte, 1814," and "Primrose Peerless (*Narcissus biflorus*) in flower." The "Useful Remarks," though not a new feature in an almanac, are profitable helps to social duties, especially when drawn from such a source as Owen Feltham's Resolves—a golden treasury of world-knowledge, which may serve as a text-book for every family.

Among the useful facts we notice the following:—"By a parliamentary return of the year 1828, we find that the stamp duty paid upon the almanacs of England amounts to 30,136*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*—which, the duty being *fifteen-pence* upon each almanac, exhibits a circulation of 451,593 annually."

Remarks on Weather.

"The mean temperature of London is about 2° higher than that of the surrounding country; the difference exists chiefly in the night, and is greatest in winter and least in summer."

"Mr. Howard is of opinion, from a careful comparison of a long series of observations, that a wet spring is an indication of a dry time for the ensuing harvest."

"The greatest depression of temperature in every month happens, all other circumstances being the same, a short time before sun-rise."

"There are only two months, namely, July and August, in which, taking into consideration the power of radiation, vegetation, in certain situations, is not exposed to a temperature of 32°."

"The temperature of August is but little reduced, owing to the prevalence of hot nights. The action of the sun's rays is considerably assisted by the warm earth which radiates heat into the air; while, in spring, it absorbs every day a proportion of the heat which the sun produces."

"*October.*—Now that the fruits of the earth are laid in store, the increase of wet is attended by no injurious effects, the remaining heat of the earth is preserved from needless expenditure, and guarded from dissipation, by an increasing canopy of clouds, by which the effect of radiation is greatly reduced."

"The comparative warmth of November is owing to the heat given out by the condensation of the vapour in the atmosphere into rain."

"The mean temperature of the whole year is not found to vary, in different years, more than four degrees and a half."

Such as hold superstition sweet to the soul, and love to exercise their ingenuity in hieroglyphics, the baseless grounds of tea, and lucky dreams and omens, will find little amusement in the British Almanac; but their absence is more than supplied by information "which almost every man engaged in the world requires."

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The Sketch Book.

A VISION OF PURGATORY.

By William Maginn, Esq.

THE churchyard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day, or avoid on a winter's night. Under the east window of the church is a mouldering vault of the De Lacys,—a branch of a family descended from one of the conquerors of Ireland; and there they are buried, when the allotted time calls them to the tomb. Sir Theodore De Lacy had lived a jolly, thoughtless life, rising early for the hunt, and retiring late from the bottle. A good-humoured bachelor who took no care about the management of his household, provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready on his coming in. As for the rest,—an easy landlord, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to poachers,) and a very excellent foreman of a grand jury. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly thrice a week for the last fifteen years of his life, and his spirit mingled with the claret. In former times when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The keeners lamented; the country people had a wake before the funeral, and a dinner after it—and there was an end. But with the march of mind comes trouble and vexation. A man has now-a-days no certainty of quietness in his coffin—unless it be a patent one. He is laid down in the grave, and the next morning finds himself called upon to demonstrate an interesting fact! No one, I believe, admires this ceremony, and it is not to be wondered at that Sir Theodore De Lacy held it in especial horror. "I'd like," said he one evening, "to catch one of the thieves coming after me when I'm dead—By the God of War, I'd break every bone in his body;—but," he added with a sigh, "as I suppose I'll not be able to take my own part then, upon you I leave it, Larry Sweeney, to watch me three days and three nights after they plant me under the sod. There's Doctor Dickenson there, I see the fellow looking at me—fill your glass, Doctor—here's your health! and shoot him, Larry, do you hear, shoot the Doctor like a cock, if he ever comes stirring up my poor old bones from their roost of Inistubber." "Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the glass which followed this command, "long life to both your honours; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into Doctor Dickenson—heaven between him and harm—for hauling your honour away, as if you was a horse's head, to a bonfire. There's nothing, I 'shure you, gintlemin, poor as I am, that would give me greater pleasure." "We feel obliged, Larry" said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes." "Is it I pull you out of the grave, indeed!" continued the whipper-in, for such he was,—"I'd let nobody pull your honour out of any place, saving 'twas purgatory; and out of that I'd pull you myself, if I saw you going *there*." "I am of opinion, Larry," said Doctor Dickenson, "you would turn tail if you saw Sir Theodore on that road. You might go further, and fare worse, you know." "Turn tail!" replied Larry, "it is I that wouldn't—I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond"—pointing to a picture of the Prime Saint of Ireland, which hung in gilt daubery behind his master's chair, right opposite to him. To Larry's horror and astonishment, the picture fixing its eyes upon him, winked with the most knowing air, as if acknowledging the appeal. "What makes you turn so white then at the very thought," said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of our hero in his own way. "Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a wakeness has come strong over me, gintlemin, and if you'd have no objection, I'd like to go into the air for a bit." Leave was of course granted, and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests—but as he retreated, he could not avoid casting a glance on the awful picture—and again the Saint winked, with a most malicious smile. It was impossible to endure the repeated infliction, and Larry rushed down the stairs in an agony of fright and amazement. "May be," thought he, "it might be my own eyes that wasn't quite steady—or the flame of the candle. But no—he winked at me as plain as ever I winked at Judy Donaghue of a May morning. What he manes by it I can't say—but there's no use of thinking about it—no, nor of talking neither, for who'd believe me if I tould them of it?"

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been mentioned; and in due time thereafter was buried according to the custom of the family, by torch-light, in the churchyard of Inistubber. All was fitly performed; and although Dickenson had no design upon the jovial knight—and if he had not, there was nobody within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such an outrage,—yet Larry Sweeney was determined to make good his promise of watching his master. "I'd think little of telling a lie to him, by the

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way of no harm when he was alive," said he, wiping his eyes, as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead—God rest his soul!—I'd scorn it. So Jack Kinaley, as behoves my first cousin's son, stay you with me here this blessed night, for betune (between) you and I, it an't lucky to stay by one's self in this ruinated old rookery, where ghosts, God help us, is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar!" "Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinaley, a discharged soldier, who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula; "never mind, I say, such botherations. Han't I lain in bivouack on the field at Salamanca, and Tallawara, and the Pyrumnees, and many another place beside, where there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than knee buckles in a ridgemint of Highlanders. Here, let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle; we'll stay snug under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy"— "None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin; "as for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed afighting, sure that's nothing to the dead—God rest 'em!—that's here. There you see, they had company one with the other, and being killed fresh-like that morning, had no heart to stir; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another colour." "May be it is," said Jack, "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you sees any thing; and after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side, under shelter of a grave, and as his libations had been rather copious during the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy. Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts:—all would not do. "If it was a common, dacent, quite (quiet,) well-behaved churchyard a'self," thought Larry, half-aloud—"but when 'tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin'-ground, which is noted for villiany"—"For what, Larry?" said a gentleman, stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of Saint Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure, as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high-careering moon. "For what, Larry," said the gentleman,—"for what do you say the churchyard is noted?" "For nothing at all, plase your honour," replied Larry, "except the height of gentility." The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called flowing garments,—if, in spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique mitre upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not be well said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror, on looking up at the niche, it was no other than Saint Colman himself, who had stept forth, indignant (in all probability) at the stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the churchyard of which his Saintship was patron. He smiled with a grisly solemnity—just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any,) at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. "Well," said he, "Lawrence Sweeney?"—"How well the old rogue," thought Larry, "knows my name!" "Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the churchyard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I show you the civilities of the place—for I am master here, and must do the honours." "Willingly would I go with your worship," replied our friend; "but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when every thing was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir." "Sir Theodore," said the Saint, "will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not." "But then," said Larry—"Follow me!" cried the Saint, in a hollow voice, and casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner; or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, "as a jaw tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers." The Saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish, which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry's shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault, situated at the west end of the church. The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in va-

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rious degrees of decomposition; and, excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon, where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault, and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followed. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor;—but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the devil drives. I see it's much the same when a saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end; and not a little to Larry's amasement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall, before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light as from a sky."—From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterraneous catch-club were not idly employed over the bottle. "Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of Saint Colman. "Be so good," said the Saint, mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing." "May be so," thought Larry, "but what that business may be, is more than I can tell." The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamour; and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend, when compared with these underground revellers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low-arched room, where the company was assembled. And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three-and-twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitred, stoled, and croziered,—all living statues of stone, like the Saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon, and stars—the inexplicable bear—the mystic temple, built by the hand of Hiram—and other symbols, of which the uninitiated knew nothing. The square, the line, the trowel, were not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labour, however, was over, and the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the Saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the mitres, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized compotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Rods, and others of that holy brotherhood; a vacant place, which completed the four-and-twentieth, was left for St. Colman, who, as every body knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the president, to inform him that he had brought the man. The man (viz. Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself; and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight-and-forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself. "You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry," said St. Patrick: "this is our chapter-night, and myself and brethren are here 'assembled on merry occasion.'—You know who I am?" "God bless your reverence," said Larry, "it's I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is"—lowering his voice—"pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church." "You may as well say it out, Larry," said St. Patrick; "and don't think I'm going to be angry with you about it; for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember, the other night, saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of purgatory, if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words.

"Y-e-e-s," said Larry, most mournfully; for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture. "And," continued St. Patrick, "you remember also that I gave you a wink, which you know is as good, any day, as a nod—at least, to a blind horse." "I'm sure, your reverence," said Larry, with a beating heart, "is too much of a gintleman to hould a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening, and therefore"— "I was thinking so," said the saint, "I guessed you'd prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?" A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly.

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The verdict was short and decisive:—"Knock out his brains!" And in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four-and-twenty arose at once, and with their immovable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero—who horror struck with the sight as he was, could not close his—they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent, so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loophole of retreat—there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted croziers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained—and Larry sunk upon his knees. "Ah! then," said he, "gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family, who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to—no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name—might I not as well make up my mind to go there, alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him,—as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a patthern?" "You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crozier the advancing assailants, who returned to their seats. "I am glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey." "And how, plase your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry. "Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you arn't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you." "And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin Saint—perhaps Michan—"take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest." "Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start." "All right behind?" cried St. Patrick. "All right!" was the reply. In an instant!—vault—table—saints—bell—church, faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard; and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. (It was, in all probability, the flight of the saints returning to heaven, but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing.) He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid sky at the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far, before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length a long, white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight. "That," said St. Colman, "is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read"—"And how could I, plase your worship," said Larry, "seein' I don't know a B from a bull's foot!" "Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools: and if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north, you see a bright speck?" "I do." "That marks the upward path,—narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road—broad, smooth, and easy of descent; that is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best;—be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences."

His guide had scarcely vanished, when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance, and turning his eyes in the quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a flock of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road, at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely, now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group, Larry recognised his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others, recognised the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron. "What brings a living person," said the man in black, "on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeney, for trespassing. You have no business here." "I have come," said Larry, plucking up courage, "to bring

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your honour's glory a letter from a company of gintlemin with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening, underneath the ould church of Inistubber." "A letter," said the man in black, "where is it?" "Here, my lord," said Larry. "Ho!" cried the black gentleman, on opening it, "I know the handwriting. It won't do, however, my lad, —I see they want to throw dust in my eyes." "Whew," thought Larry, "that's the very thing. 'Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I'd lay a tinpenny to a brass farthing that it's filled with Lundy Foot." Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied with reading the letter,—and the experiment was successful. "Curses — tche-tche-tche,—Curses on it," exclaimed he, clapping his hand before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.—"Run, you villians, run," cried Larry, to the ghosts —"run, you villians, now that his eyes are off of you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck."

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with a measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some scudding about at random, took the right hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck, is not recorded; but as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice. Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching, and looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for, in his haste, he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon. Up started Larry—away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church,—thither ran our hero—and after him—fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds—fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared; the chancel entered; and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is impossible —the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair. "You are mine," cried the demon,—"if I have lost any of my flock, I have at last got you." "Oh, St. Patrick!" exclaimed our hero, in horror,—"Oh, St. Patrick have mercy upon me, and save me!" "I tell you what, cousin Larry," said Kinaley, chucking him up from behind a gravestone, where he had fallen —"all the St. Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton, if he caught you sleeping on your post as I've caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier, he'd have had the provost-marshal upon you, and I'd not give two-pence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?" "Nothing at all," said Larry, scratching his head,—"but it was an unlucky dream, and I'm glad it's over."—*Literary Souvenir.*

Ancient Roman Festivals.

NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror)

THE *Epulum Jovis* was a sumptuous feast offered to Jupiter on the 13th of November. The gods were formally invited, and attended; for the statues were brought in rich beds, furnished with soft pillows, called *pulvinaria*. Thus accommodated, their godships were placed on their couches at the most honourable part of the table, and served with the rich dainties, as if they were able to eat; but the *epulones*, or ministers, who had the care and management of the feast, performed that function for them, and no doubt did the part of *gastronomic proxies* with *eclat*.

The *Brumalia* was a feast of Bacchus, celebrated among the Romans during the space of thirty days, commencing on the 24th of November. It was instituted by Romulus, who used, during this time, to entertain the senate. During this feast indications were taken of the felicity of the remaining part of the winter.

P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

INNOCENT CONFESSION.

A LADY at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." — "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father."—The confessor on this took his

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penisent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said, "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

MERCHANT TAILORS.

A CLERGYMAN hearing a remark made on the humility of the Merchant Tailors' motto, "*Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt*," replied, "Yes, that is to say, nine tailors make a man."

RABELAIS.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

In France they say
Lived RABELAIS,
A witty wight, and a right merry fellow,
Who in good company was sometimes mellow:
And,
Although he was a priest,
Thought it no sacramental sin—to feast.
I can't say much for his morality:
But for his immortality,
Good luck!
Why he's bound in calf, and squeezed in boards,
And scarcely a good library's shelf
But boasts acquaintance with the elf.
But now I'll tell you what I should have told before,
A grievous illness brought him nigh *Death's* door,
Who, bony wight,
Enjoyed the sight—
And grinn'd as he thought of the fun there'd be
When the jester had joined his company.

Rab's friends, good folk!
Thought it no joke
To the poor joker; they therefore sent around
For all the Esculapians to be found;
And in a trice
(For doctors always haste to give advice—
Mind—don't mistake—I mean when there's a fee)
They mustered two—to which add three.

Now about the bed
Is seen each learned head.
The patient's pulse is felt—with graver air
Each M. D. seats him in a chair,
Crosses his legs—leans on his stick, mums—
haws—and hums
Pulls out his watch—takes snuff—and twirls his thumbs.
At length,
The awful stillness broke—
As if from silence gathering strength
Most lustily they all did croak,
Their opinions mingling,
In discordant jingling—
"A purge"—"a blister"—"shave his head,"
"Senna and salts"—"a clyster"—"have him bled,"
"A pill at noon"—"another pill at night,"
"A warm-bath, sure, would set him right."
Thus with purges and blisters,
Pills, bleeding, and clysters,
The poor patient they threatened
Should be deluged and sweetened.

Unable to endure the riot,
And wishing for a little quiet,
The sick man raised his head,
And said—
Gentlemen, I do beseech ye, cease your pother,
Nor any more with me your wise heads bother,
Scratching your wigs,
Like sapient pigs;
Whate'er you may decide is my disease,
I humbly do conceive a little ease
From your infernal noise and chatter,
With which I'm dunn'd
And nearly stunn'd,
Would greatly tend to mend the matter;
And if, perforce, I must resign my breath,
For heav'n's sake let me *die a* NATURAL *death*.

P. M.

AN AGITATOR.

M. MONCHENUT, an old man of eighty, afflicted with the palsy, was arrested during the reign of terror, under suspicion of being an agitator. Being asked what he had to say to the accusation, "Alas, gentlemen, it is very true, I am agitated enough, God knows, for I have not been able to keep a limb still for these fifteen years."

CHINESE POLITENESS.

THERE is one striking particular in which the Chinese politeness is quite the reverse of ours. To take off their caps when they salute one another, or even accidentally to appear uncovered, is esteemed the height of ill breeding and indecency.

HALBERT H.

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The Mirror

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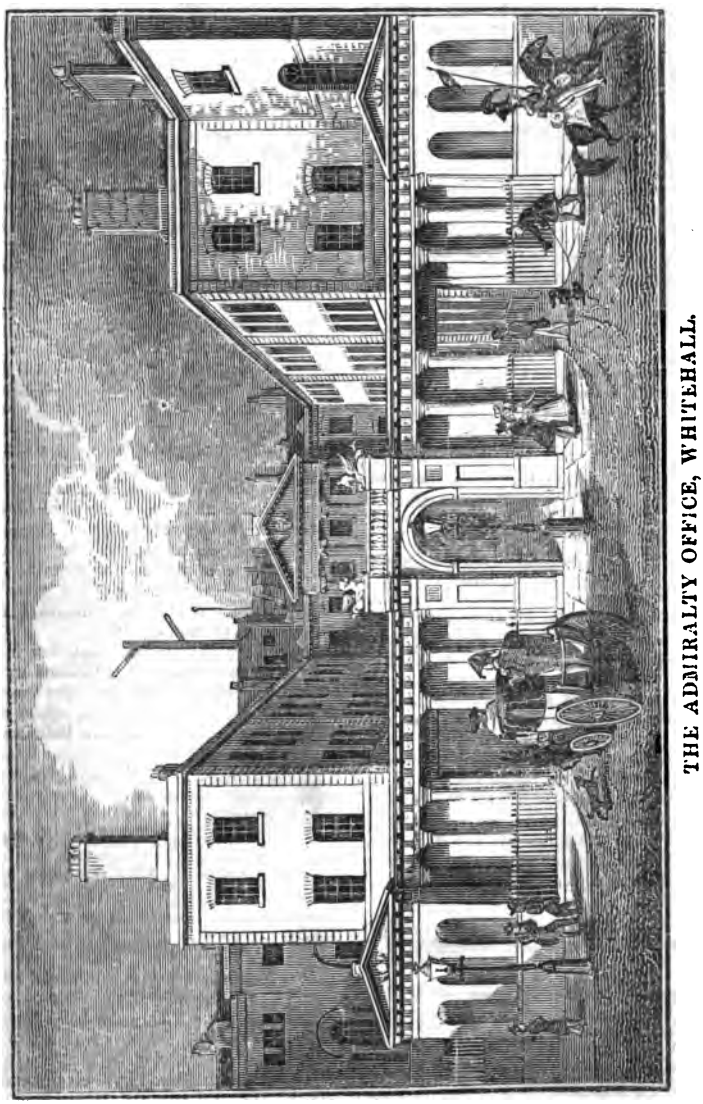

THE ADMIRALTY OFFICE, WHITEHALL.

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THE ADMIRALTY-OFFICE.

THE *Admiralty Office, Whitehall*, has few pretensions to architectual beauty. It is, however, to use a common phrase, a *commanding* pile, and its association with Britain's best bulwarks—her NAVY—renders it an interesting subject for representation.

The Admiralty-office adjoins to the north side of the Horse Guards, and was erected by Ripley, in the reign of George II., on the site of Wallingford House. It recedes from, but communicates with, the street by advancing wings, and is built principally of brick. In the centre of the main building is a lofty portico, of the Ionic order, the taste of which is not entitled to much praise. It consists of four columns, and on the entablature is an anchor in bold relief. Here are the offices, and the spacious abodes of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, together with a handsome hall, &c. On the roof of the building is a Semaphore telegraph, which communicates orders by signal to the principal ports of the empire.

But the most tasteful portion of the whole, is a stone screen, by Adams, in front of an open court, and facing the street. The style is exceedingly chaste and pleasing, and the decorations are characteristic naval emblems, finely executed. The representation of two ancient vessels in the end entablatures, merit especial notice.

Since the appointment of the Duke of Clarence to the office of lord high admiral, the Admiralty has been the town residence of his royal highness. The exterior has been repaired, and the interior in part refitted. The screen has likewise been renovated with much care, and two of the entrances considerably enlarged, but with more regard to convenience than good taste. The portion occupied by the royal duke contains a splendid suite of state rooms, within whose walls have frequently been assembled all the bravery, as well as rank, of the empire; for the interests of the noble service are too dear to his royal highness to be eclipsed by the false lights of wealth or fashion.

HUITAIN DE CLEMENT MAROT.

(For the Mirror.)

PLUS ne suis ce que j'ay esté
Et ne le scaurois jamais estre,
Mon beau printemps et mon esté
Ont fait le saut par la fenestre.
Amour! tu as esté mon maistre
Je t'ai servi sur tous les Dieux,
O si je pouvois deux fois naistre,
Comment je te se virois mieux!

Imitation.

I AM no more, what I have been
And ne'er again shall be so.
My summer bright, my spring time green,
Have flown out of the window.
Oh love, my master thou hast been,
I, first of gods, iustal thee,
Oh! could I e'en be born again,
Thou doubly would'st enthral me.

D. M.

TEMPLE AT ABURY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THERE is an inconsistency in the account of Abury in No. 341, perhaps overlooked by yourself.

I would ask, how could that arrangement of the fabric, so fancifully and ingeniously described by Stukely, be intended to represent the Trinity, when the place was confessedly in existence long anterior to Christianity? nor is there any thing in the old Druidical or Bardic tenets that can be twisted to any such idea.

This *Abury*, with *Silbury*, is supposed to be the *Cludair Cyfrangon*, or *Heaped Mound of Congregations*, mentioned in the *Triads*, the building of which is recorded as "one of the three mighty achievements of the Isle of Britain;" and here were held the general assemblies of the Britons on religious occasions, and not at Stonehenge, as is generally supposed. This last place is decidedly more modern than the pile at *Abury*; the Welsh call it *Gwaith Emrys*, (*the work of Emrys*,) and it ranks as another of the mighty achievements of the Isle of Britain, the third being "the raising of the Stone of Keti," supposed to be the "*Maen Ceti*" at Gwyr, in Glamorganshire.

The presumption that *Stonehenge* is more modern than *Abury* is founded upon the fact that Stonehenge exhibits marks of the chisel in different parts, while the former does not. The ancient British documents give us the founder of the latter, namely, *Emrys*, or *Ambrosius*, while we are left in ignorance as to who raised the pile of *Cyfrangon*.

Nor was Stonehenge ever of such magnitude as *Abury*, the diameter of the former being 99 feet, whilst the latter was 1,400; the largest stones of the former weigh 30 tons, but the latter weigh 100 tons!

Gwaith Emrys was possibly more for political than religious assemblies. Here was held the meeting of the Britons and Saxons, when the *Plot of the Long Knives* (*Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion*) was consummated, and the flower of the British chiefs treacherously destroyed by their pretended friends.

Different authors have strenuously con-

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tended for giving the honour of supremacy to either of these places over both Britain and Gaul, in the days of Druidism; but Rowlands has industriously placed its chief seat in Anglesey.

LEATHART.

TRANSLATED EPITAPH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

QUOD fuit esse quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse,
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non, erit esse.

As a translation of this curious epitaph (in Lavenham churchyard) which is formed out of two Latin words, has been requested from some of your readers, I send the following:—

What John Giles has been
Is what he is, (*a bachelor.*)
What he has not been
Is what he is, (*a corpse.*)
To be what he is
Is not to be, (*a living creature.*)
He will have to be
What he is not. (*dust.*)

JOSEPH MASON.

Another.

WHAT we have been and what we are,
The present and the time that's past,
We cannot properly compare
With what we are to be at last.

Tho' we ourselves have fancied forms,
And beings that have never been,
We unto something shall be turned—
Which we have not conceived or seen.

G. H.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE ensuing letter, though very short, discloses one or two instances connected with a subject of unfading interest—the death of Mary Queen of Scots. It need hardly be stated, says an able writer on this subject, that Queen Elizabeth's conduct with respect to the execution of Mary was a mixture of unrelenting cruelty, despicable cowardice, and flagitious hypocrisy; that whilst it was the dearest wish of her heart to deprive her kinswoman of her existence, she attempted to remove the odium of the act from herself, by endeavouring to induce those to whose custody she was intrusted to assassinate their prisoner; that when she found she could not succeed, she commanded the warrant to be forwarded; and that when she knew it was too late to recall it, asserted that she never intended it should be carried into execution, threw herself into a paroxysm of affected rage and grief, upbraided her counsellors, and first imprisoned and then sacrificed the fortunes of her poor secretary, Davison, one of her most virtuous servants, as a victim to her own fame, and the resentment of the King of Scots. These damning facts in the character of Elizabeth are too well known to require to be dilated on; they have eclipsed the few noble actions of her life, and remain indelible spots on her reputation as a woman and a sovereign. But we learn from this letter the humiliating effects made by her ministers to appease her fury, and her implacable resolution to overwhelm the unfortunate Davison with the effect of her assumed, or perhaps real repentance. In his apology, that statesman informs us, that on the Friday after Mary's execution, namely, on the 10th of February, arriving at the court he learnt the manner in which the queen had expressed herself relative to the event; but being advised to "*absent himself for a day or two,*" and being, moreover, extremely ill, he left the court, and returned to London. Woolley's communication being dated on *Sunday*, (the manuscript is so excessively badly written as to be almost illegible,) shows that Elizabeth did not summon her council, and evince her displeasure at their conduct, until Saturday, the 13th of February, two days after she was informed of Mary's fate. Davison had been attacked with a stroke of the palsy shortly before, and all he says of his committal is, that he was not sent to the Tower until Tuesday the 14th, on account of his illness; though some days previous (probably on Saturday the 10th) the queen assembled her council.

This letter also exhibits a specimen of Leicester's characteristic meanness; for notwithstanding that he was a party to the act of forwarding the warrant for Mary's death, as his name occurs among those of the council who signed the letters to the Earl of Shrewsbury, the earl marshal, and to the Earl of Kent, both of which were dated on the 3rd of February, 1586—7, commanding them to cause it to be put into execution, he took care to withdraw from court before Elizabeth performed the roll, which has so justly excited the scorn of posterity. It may be also remarked, as another example of the official duplicity of the period, that Sir Francis Walsingham likewise affected not to have been concerned in the affair of dispatching the warrant, as in his letter to Lord Thulstone, the secretary to King James, dated at Greenwich, on the 4th of March, 1586—7, less than a month afterwards, he says, "*Being absent from court*

when the late execution of the queen, your sovereign mother, happened," though we find that he signed both the letters just mentioned. G. B.

A Letter from John Woolley, clerk of the Council in the time of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester.

To the Righte Honorable my singular good the Earle of Leycester, one of her Maties Most Honorable Privie Councell.

RYGHTE Honorable and my moste especiall goode Lorde,—It pleased her M'tye yesterday night to call the lord treasurer and other of her councell before her into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly, from our concealing from her our proceeding in the Queen of Scott's case; but her indignation particularlye lyghteth most upon my lord treasurer and Mr. Davison, who called us togeather, and delivered the commissione, for she protesteth she gave *expresse commandement* to the contrarye, and therefore hath taken order for the committing of Mr. Secretary Davison to the Tower, iff she contenew in the mynd she was yeterday night, albeit we all kneeled upon our knees to praye her to the contrarye.

I think your lordship happy to be absent from these broiles, and thought it my dewtye to lett you understand them; and so in haste I humblye take my leave.—At the Courte, this present Sunday,* 1586.

Your lordship's ever most bounden,
J. WOOLLEY.

P.S. I have oftentimes sent unto John, your old servante, Mr. Norld, to pray humbly your lordship's orders for the ordering of his case; he hath been long in prisone, and desireth your lordship's orders for the hearing of his case, which it may please your lordship to express unto me.—*Cottonian MSS. Caligula, c. ix. fol.* 168, (*Original.*)

* 12th February, 1586—7.

The Topographer.

A VISIT TO STUDLEY PARK AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

With a Notice of the Roman Military Road, leading from Aldborough (the Isurium of the Romans,) to the North.

"Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer evening's softest ray;
And ivy-garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous, as of old,
Thy wand'ring river glides in gold."
A. A. WATTS.

AMONG the most attractive scenes of northern Yorkshire is Studley Park, renowned for the richness of its sylvan scenery, which embosoms the noble ruin of Fountains Abbey.

For the date of my visit to this *Arcadia*, I must refer the reader to that season of life when the pure source of thought and feeling is untainted by the world. It is eleven miles from my home to Studley Park, five of which I walked in the twilight of a summer's evening, and slept at a little cottage by the way. The day had been sultry, and the moon rose slowly over the mounds of Maiden Bower, once the site of the noble mansion of the Percys, now destroyed and desolate;* and fell in dreary softness on tower and wood, illumining the sable firs of Newby Park, and throwing another lustre on the gaudy "gowans" that decked the adjacent meadow. Here was a scene for the poetic sympathy of youth:

"That time is past,
And all its giddy rapture;
Yet not for this faint I, nor mourn;
Other gifts have followed; for such loss
I would believe, abundant recompense."
WORDSWORTH.

The morning found me, after an early breakfast, on the road to Studley Park. Now there are some "moods of my own mind" in which I detest all vehicles of conveyance, when on an excursive tour to admire the antique and picturesque.—Thus what numerous attractions are presented to us, sauntering along the woody lane on foot, which are lost or overlooked in the velocity of a drive! On the declivity of a meadow, inviting our reflection, rises a little Saxon church, grey with antiquity, and solemnized by its surrounding memorials of "Here lies."—Across the heath, encircled with fences of uncouth stones, stands a stern record of feudal yore; at the next turn peeps the rectory, encircled with old firs, trained fruit trees, and affectionate ivy; beneath yon darkened thickets rolls the lazy *Ure*, expanding into laky broadness; and, beyond yon western woods, which embower the peaceful hamlet, are seen the "everlasting hills," across which the enterprising Romans constructed their road. I next passed the boundaries of Newby Park, the property of Lord Grantham. Here beneath enormous beeches were clustering the timid deer, "in sunshine remote;" and the matin songs of birds were sounding from the countless clumps

* Here Henry Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by an infuriated mob, in the fourth year of Henry VII.: he having, as lord lieutenant of the county, levied a tax on the people by order of his sovereign, for carrying on the war in Bretagne. Skelton, poet-laureat to Henry VIII. lamented his death in some elegiac lines.

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which skirt this retreat. Within that solitude had I enjoyed the society of a brother, alas, now no more! and yet the landscape wore the same sunny smile as when I carved his name on the towering obelisk before him. I felt that sorrow so exquisitely described by *Burns*:

> "How can ye bloom so fresh and fair;
> How can ye chant, ye little birds,
> And I so weary, fu' o' care."

Leaving Rainton, a sudden rise brings you to the *Roman Military Road*, leading from Aldborough,* the Isurium of the Romans, to Inverness, in Scotland. This road was repaired by the Empress Heleanæ, and hence the corruption, from her name, of Leaming Lane, its present designation. It was laid by the Romans, with stones of immense size, which have frequently been dug up. The *Via Appiæ*, at *Rome*, which has lasted 1,800 years, resembles it in construction. Raised considerably above the level of the country which it crosses, it is an object of wonder and interest even to the illiterate, on account of the continuous perspective it presents; there being no *bend* in it for several miles. Traversing this noble monument of art, how are we led to think on the "strange mutations" which have overthrown kings and kingdoms in the period of its duration, whilst the road remains "like an eternity:"

ON CROSSING THE ROMAN MILITARY ROAD, LEADING FROM ISURIUM TO THE NORTH.

O'er classic ground my humble feet did plod,
My bosom beating with the glow of song;
And high-born fancy walk'd with me along,
Treading the earth Imperial Cæsar trod.

A thousand rural objects on the way
Had been my theme—but far-off years arose,
When ancient Britain bow'd beneath her foes,
Adding resplendence to great Cæsar's day:

When sounds of Roman arms through valley rung,
And rose that glorious morn upon our isle,
No night can hide, or cloud conceal its smile,
That dazzling morn, which out of darkness sprung.

Enduring cenotaph of Roman fame—
More than this record of their mighty name!

* Aldburgh, or Aldborough, so called by the Normans, was the Iseur of the Ancient Britons, and the Isurium of the Romans. Perhaps there is not another Roman city, not even excepting York, where so many antiquities have been discovered. The opening of ancient baths, burial vaults, &c. has led to the finding of tesselated pavements, coins, urns, rings, lachrymatories, seals, monumental inscriptions, medals, statues, chains, sacrificing vessels, &c. It is to be lamented that modern ignorance and barbarity are fast obliterating all traces of the Roman walls of Isurium; their foundations having been dug up for the mercenary purpose of obtaining their materials. We cannot sufficiently censure such irreverence to "hoar antiquity," or the contracted and grovelling ideas which actuate such village Vandals.

I reached the ancient town of Ripon as the bells were merrily ringing in the towers of its old collegiate minster, for it was the anniversary of its patron saint, St. Wilfred. After refreshment, and a walk of three miles, I arrived at *Studley Park*. The fairy effect produced on entering this beautiful retreat is almost indescribable. We suddenly exchange the field and forest scenery for all the poetry of prospect. On the right is a declivity clothed with laurel, and stretching far away; and on the left a lofty and well trimmed fence of laurel, forms a screen or curtain to the valley beneath; the sighing of distant woods and the dashing of waterfalls, break on the enraptured ear, and cause the anxious eye to long for some opening in the verdant shroud. Anon the valley is seen; and through an aperture in the laurel wall, cut in imitation of a window, breaks as sweet a scene as ever *Claude* immortalized! Unwilling to hazard a formal description, I will merely attempt an outline. Far below, the silver waters of the *Skell* meander softly amongst statues of tritons, throwing up innumerable fountain streams. These are masterly executions after the ancient sculptors, and give the scene an air of Grecian classicality. Around these triumphs of art, rise lofty woods of graceful birch, varied by dark fir, and interspersed with erections of Roman and Gothic design. It is in the contemplation of these beauties that fancy recalls the mythology of rocky woods, peopled with Dryads and Fauns. Passing by a circuitous path to the other side of this Eden, by sloping walks shaded with ilex, ancient oak, sycamore, cypress, and bay, we have a view of the extent of the valley, terminating with the ruins of *Fountains Abbey*, and flanked by rocks, wildly overgrown with shrubs; and before us, seen more distinctly, are the statues of *Hercules* and *Antæus*, and a *Dying Gladiator*—the Temple of Piety, in which are bronze busts of Titus Vespasian and Nero, and a fine bas-relief of the Grecian Daughter. In front of this temple the water assumes a variety of fantastical forms, ornamented at different points by statues of Neptune, Bacchus, Roman Wrestlers, Galatea, &c. The banqueting-house contains a Venus de Medicis, and a painting of the Governor of Surat, on horseback, in a Turkish habit; on the front of this building are spirited figures of Envy, Hatred, and Malice. From the octagon tower, Mackershaw Lodge and Wood are seen to great advantage; and from the Gothic temple, the dilapidated abbey is an object of striking solemnity; whilst an opening

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in the distance shows the venerable towers of Ripon Minster.

Wandering eastward, we arrive at the precincts of Fountains Abbey, which gradually presents its monastic turrets midway in a dell, skirted by hills crowned with trees, and varied by rocky slopes to the brook. This abbey was founded in consequence of the disgust which certain monks of the Benedictine order at St. Mary's, York, had imbibed against their *relaxed* discipline; when struck with the famed austerities of the monks of Rievaulx, they left their abode, and retired to this valley, under the shade of seven yew trees, six of which were (in 1818) standing. The abbey was destroyed in the reign of Stephen, and rebuilt in 1204.* The present ruin is celebrated for the sublimity of its architecture, many parts of which are as perfect as when first erected. The tower is 160 feet in height, and is a fine specimen of Gothic, in its best taste. It may with safety be asserted, that no church or abbey in England can boast of such an elegant elevation. The cloisters, 270 feet in length, and divided by 19 pillars and 20 arches, extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them; and near to the south end is a large circular stone basin. This almost subterranean solitude is dimly lighted by lancet windows, which are partially obscured by oaks, beeches, and firs; and the gloom is heightened by the brook beneath, which may be seen stretching its way through the broken arches. The only tomb in the church is that of a cross-legged knight, which lies near the grand tower, and represents one of the Mowbrays, who died at Ghent, in 1297. Near the altar is a stone coffin, in which, according to Dugdale, Lord Henry Percy was interred in 1315. Contiguous to the church is an extensive quadrangular court, which has been converted into a flower garden. On the east side is a line of beautiful arches, under one of which is the entrance to the chapter-house, a weed-grown solitude of deadly silence—

"Where the full-voiced choir
Lie, with their hallelujahs, quench'd like fire."

In 1791, by the removal of some fragments of ruin in the chapter-house, the sepulchres of several of the abbots were discovered; but the inscriptions were obliterated. Over the chapter-house were the library and scriptorium. The architecture of Fountains Abbey is mixed; in some parts are seen the sharp-pointed windows, in others the circular arches. The great eastern window is indescribably magnificent, being 23 feet in width. There has been a central tower, which has long since fallen to decay. The sanctum sanctorum is 131 feet in length; over one of its eastern windows is the figure of an angel holding a scroll, dated 1233. The total length of the church is 358 feet. On the north side of the quadrangular court is the refectory, which was supported by large pillars, and adjoining it is the reading gallery, where portions of the Scriptures were delivered to the monks whilst at their meals; by the side of it are the kitchen and scullery, the former remarkable for its spacious arched fire place. Over the refectory was the dormitory, which contained 40 cells; and under the crumbling steps leading to it is the porter's lodge. Near to the refectory are the remains of the abbot's chambers.

But adieu to the waning glory of Fountains Abbey and the receding towers of Ripon Minster, while retracing my path of yesterday morning. I must linger awhile on the Roman way, where antiquity maintains her supremacy in spite of the war of time, and where the earth looks immutable. Now the groves of Newby Park re-appear with their "sylvan majesty," creating unutterable sympathies; for the wind that bows the surrounding branches moves me to weep for that romantic spirit whose ashes moulder on the shores of India, where

"When the sun's noon-glory crests the wave,
He shines, without a shadow on his grave."

H.

* The following letter was addressed by Layton, one of the emissaries of the Dissolution, to Lord Cromwell, at the Reformation:—

"Please your worship to understand that the Abbot of Fountaynes hath so greatly dilapidated his house, wasted ye woods, notoriously keeping six ******; and six days before our coming, he committed theft and sacrilege, confessing the same; for at midnight he caused the chapleyne to stele the keys of the secton, and took out a jewel, a cross of gold with stones; one *Warren*, a goldsmith of the Chepe, was with him in his chamber at the hour, and there they stole out a great emerode with a rubye, the said *Warren* made the Abbot believe the rubye was a garnet, and so for that he paid nothing for the emerode, but £20. He sold him also plate, without weight or ounces.

"Subscribed, your poor Priest
"and faithful servant,
"R. Layton."

The Anecdote Gallery.

PALEY.

Paley would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He

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would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast-iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle-rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite; or he would stand by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower-pots.

He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare, or a fish's head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations; the workshop of a mind ever on the alert; evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital; here a dedication, there one of his children's exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soup. He would amuse his fire side by family anecdotes:—how one of his ancestors (and he was praised as a pattern of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper which had been accidentally mixed—*patiens pulveris*, he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale—

——— Hæc est
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique;

the life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Elgin to Constantinople, the very head-quarters of despotism, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single fling at the Turk, or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cossacks would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

I will do your visitation for you (Mr. Carlyle was chancellor of the diocese,) in case of your absence, with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour.

Observanda—1. Compare every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: e. g., rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of buildings, streets, persons, &c. &c.; e. g., whether the Mufti be like Dr. ——, the Grand Seignior, Mr. ——.

2. Give us one day at Constantinople minutely from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.

3. Let us know what the common people have to dinner; get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle; for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely.

* * * * * *

4. The diversions of the common people; whether they seem to enjoy their amusements, and be happy, and sport, and laugh; farm-houses, or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; same of public-houses, roads.

5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how (i. e. well or ill done;) whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c.

6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe furniture, utensils, what you find actually doing.

All the stipulations I make with you for doing your visitation is, that you come over to Wearmouth soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classing, &c.

7. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar, or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c. do it.

8. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the middle Greek. My compliments to Bonaparte, if you meet with him, which I think is very likely. Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c.

9. What they talk about; company.

10. Describe your impression upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there.

In all countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle,

Your affectionate friend,

W. PALEY.

Quarterly Review.

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Spirit of Discovery.

The Tea Plant.

The tea leaf is plucked from the plant by the manufacturers at *three* periods during the spring, which crops they call, in their technical phrase, the head, or first spring; the second spring; and the third spring. The quality of the tea varies according to the time of the plucking. The young and tender leaves of course make finer tea than tough and old ones.—*Asiatic Register.*

Portsmouth Literary and Philosophical Society.

We have been much interested with the report of this Society for 1827-8, and we are happy to record the prosperity of the establishment. Some of the lectures, especially those on Geology, or Mineralogy, are very attractive; and in the curator's report, we notice that the Museum, previously rich in fossil organic remains, has been enriched by numerous donations in this department, during the past session. The entire number of specimens in the Museum is upwards of 9,000.

We have not been at Portsmouth for these three years, and till we saw this report, were not aware that the State Chambers, lately on the Platform Battery, had been pulled down towards the close of last year. The building was of some interest. It was of stone, with walls of considerable thickness, and square vaults below, descending to a level with the parade, and used at different periods as dungeons. The part on which the vane stood, was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the other part was built in the time of Charles II., whose name, with the date, was on a marble slab above the doorway. Of late years the building had been modernized and used as a signal-house and subscription reading-room. If we are not mistaken, the edifice had often been much injured by the encroachments of the sea, and probably this led to its removal.

Conversations on Geology.

We notice with much pleasure a handsome volume under the above popular title, which represents that delightful science in the very attractive form of a series of dialogues between a mother and her children. The Huttonian and Wernerian systems and the Mosaic Geology, are here familiarly explained, and illustrative phenomena and recent discoveries glanced at in the progress of the conversations. How much more profitable are such family recreations than sitting hours over spotted pieces of paper, counting the pips of dice, or simpering over fashionable novels and tales of scandal run mad. Bookish families are usually the happiest, at least if we rightly estimate the term.

In an early number we shall endeavour to find some portion of these "Conversations" for our columns.

"*Arcana of Science for* 1829."

This work will appear early in January. It will be on the same plan as the volume of last year, and will contain at least *thirty engravings*, on copper and wood. The *mechanical* department is unusually copious, and there are some abstracts in the *chemical*, which are of high value.

Rice.

Trials have recently been made to grow the dry rice of China in Italy; and it is expected that in time an advantageous cultivation of it may be introduced in France.

Turf.

A correspondent of a French work on gardening thinks that green turf may be obtained in France by trenching the ground, freeing it from stones, covering the surface with two or three inches of rich compost, and then laying on the turf. The improved soil, he thinks, will retain moisture sufficient to keep the turf growing all the summer, and, consequently, green.

Garden of the Hesperides.

Lieutenant Beachey, in his *Travels in Cyrene*, recently published, has thrown some curious light on the ancient account of these celebrated gardens. It appears, that, like many other wonders, ancient and modern, when reduced to simple truth, they are little more than common occurrences. Baron Humboldt and Mr. Bullock have reduced the floating gardens of Mexico to mud banks, with ditches between; and lieutenant Beachey makes it appear, that the gardens of the Hesperides are nothing more than old stone quarries, the bottoms of which have been cultivated.

Preparation of Cinnamon.

The rough bark is first scraped off with knives, and then, with a peculiar instrument, the inner rind is stripped off in long slips; these are tied up in bundles, and put to dry in the sun, and the wood is sold for fuel. The operation was thus explained to Bishop Heber by the cinnamon peelers; but in the regular preparation, the outer bark is not scraped off; but the process of fermentation,

which the strips undergo when tied up in large quantities, removes the coarse parts. The peelers are called Chaliers.

Power of the Sun's Rays.

Mr. Mackintosh, contractor for the government works at Stonehouse Point, Devon, lately had to descend in the diving-bell with workmen to lay the foundation of a sea wall. The machine is fitted with convex glasses, in the upper part, to serve the purpose of windows; and Mr. Mackintosh states, that on several occasions, in clear weather, he has witnessed the sun's rays so concentrated by the circular windows, as to burn the labourers' clothes, when opposed to the focal point, and this when the machine was twenty-five feet under the surface of the water!—*From the MS. Journal of the Bristol Nursery Library.*

The Cowslip and Polyanthus.

By sowing the seed of the wild cowslip in the garden, a number of varieties will be produced, some of which have flowers of a beautiful bright red colour. May not this process be the first step towards the formation of our garden polyanthus? If that be not, as is generally supposed, a variety of the primrose, rather than of the cowslip.—*Gard. Mag.*

French Method of making Coffee.

The principal points are these:—The coffee,—*Turkey or Bourbon*,—should be roasted only till it is of a *cinnamon colour*, and closely covered up during the process of roasting. In France this is done in closed iron cylinders, turned over a fire by a handle, like a grindstone. The coffee should be coarsely ground soon after it is roasted, but not until quite cool: some think its *aroma* is better preserved by beating in a mortar, but this is tedious. The proportions for *making coffee* are usually *one pint of boiling water to two and a half ounces of coffee.* The coffee being put into the water, the coffee-pot should be covered up, and left for two hours surrounded with hot cinders, so as to keep up the temperature, without making the liquor boil. Occasionally stir it, and after two hours' infusion, remove it from the fire, and allow it a quarter of an hour to settle, and when perfectly clear, decant it. Isinglass, or harts-horn shavings, are sometimes used to clarify coffee; but by this addition you lose a great portion of its delicious aroma.

Coffee in England is generally *over-roasted*, and to this fault arise all the inconveniences which are so often attributed to coffee, but which, in reality, are produced by the imperfect modes of its preparation.—*From the Coffee-Drinker's Manual, translated from the French.*

Ivy.

Attached to the officers' barracks at Winchester, is a very fine specimen of ivy; its trunk has been severed off to a height of more than two feet from the ground, yet it has for years continued in healthy vegetation.—*Gard. Mag.*

Parasite Sycamore.

In Kinmel Park, Denbighshire, is an oak tree, which, twenty or thirty years ago, lost one of its largest branches by the wind, and a partial decay was the consequence; a key from a neighbouring sycamore fell into the fracture, which, vegetating, has formed for the old mutilated oak a new head. This parasite appears to have so completely seated itself, that, though the place of its first lodgment is twelve feet from the ground, it is thought that its roots will very soon penetrate to the earth, and at last destroy its venerable nurse.—*Ibid.*

Turpentine.

Common turpentine is the produce of the Scotch pine. Trees with the thickest bark, and which are most exposed to the sun, generally yield the most turpentine. The first incision is made near the foot of the tree, and as the resin flows most abundantly in hot weather, the operations are begun about the end of May, and continued to September. The juice is received into holes dug in the ground, is afterwards taken out with iron ladles, poured into pails, and removed to a hollow trunk, capacious enough to hold three or four barrels. *Essential oil of turpentine* is obtained by distillation. *Common resin* is the residuum of the process for obtaining the essential oil. *Tar* is obtained from the roots and other parts of old trees. *Med. Botany.*

Gum Arabic.

The purest and finest gum arabic is brought in caravans to Cairo, by the Arabs of the country round Mounts Tor and Sinai, who bring it from this distance on the backs of camels, sown up in bags, and often adulterated with sand, &c. The gum exudes spontaneously from the bark and trunk of the branches of the tree, in a soft, nearly fluid state, and hardens by exposure to the air, or heat of the sun. It begins to flow in December, immediately after the rainy season, near the flowering time of the tree. Afterwards, as the weather becomes hotter, incisions are made through the bark, to assist the transudation of the juice.—*Ibid.*

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SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A R**T.

Written by Himself.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THIS is a pleasant piece of satire upon the *autobiographic* mania of the present day. The original article extends to twenty pages, and is throughout a masterly graphic sketch. We have marked a few extracts, which we shall endeavour to connect.

"A R—t! a R—t! clap to the door."
POPE.

As I intend to write the following pages entirely for my own amusement, and as they will most probably never meet the eye of mortal man, who alone can decipher them, it is unnecessary for me to make any observations on the doctrine of metempsychosis, to which indeed my reader (if there shall ever be one) may perhaps not be inclined to give implicit belief. It is unnecessary for me, therefore, to begin by alluding to my former visit to this earth. I shall not even hint, whether if it ever took place, it was in antediluvian ages, or during the Babylonian, Grecian, or Roman glory; or in more modern times. Be assured, however, gentle reader, (if any there ever be,) that I have the faculty of observation—that I have seen many generations of men—that I have been in almost every corner of the habitable world, and that I am intimately acquainted with the history of mankind.—(Sir Walter Scott's Novels I have listened to with the greatest attention!)—I have eat opium in Constantinople—garlic in Italy—potatoes in Ireland. I have dabbled my whiskers in Guava jelly—have drunk rack at Delhi, and at New South Wales I have enjoyed the luxuries of Kangaroo soup and Opossum gravy. I have been at the Highland-moors with young Englishmen—at Melton with young Scotsmen, and at bathing-quarters with old dowagers and their daughters. I have travelled in all ways—by seas—by land—on foot—on horseback—in a carriage—in a ship—in a palanquin—in a muff; but the motion of the camel I never could bear, it so jolted my poor old bones, and discomposed my whole body. India never agreed well with me. The insects, not to mention the serpents, annoyed me. The heat made me quite bilious; and, indeed, I began to feel my liver affected. And however partial I naturally was to perfumes, I soon had a great dislike to the strong smell of musk, which I felt about myself, and which, as I observe every historian agrees, very soon begins to appear in all of my species who reside for any time in India. Musk should not of itself be disagreeable; but to have it constantly below one's nose, and to have every thing you touch smelling of it, you may easily conceive must be very annoying.

The Count de Buffon, whom we reckon one of our best historians, I see, says we are an omnivorous animal, and that we only seem to prefer hard substances to those which are tender or succulent. In this, however, he is mistaken; at least I can answer for myself. I know, for my part, I prefer mulligatawney and a tender young chicken, to an old pair of boots or a well-picked bone.

I have the misfortune, my reader, whoever you may be, to belong to a race to which you have an aversion; I may say a perfect horror. I am a wretched proscribed animal. A lady would faint at the sight of me; and if I should merely run across a room, a whole legion of boys and footmen would be after me; and if they should kill me, they themselves, and I am afraid every other person, would give them credit for doing a meritorious action. But, gentle reader, our character is worse than it should be. Although we never received any kindness from man, I am sure I can answer for myself, at least, I have not very often done him mischief for mischief's sake; and do remember that I did not choose my own form, and that perhaps I am now doomed to animate it from the contempt and cruelty, with which, in better days, I may have used the species. But I moralize, and this does not well suit my present condition. You may think it as ridiculous an idea as an oyster in love, which, I remember, used to tickle my fancy. I must only for one moment be allowed to observe, that man bestows far too much care and attention on that green-eyed monster, which I do detest—I mean the cat. If we were caressed and made much of like it, and half so carefully attended to, I am sure we would make a much better return, and be truly grateful and attached. My friend Buffon seems perfectly to understand their character, and I must be allowed to quote a sentence or two from him, which I know will be much more credited than any thing I could myself say. "They possess," says he, "an innate malice, and perverse disposition, which increase as they grow up, and which education teaches them to conceal, but not to subdue. From determined robbers, the best education can only convert them into flat-

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tering thieves, for they have address, subtlety, and desire of plunder."....." They easily assume the habits of society, but never acquire its manners, for they have only the appearance of attachment and friendship." And again he says, "the cat appears to have no feelings which are not interested—to have no affection which is not conditional—and to carry on no intercourse with man, but with the view of turning it to his own advantage. Even the tamest are under no subjection, for they act merely to please themselves."

The dog is a very different animal. He is really attached to his master, and only lives to serve him. A dog is a perfect gentleman, and I love to fight with gentlemen.

The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, says,—"Beware of dogs!" c. iii. v. 2. Now, I cannot help always having thought, that he must have meant cats. It is very easy to suppose the Greek word "κυνας," may have crept in instead of "γαλας;" and this, indeed, is I believe, corroborated by the folio manuscript copy of the Bible, of 1223, in the British Museum.

Our race is generally said to have come from some of the islands in the Levant, or according to others, from Sweden; but I can ascertain with certainty, that my family came to France along with the Huns, and that my immediate ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. I consider my blood, therefore, as purely British as any of the inhabitants of the island. There is a tradition among us, that the descendants of the pair who cruised with old Noah, settled in the north of Asia, and that we were to be found no where else for about 500 years afterwards. As to this, however, I do not pretend to speak with certainty; but one thing I know, that wherever man is seen to inhabit, we are to be found—wherever he goes, we attend him. We sent out parties to make discoveries with Vasquez de Gama, Dampier, Anson, and Cook, and although we English gentlemen (who have no blood-relationship with the Norwegians) are known to have such a natural abhorrence at cold, the love of science prevailed, and a strong party were sent to the frozen seas with Ross, Lyon, and Parry. Pontoppidan sagely observes, that "neither the wood nor water R*ts can live farther north than Norway; that there are several districts, as that of Hordenvor, in the diocese of Bergen, and others in the diocese of Aggerhum, where no R*ts are to be found; and that the R*ts on the south banks of the Vormen soon perish, when carried to the north side of it." But we do not reckon Mr Pontoppidan a historian implicitly to be believed, and indeed the Admiralty took such care of us, that we might have remained for years at the Pole itself, without even having the toothache!

We always accompany the first visiters of countries, and when they take possession for their king, we do so for ourselves; and without being put to much trouble in carrying out stores, we have always the best and the pick of every thing. Often have I laughed at the pains man took to preserve his property from man. Stone and iron are made to do their best—armed sentries walking night and day—when all the time I have, with the coolest composure, been daily wallowing in the best of every thing. Nature abhors a vacuum, and will not allow us to starve, especially in the midst of plenty; but I may safely say, that I never wantonly destroyed, and, if possible, have always preferred the rich man's store.

Before the flood, as the cave of Yorkshire no doubt proves, we were to be found in this island—but upon this subject I shall not enter at present. Probably what is now Britain, was not then an island—I leave this, however, to wiser heads!

In the beginning of the year ——, my parents accompanied the baggage of the ——— Dragoon Guards to Scotland. They told me they came in the carts with the sergeants' wives, as being the most comfortable. I was born above one of the stables on the east side of the court of Piershill barracks, or as I used to hear the soldiers then call it, "Jock's Lodge," which is within a mile and a half of Edinburgh. My father was a kind, sensible gentleman, and was much esteemed by all his friends; and I sincerely forgive him for the great desire, and the many attempts he made to eat me up. It was a natural instinct, and poor fellow, he could not be blamed for it. If he had succeeded, it would have saved me many vexations and trials, but my poor mother thought otherwise; and I am sure she fought most valiantly with my father whenever he made any attempt of the kind.

[He might, perhaps, have lived and died in the barracks where he was born, had it not been for his miraculous escape from a *hunt* by the officers of the dragoons. A few nights afterwards a large band of R*ts made an excursion of several miles, and in returning, remained for a day or two at Leith. "It being a sea-port, they met with some of their own species from all parts of the world, the

language of most of whom they could not understand."—He travels in the pocket of a captain to Edinburgh. His adventures in this city are very amusing. He next sails for Holland.]

We set sail in a few days with a fair wind down the Frith, and soon left the Bass and the May behind us. I must confess, I was a little afraid, when, for the first time, I was out of sight of land. It is a dismal thought to have nothing but sea and sky around, and only a frail plank between us and the fathomless depths of ocean. This was my first voyage; but many a day and month and year have I spent on the water since that time.

I was a little squeamish or so for the first day, but nothing like some of our passengers. The great secret I have always found, is to eat plenty, and drink a little brandy; that is much better than all your quack receipts.

We had a dog on board, but he was a lasy, mangy fellow, and gave us little trouble. The wind continued favourable, and on the sixth evening, the lights of Goeree and Helvoetsluis were visible. Some of the passengers left us at the latter town; but I merely went ashore and took a rapid look of the streets, and of the guard-ship, which was in the Dock in the centre of the town, and returned to the smack by the captain's boat. I saw rather a curious scene on board the man-of-war. Some of her men had been engaged in a row the previous night, and were sentenced to be flogged. After being stripped, they seemed to dip each man in the water before commencing the more disagreeable part of the operation. If I had not been in such a hurry, I should certainly have made bold to have carried a biscuit to a poor little midshipman, who was condemned to remain twelve hours at the mast-head for some nonsense or other, and who looked most miserably cold.

Mynheer is certainly a strange fat-bottomed animal after all. His pipe never seems to be out of his mouth, nor his hands out of his pockets. The pilots who came on board, with their very little hats, their immense wide, short breeches, and large wooden shoes, surprised me not a little. The Dutch get the credit of being very cleanly, but I cannot say much as to that, in their persons at least. The Bad Huis, or Bath Hotel, which is on the Boom Keys, the best street in Rotterdam, was recommended to me as the only one a gentleman could go to, and there accordingly I and four of the passengers took up our quarters.

Upon the whole, there did not appear much to be seen in the town. The inhabitants seemed more an eating and drinking sort of people than any thing else Their ferries through the town are a very great nuisance, as one cannot always have a doit about them; and a surly, brown, Dutch rascal at one time had the impudence to stop me till I had to borrow from a friend. The statue of Erasmus is a shabby concern.

A party were intending, I found, to make a trip along the Rhine; so I thought I could not do better than join them. We went by the Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. With the last, I was much disappointed. They say it contains 200,000 human inhabitants, but it has not even a tolerable hotel. The famous Haarlem tulip gardens, I of course visited, particularly those of Van Eeden. I wonder what the fools could see in tulips, who gave 10,000 guilders for one root. The organ is certainly very fine; but it nearly cracked the drum of my ears.

When at Amsterdam, I was nearly carried off to Archangel, which would, at the time, have been rather a bore indeed. After a grand let-off, given by a rich burgo-master, to which my friends got me a special invitation, I incautiously exceeded in the curaçoa, of which I did not at all then know the strength. The vessel put to sea, and I had enough to do to secure my retreat in the pilot boat. From Amsterdam we proceeded in a curious, large diligence to Utrecht, and from that to Cologne. We had twelve (human) passengers inside, who smoked the whole time without intermission. I, as well as all my species, are most partial to perfumes, and I did not therefore fail to visit the representative of Signior Jean Marie Farina in his shop, No. 4568, à la rue haute à Cologne. Nothing struck me particularly in this town of Cologne. The streets are very narrow, and seemed dull enough. To be sure, the principal one, which is said to be a German league in length, is rather fine. The old convent of the Ladies of St. Ursula, is curious at least. They show you in it the bones of 11,000 virgins, who they say were murdered by the Huns at the time of their invasion, when they destroyed the town. I might easily have had a taste of them; but I had no fancy for such antiquated old maids. In the Cathedral, or Dom, as they call it, you see the tomb of the three famous kings of Cologne, and the gold and silver chests which contain the bones of the Holy Engelberth. I don't think, in the whole town, there is any thing else worth the trouble of looking at. The hotel "Le Prince Charles," I found tolerably com-

fortable: there is a good French cook, but he is a saucy fellow.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,
Evermore turning to his mother's face,
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies;
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung;
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,
When by his cradle low I watched and sung—
While still in memory's ear his father's promise rung.

Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,
As memory brought my hours of agony
Again before my mind:—I mourned his doom;
I mourned my own: the sunny little room
In which, oppress'd by sickness, now I lay,
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,
Had been my own in childhood's early day.
Oh! could those years indeed so soon have passed away!

Past, as the waters of the running brook;
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers!
All that remained, a word—a tone—a look,
Impressed, by chance, in those bright joyous hours;
Blossoms which, culled from youth's light fairy bowers,
Still float with lingering scent, as loath to fade,
In spite of sin's remorseless, whelming powers,
Above the wreck which time and grief have made,
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin laid.

The Sorrows of Rosalie.

FAGGING AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE following outline of a recent quarrel at Winchester School serves to illustrate the *System* of *Fagging* as practised at one of our leading schools, among the "future clergy, lawyers, legislators, and peers of England." It is extracted from a pamphlet by Sir Alexander Malet, Bart.; and we hope this *expose* will lead to the extermination of the "custom:"—

The prefects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of course keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the prefects are at breakfast or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a prefect requires any thing to be done. During that part of the short half-year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and is was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly; the consequence has been, that they have come to it older and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the prefects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper-time, and being seen by the senior prefect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the course keeper as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision. The course keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall; and the prefect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement. To this, however, the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second prefect laid hold of him, that he might not evade the beating destined for him: a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two prefects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted. The prefects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled the boy who had refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the prefect from punishing him.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas
The track no more is found:
Thus passing down Oblivion's tide,
The beauteous visions of the mind
Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.

But the pure page may still impart
Some dream of feeling, else untold,—
The silent record of a heart,
E'en when that heart is cold:

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Its lorn memorials here may bloom,—
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb
Bedewed with Beauty's tear.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine,—
Enough for me to leave my name
Within this hallow'd shrine;
To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For him who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
With bosom silent and serene,
And but the plank upon the shore
Reveals that wrecks have been.
So some frail leaf like this may be
Left floating on Time's silent tide,—
The sole remaining trace of me,—
To tell I lived and died.

Malcolm's Scenes of War, &c.

THE SUICIDE LOVER.

A YOUNG man, of rich and respectable parents, was for a long time passionately in love with a young lady of the same town, whose birth and fortune were equal to his own; he had also the good fortune not to displease the young lady. Both families were anxious to bring the business to a conclusion; notwithstanding which the intended always found some specious pretext to put off the ceremony. The parents of the lady, after yielding for some time to the different excuses of their future son-in-law, as they could not find out the motive, began to be weary of being put off so often, and at last declared to him that a rival, who was his equal in every thing, had presented himself, and that if he did not soon make up his mind, they should be obliged to give up to the desire of his rival. The young man upon this information made up his mind; and, after the necessary arrangements, the day for the ceremony arrived. The bride, the two families and friends, were assembled, and waited only for the bridegroom in order to proceed to church, when a servant arrived with the sad intelligence that his master was taken suddenly ill, and in consequence requested that the celebration of the nuptials might once more be deferred for a few days. Two of his friends, who witnessed both the surprise and even the indignation which was marked on every countenance, left the party, and hastened to the gentleman's house, and pointed out in such strong colours the folly, as well as the bad consequences of his behaviour, that he sent them away, assuring them that he would dress himself and follow them immediately. But an hour having elapsed, and no bridegroom appearing, the two friends again set out to inquire into the cause of the delay, which seemed to them more than ever extraordinary. They had just arrived at the foot of his staircase, when they heard the report of a pistol. They hastened to ascend, and having forced open the door of the young man's apartment, they found him dead upon the floor, weltering in his blood. They were so shocked at the sight before them, that they could not return to announce the fatal news, but instantly dispatched a servant for that purpose. It is more easy to conceive than describe the consternation such a piece of intelligence was likely to throw every one into; but the situation of the bride was most to be pitied; she not only lost a lover just on the point of being her husband, but fancied that he had received some calumnious information which caused him to prefer death to the necessity of being united to her. It was some days before this mystery was cleared up, as it was not until the seals were broken, that they found the following written paper in his desk, dated eight days before the fatal catastrophe:—"I adore Mademoiselle de N———, and shall do so all my life. Her virtues surpassed if possible her charms; and I would sacrifice the last drop of my blood rather than cause her the least uneasiness. But the cruel and dangerous passion of jealousy possesses me to such a degree, that notwithstanding all her merits, the bare idea of a rival makes me wretched. Every effort on my part, joined to the voice of reason, has never been able to eradicate this dreadful poison from my heart, and which I fear is incurable. If I yield to my penchant for her, and become her husband, instead of being a tender lover, of which she is so worthy, I should be a tyrant, whose frenzy would render her more miserable than myself. They press me to bring our union to a conclusion, they threaten me also with a rival, who without doubt deserves her more than I. How can I, miserable wretch that I am, how can I ward off the blow which threatens me? I flatter myself, at least; to have succeeded in my endeavours to conceal the vice of a heart which, although entirely her own, can never exterminate the miserable passion which possesses it. The time approaches with rapid strides when I must make up my mind. Good Heaven direct me! shall I risk making her unhappy? Can I resolve to see her the wife of another? Never, no never! rather let me die a hundred deaths. ....."

This unfortunate youth had written no more, but it was sufficient to prove that he had sacrificed himself for the happiness of his mistress.

Album of Love.

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THE CRUSADER'S SONG.

"Remember the Holy Sepulchre."

Forget the land which gave ye birth—
Forget the womb that bore ye—
Forget each much-loved spot of earth—
Forget each dream of glory—
Forget the friends that by your side
Stood firm as rocks unbroken—
Forget the late affianced bride,
And every dear love token—
Forget the hope that in each breast
Glow'd like a smould'ring ember—
But still the Holy Sepulchre,
Remember! oh remember!

Remember all the vows ye've sworn
At holy Becket's altar—
Remember all the ills ye've borne,
And scorn'd to shrink or falter—
Remember every laurel'd field,
Which saw the Crescent waving—
Remember when compell'd to yield,
Uncounted numbers braving:
Remember these, remember too
The cause ye strive for, ever;
The Cross! the Holy Sepulchre!
Forget—forget them never!

By Him who in that Sepulchre
Was laid in Death's cold keeping—
By Her who bore, who rear'd him, Her
Who by that Cross sat weeping—
By those, whose blood so oft has cried
Revenge for souls unshriven!—
By those, whose sacred precepts guide
The path to yonder Heaven!
From youth to age, from morn to eve
From Spring-tide to December,
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ
Remember! oh remember!

Literary Remains of Henry Neele.

A SERENADE.

Wake, Lady, wake! the midnight Moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;
The Stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining in our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, Lady! wake! the nightingale
Tells to the Moon her love-lorn tale;
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all Earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady! wake! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment, rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night-air;
Th' appointed hour is flown.
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thou alone!

Wake, Lady! wake! I have a wreath
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, Love! but thine—
I've kept my plighted vow;
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thine own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand—
But where art thou?

Wake, Lady! wake! She wakes! she wakes!
Through the green mead her course she takes;
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray;
Now mount thy palfrey, Maiden kind!
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But swifter than the viewless wind,
Away! away!

Ibid.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

FILTHY WATER.

If the unhappy victims of mud-juice had constant access to the solar microscope, and there was occasionally in London a little sunshine to set off the animated bedevilments which are crowded into the composition, and could see thousands of animals, generated in filth, and living in the highest spirits and the greatest abundance, in the stuff destined for their stomachs, they would go mad. Boiled down in tea (for which, in the midst of *starvation*, a cockney pays five hundred per cent. beyond its value, and a tax of five hundred per cent. more than that,) these centipedes, toads, small alligators, large worms, white bait, snails, caterpillars, maggots, eels, minnows, weeds, moss, offal in detachments, gas-juice, vinegar lees, tallow droppings, galls, particles of dead men, women, children, horses, and dogs, train-oil, copper, dye-stuff, soot, and dead fish, are all, according to the chemistry of the washerwomen, neutralized, mollified, clarified, and rectified—but this we doubt; and if any of the unhappy persons who imbibe nastiness fourteen times a week, under the idea that it is good and wholesome because it is hot, will take the trouble to look at the agreeable deposit in the bottom of the "slop-basin," they will find that independent of all the muddy, fishy, oily, gaseous, animal and vegetable stuff, introduced into their stomachs under the guise of that most poisonous of all herbs, tea, they are in the habit of swallowing mud, earth, stones, sand, and gravel, in quantities sufficient to establish in less than three months spaces of land as big as Cornish freeholds in their insides.—*John Bull.*

NAPOLEON.

While Napoleon was a subaltern in the army, a Russian officer remarked, with much self-sufficiency, "That his country fought for glory and the French for gain."—"You are perfectly right," answered Napoleon; "every one fights for that which he does not possess." Ina.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Sir Richard Steele, who represented the borough of Stockbridge, Hants, in parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, carried his election against a powerful opposition, by sticking a large apple full

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of guineas, and declaring that it should be the prize of that man whose wife was first brought to bed after that day nine months. This merry offer procured him the interest of the ladies, who, it is said, commemorate Sir Richard's bounty to this day, and once made a vigorous effort to procure a standing order of the corporation, that no man should ever be received as a candidate who did not offer himself on the same terms. HALBERT H.

EPITAPH ON A SILLY, DRUNKEN SOT.

His life and death five letters do express;
A. B. C. he knew not, and he died of
X. S. G. J. F.

CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

TARRAGON.

We recommend our correspondent, *Qy?* to steep shalots and tarragon in vinegar, to be used as a sauce with rump-steaks. Or he may chop the shalots and tarragon *very fine*, and sprinkle them over the meat. Tarragon sprinkled over mutton chops is a nice relish; and with *sauce piquante* flavoured with the above vinegar, makes a dish on "which the gods might dine."

PEREMPTORY CONCLUSION.

An advocate, whose pleading appeared too diffuse for the cause he was defending, had received an order from the first president to abridge it; but the former, without omitting a word of his intended address, replied in a firm tone, that all he uttered was essential. The president, hoping at length to make him silent, said to him, "The court orders you to *conclude*." "Well," replied the advocate, "then I *conclude* that the court shall hear me."

GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognised?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

SINGULAR MISTAKE.

A courtier was playing at piquet, and was greatly annoyed by a short-sighted man with a long nose. To get rid of it he took his pocket handkerchief and wiped his troublesome neighbour's nose. "Ah, sir," said he immediately, "I really beg your pardon, I took it for my own."

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

During the revolution, a young man was travelling in the Diligence to Lyons with "*a brother and a friend*," when they had got about half way the latter's purse became empty; "*Brother*," said he to the young man, "pay for me, and I will return it to you at Lyons." "I cannot."—"Why, are we not brothers?" "Oh certainly, but *our purses are not sisters*."

SPANISH REFUGEES.

As philanthropy is of no *caste* or creed, let us dip our pen "in the milk of human kindness," and recommend each of our readers to contribute the amount of the Mirror purchase-money — *Twopence* — to the fund for relief of the Spanish Refugees.

THE ANNUALS.

The Supplement announced in No. 340 of the Mirror, will be published next Saturday, December 6, and will contain Notices of such of the Annuals as were not included in the previous Supplement, with a Fine Engraving, and their *Spirit*, or *Second Sight*.

LIMBIRD'S EDITION OF THE

Following Novels are already Published:

	s.	d.
Mackenzie's Man of Feeling	0	6
Paul and Virginia	0	6
The Castle of Otranto	0	6
Almoran and Hamet	0	6
Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia	0	6
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne	0	6
Rasselas	0	8
The Old English Baron	0	8
Nature and Art	0	8
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	0	10
Sicilian Romance	1	0
The Man of the World	1	0
A Simple Story	1	4
Joseph Andrews	1	6
Humphry Clinker	1	8
The Romance of the Forest	1	8
The Italian	2	0
Zeluco, by Dr. Moore	2	6
Edward, by Dr. Moore	2	0
Roderick Random	2	6
The Mysteries of Udolpho	3	6

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 344.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2d.

Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miners' blast, upon her height,
Yet shews of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength, did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

Childe Harold.

SPIRIT OF THE "ANNUALS."

WE have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the MIRROR, the completion of our notices of these very elegant publications; and in pursuance of the plan of our former Supplement, we are enabled to assemble within the present sheet the characteristics of *eight works*, whilst our quotations include *fourteen* prose tales and sketches, and poetical pieces, of great merit.

The above engraving and its pendant are copied from the *Literary Souvenir*, specially noticed in our last Supplement. The original is a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. and the plate in the *Souvenir* is by J. Pye—both artists of high excellence in their respective departments:—

The waters of the Rhine have long maintained their pre-eminence, as forming one of the mightiest and loveliest among the highways of Europe.

But among all its united trophies of art and nature, there is not one more brightly endowed with picturesque beauty, or ro-

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mantic association, than the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. When the eye of our own Childe Harold rested upon its "shattered wall," and when the pencil of Turner immortalized its season of desolation, it had been smitten in the pride of its strength by the iron glaive of war; and its blackened fragments and stupendous ruins had their voice for the heart of the moralist, as well as their charm for the inspired mind of genius. But now that military art hath knit those granite ribs anew,—now that the beautiful eminence rears once more its crested head, like a sculptured Cybele, with a coronet of towers,—new feelings, and an altered scale of admiration wait upon its glories. Once more it uplifts its giant height beside the Rhine, repelling in Titan majesty the ambition of France; once more, by its united gifts of natural position and scientific aid, it appears prepared to vindicate its noble appellation of "the broad stone of honour."

The Musical Souvenir.

THIS is an elegant little collection of seven songs, a trio, duet, and glee, set to music, or "as they are appointed to be said or sung." As we have not our musical types in order, we can only give our readers a specimen of its literary merits. The first piece is Akenside's beautiful Invocation to Cheerfulness; this is pleasingly contrasted with a Song to the Forget-me-not, by Mrs. Opie. Then follow five pieces from recent volumes of Friendship's Offering and the Amulet. The three remaining compositions (expressly for the work) are a Song by T. Bradford, Esq.; a Scotch Song, by Mr. Feist; and the following pathetic Lines, by the Rev. Thomas Dale:—

OFT as the broad sun dips
Beneath the western sea,
A prayer is on my lips,
Dearest! a prayer for thee.
I know not where thou wand'rest now,
O'er ocean-wave, or mountain brow—
I only know that He,
Who hears the suppliant's prayer,
Where'er thou art, on land or sea,
Alone can shield thee there.

Oft as the bright dawn breaks
Behind the eastern hill,
Mine eye from slumber wakes,
My heart is with the still—
For thee my latest vows were said,
For thee my earliest prayers are pray'd—
And O! when storms shall lour
Above the swelling sea,
Be it thy shield, in danger's hour,
That I have pray'd for thee.

Whether we consider the purity of its sentiments and the amiable tone of feeling, or its merit as a musical work, we are induced to recommend the present volume as an elegant present for a musical friend, and it will doubtless become a favourite with thousands of graceful pianists. Thanks to the Muses, our lyrical poetry is rapidly rising in the literary scale, when such beautiful compositions as those of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon are no sooner written than set to music.

The *Musical Souvenir* is embellished with two engravings and a presentation plate, and bound in crimson silk—so that it has all the attractions of the annual Christmas presents, except *prose*.

The Keepsake.

Edited by F. M. Reynolds, Esq.

THIS is a magnificent affair, and is one of the proud triumphs of the union of Painting, Engraving, and Literature—to which we took occasion to allude in a recent number of THE MIRROR. Each department is *unique*, and the lists are like the Morning Post account of a drawing room, or Almack's—the princes of the arts, and the peers of the pen. *Painters*—Lawrence, Howard, Corbould, Westall, Turner, Landseer, Stephanoff, Chalon, Stothard, &c. *Engravers*—C. Heath, Finden, Engleheart, Portbury, Wallis, Rolls, Goodyear, &c. *Contributors*—Scott, Mackintosh, Moore, the Lords Normanby, Morpeth, Porchester, Holland, Gower, and Nugent; Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Hook, Lockhart, Croker, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Landon; and the cost of the whole *eleven thousand guineas!* Of course, such a book has not been the work of a day, month, or, perhaps, a year; and its literature entitles it to a permanent place in the library, where we hope to see it stand *auro perennius*; were its fate to be otherwise, we should condemn the public—for we hate ingratitude in every shape—and write in the first page the epitaph—*For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.* A guinea to twopence—Hyperion to a Satyr—how can we extend the fame of *The Keepsake!*

We cannot particularize the engravings; but they are all worthy companions of the frontispiece—a lovely portrait of Mrs. Peel, engraved by Heath, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. In the literary department—a very court of fiction—is, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, a tale of forty-four pages; and, The Tapestried Chamber, by Sir Walter Scott; both much too long for extract, which would indeed be almost unfair. Next comes an exquisite gem—

ON LOVE.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

WHAT is Love? Ask him who lives

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what is life; ask him who adores what is God.

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburden my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is Love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope, beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood:—this is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed: a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness: a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper Paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands: this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us; we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of Spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dances of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

This and a fragment, with a character of Mr. Canning, by Sir James Mackintosh, are the *transcendentals* of the volume; as are the tale—The Half-brothers, by Mr. Banim, with an Ossian-like plate of the heroine; The Sisters of Albano, by Mrs. Shelley—Death of the Laird's Jock, by the author of Waverley—and Ferdinando Eboli, by Mrs. Shelley, with Adelinda, a plate, by Heath, on which we could feast our eyes for a full hour. Next, a sketch, by Theodore Hook, part of which will serve to vary our sheet:—

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

* * * "To-morrow morning," said my friend, "when you awake, the power will be your own; and so, sir, I wish you a very good night."—"But, sir," said I, anxious to be better assured of the speedy fulfilment of the

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wish of my heart, (for such indeed it was,) "may I have the honour of knowing your name and address?"—"Ha, ha, ha!" said the old gentleman; "*my* name and address; ha, ha, ha! my name is pretty familiar to you, young gentleman; and as for my address, I dare say you will find your way to me some day or another, and so, once more, good night."—Saying which, he descended the stairs and quitted the house, leaving me to surmise who my extraordinary visiter could be. I never *knew;* but I recollect, that after he was gone, I heard one of the old ladies scolding a servant-girl for wasting so many matches in lighting the candles, and making such a terrible smell of brimstone in the house. I was now all anxiety to get to bed, not because I was sleepy, but because it seemed to me as if going to bed would bring me nearer to the time of getting up, when I should be master of the miraculous power which had been promised me. I rang the bell; my servant was still out; it was unusual for him to be absent at so late an hour. I waited until the clock struck eleven, but he came not; and resolving to reprimand him in the morning, I retired to rest. Contrary to my expectation, and, as it seemed to me, to the ordinary course of nature, considering the excitement under which I was labouring, I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I dropped into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my servant's entrance to my room. The instant I awoke, I sat up in bed, and began to reflect on what had passed, and for a moment to doubt whether it had not been all a dream. However, it was daylight; the period had arrived when the proof of my newly acquired power might be made. —"Barton," said I to my man, "why were you not at home last night?"—"I had to wait, sir, nearly three hours," he replied, "for an answer to the letter which you sent to Major Sheringham."—"That is not true," said I; and, to my infinite surprise, I appeared to *recollect* a series of occurrences, of which I never had previously heard, and could have known nothing: "you went to see your sweetheart, Betsy Collyer, at Camberwell, and took her to a tea-garden, and gave her cakes and cider, and saw her home again: you mean to do exactly the same thing on Sunday, and to-morrow you mean to ask me for your quarter's wages, although not due till Monday, in order to buy her a new shawl."—The man stood aghast: it was all true. I was quite as much surprised as the man.—"Sir," said Barton, who had served me for seven years without having once been found fault with, "I see you think me unworthy your confidence; you could not have known this, if you had not watched, and followed, and overheard me and my sweetheart; my character will get me through the world without being looked after. I can stay with you no longer; you will please, sir, to provide yourself with another servant."—"But Barton," said I, "I did not follow or watch you; I—"—"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied; "it is not for *me* to contradict; but you'll forgive me, sir, I would rather go; I *must* go."

At this moment I was on the very point of easing his mind, and retaining my faithful servant by a disclosure of my power; but it was yet too new to be parted with; so I affected an anger I did not feel, and told him he might go where he pleased. I had, however, ascertained that the old gentleman had not deceived me in his promises; and, elated with the possession of my extraordinary faculty, I hurried the operation of dressing, and before I had concluded it, my ardent friend Sheringham was announced; he was waiting in the breakfast-room. At the same moment, a note from the lovely Fanny Haywood was delivered to me—from the divine girl who, in the midst of all my scientific abstraction, could "chain my worldly feelings for a moment." "Sheringham, my dear fellow," said I, as I advanced to welcome him, "what makes you so early a visiter this morning?"—"An anxiety," replied Sheringham, "to tell you that my uncle, whose interest I endeavoured to procure for you, in regard to the appointment for which you expressed a desire, has been compelled to recommend a relation of the marquess; this gives me real pain, but I thought it would be best to put you out of suspense as soon as possible."—"Major Sheringham," said I, drawing myself up coldly, "if this matter concerns you so deeply as you seem to imply that it does, might I ask why you so readily agreed to your uncle's proposition or chimed in with his suggestion, to bestow the appointment on this relation of the marquess, in order that *you* might, in return for it, obtain the promotion for which you are so anxious?"—"My dear fellow," said Sheringham, evidently confused, "I—I—never chimed in; my uncle certainly pointed out the possibility to which you allude, but *that* was merely contingent upon what he could not refuse to do."—"Sheringham," said I, "your uncle has already secured for you the promotion, and you will be gazetted for the lieutenant-colonelcy of your regiment on Tuesday. I am not to be told that you

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called at the Horse-guards, in your way to your uncle's yesterday, to ascertain the correctness of the report of the vacancy which you had received from your friend Macgregor; or that *you*, elated by the prospect before you, were the person, in fact, to suggest the arrangement which has been made, and promise your uncle 'to smooth me over' for the present."—"Sir," said Sheringham, "where you picked up this intelligence I know not; but I must say, that such mistrust, after years of undivided intimacy, is not becoming, or consistent with the character which I hitherto supposed you to possess. When by sinister means the man we look upon as a friend descends to be a spy upon our actions, confidence is at an end, and the sooner our intercourse ceases, the better. Without some such conduct, how could you become possessed of the details upon which you have grounded your opinion of my conduct?"—"I—," and here again was a temptation to confess and fall; but I had not the courage to do it. "Suffice it, Major Sheringham, to say, I knew it; and, moreover, I know, that when you leave me, your present irritation will prompt you to go to your uncle and check the disposition he feels at this moment to serve me."—"This is too much, sir," said Sheringham; "this must be our last interview, unless indeed your unguarded conduct towards me, and your intemperate language concerning me, may render one more meeting necessary; and so, sir, here ends our acquaintance."—Saying which, Sheringham, whose friendship even to my enlightened eye was nearly as sincere as any other man's, quitted my room, fully convinced of my meanness and unworthiness; my heart sank within me when I heard the door close upon him for the last time. I now possessed the power I had so long desired, and in less than an hour had lost a valued friend and a faithful servant. Nevertheless, Barton *had* told me a falsehood, and Sheringham *was* gazetted on the Tuesday night.

* * * * * * * *

I went into the Water-colour Exhibition at Charing-cross; there I heard two artists complimenting each other, while their hearts were bursting with mutual envy. There, too, I found a mild, modest-looking lady, listening to the bewitching nothings of her husband's particular friend; and I knew, as I saw her frown and abruptly turn away from him with every appearance of real indignation, that she had at that very moment mentally resolved to elope with him the following night. In Harding's shop I found authors congregated "to laugh the sultry hours away," each watching to catch his neighbour's weak point, and make it subject matter of mirth in his evening's conversation. I saw a viscount help his father out of his carriage with every mark of duty and veneration, and knew that he was actually languishing for the earldom and estates of the venerable parent of whose health he was apparently taking so much care. At Howell and James's I saw more than I could tell, if I had ten times the space afforded me that I have; and I concluded my tour by dropping in at the National Gallery, where the ladies and gentlemen seemed to prefer nature to art, and were actively employed in looking at the pictures, and thinking of themselves. Oh! it was a strange time then, when every man's heart was open to me, and I could sit, and see, and hear, all that was going on, and know the workings of the inmost feelings of my associates; however, I must not detain the reader with reflections.

Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl, is an intensely interesting tale by Lord Normanby, with a most effective illustration by Heath.

But the prose of the "Keepsake" is decidedly superior to the *poetry*, notwithstanding the high names in the latter list. Mr. Moore's contribution is, however, only sixteen lines. The poetical pieces consist chiefly of fragments or "scraps"—among which those on Italy, by Lord Morpeth; and three by Shelley, are very beautiful. Our specimen is—

THE VICTIM BRIDE.

By W. B. Harrison.

I saw her in her summer bow'r, and oh! upon my sight
Methought there never beam'd a form more beautiful and bright!
So young, so fair, she seem'd as one of those aerial things
That live but in the poet's high and wild imaginings;
Or like those forms we meet in dreams from which we wake, and weep
That earth has no creation like the figments of our sleep.

Her parent—loved not he his child above all earthly things!
As traders love the merchandize from which their profit springs:
Old age came by, with tott'ring step, and, for the sordid gold
With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace was sold
And thus (for oh! her sire's stern heart was steel'd against her pray'r)
The hand he ne'er had gain'd from love, he won from her despair.

I saw them through the churchyard pass, but such a nuptial train
I would not for the wealth of worlds should greet my sight again.
The bridemaids, each as beautiful as Eve in Eden's bow'rs,
Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strewn with flow'rs.

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Who had not deem'd that white rob'd band the funeral array,
Of one an early doom had call'd from life's gay scene away!

The priest beheld the bridal group before the altar stand,
And sigh'd as he drew forth his book with slow reluctant hand:
He saw the bride's flow'r-wreathed hair, and mark'd her streaming eyes,
And deem'd it less a Christian rite than a Pagan sacrifice;
And when he call'd on Abraham's God to bless the wedded pair,
It seem'd a very mockery to breathe so vain a pray'r.

I saw the palsied bridegroom too, in youth's gay ensigns drest;
A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest;
I mark'd him when the ring was claim'd, 'twas hard to loose his hold,
He held it with a miser's clutch—it was his darling gold.
His shrivell'd hand was wet with tears she pour'd, alas! in vain,
And it trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating rain.

I've seen her since that fatal morn—her golden fetters rest
As e'en the weight of incubus, upon her aching breast.
And when the victor, Death, shall come to deal the welcome blow,
He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his brow:
For oh! her cheek is blanch'd by grief which time may not assuage,—
Thus early Beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of Age.

Our commendation of the "Keepsake" might be extended much further, were we to consult our inclination to do justice to its high character. With so lavish an expenditure and such an array of talent as we have shown it to contain, to wonder at its success,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

We congratulate the proprietors on their prospects of remuneration, for the attractions of their publication are irresistible. It is altogether a splendid enterprise, and we doubt not the reward will be more than proportionate to the expectation it has raised—both in the proprietors and their patrons—the public.

The Anniversary,

Edited by Allan Cunningham.

PERHAPS we are getting too panegyrical, for panegyric savours of the poppy; but we must not flinch from our duty.

Allan Cunningham—there is poetry in the name, written or sung—and high-wrought poetry too, in nearly every production to which that name is attached—and among these "The Anniversary for 1829." All the departments of this work too, (as in the "Keepsake") are unique. Mr. Sharpe, the proprietor, is a man of refined taste, his Editor and his contributors are men of first-rate genius, the Painters and Engravers are of the first rank, and the volume is printed at Mr. Whittingham's Chiswick-press. Excellence must always be the result of such a combination of talent, and so it proves in the *Anniversary*. As might have been expected from the talent of its editor, the volume is superior in its poetical attractions—both in number and quality.

By way of variety, we begin with the *poetry*. First is a stirring little ballad, the Warrior, by the editor; then, a humorous epistle from Robert Southey, Esq. to Allan Cunningham, in which the laureat deals forth his ire on the "misresemblances and villanous visages" which have been published as his portrait.* Next is a gem of another water, Edderline's Dream, by Professor Wilson, the supposed editor of "Blackwood's Magazine." This is throughout a very beautiful composition, but we must content ourselves with the following extract:—

EDDERLINE'S SLEEP.

"CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That lingered on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where Ocean with his thunder shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the green abyss that mocks his eye,
Oft hath the eerie watchman sent
A shuddering look; a shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement!

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturbed as some old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And sheltered by its black pine-trees
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral!
Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain!
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of psalms is shed!
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glide,—gliding round the golden rim!
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim!

* An artist of celebrity is now engaged on a portrait of Mr. Southey, *cum privilegio*, we suppose. Mr. Southey is not the only public man, whose lineaments have been tradaced by engravers. Only look at some of the patriotic gentlemen who figure at public meetings, and in *outline* on cards, &c. But Houbraken is now known to have been no more honest than his successors in portrait engraving: although physiognomy and craniology ought to help the moderns out in these matters.

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Like a spirit loath to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature re-appears,
Celestial in unconscious tears!
Another gleam! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile!
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing mouldered, one and all,
Ages long ago!

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore!
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wretched corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or, haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing.
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremembered thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of our's no more!
Or dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse to so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Filled though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss.
He hears a saving angel speak—
"'Thy love will yet revive!'"

Then comes A Farewell to the year, one of Mr. Lockhart's elegant translations from the Spanish; a pretty portrait of rustic simplicity—the Little Gleaner, by the editor; and some playful lines by M. A. Shee, accompanying an engraving from his own picture of the Lost Ear-Rings. The Wedding Wake, by George Darley, Esq. is an exquisite picture of saddened beauty. The Ettrick Shepherd has the Carle of Invertine—a powerful composition, and the Cameronian Preacher, a prose tale, of equal effect. In addition to the pieces already mentioned, by the editor, is one of extraordinary excellence—the Magic Bridle: his Lines to a Boy plucking Blackberries, are a very pleasing picture of innocence:—

There stay in joy,
Pluck, pluck, and eat thou happy boy;
Sad fate abides thee. Thou mayst grow
A man: for God may deem it so,
I wish thee no such harm, sweet child:
Go, whilst thou'rt innocent and mild:
Go, ere earth's passions, fierce and proud,
Rend thee as lightning rend the cloud:
Go, go, life's day is in the dawn:
Go, wait not, wish not to be man.

One of his pieces we quote entire:—

THE SEA-KING'S DEATH-SONG.

"I'll launch my gallant bark no more,
Nor smile to see how gay
Its pennon dances, as we bound
Along the watery way;
The wave I walk on's mine—the god
I worship is the breeze;
My rudder is my magic rod
Of rule, on isles and seas:
Blow, blow, ye winds, for lordly France,
Or shores of swarthy Spain:
Blow where ye list, of earth I'm lord,
When monarch of the main.

When last upon the surge I rode,
A strong wind on me shot,
And tossed me as I toss my plume,
In battle fierce and hot.
Three days and nights no sun I saw,
Nor gentle star nor moon;
Three feet of foam dash'd o'er my decks,
I sang to see it—soon
The wind fell mute, forth shone the sun,
Broad dimpling smiled the brine;
I leap'd on Ireland's shore, and made
Half of her riches mine.

The wild hawk wets her yellow foot
In blood of serf and king:
Deep bites the brand, sharp smites the axe,
And helm and cuirass ring;
The foam flies from the charger's flanks,
Like wreaths of winter's snow;
Spears shiver, and the bright shafts start
In thousands from the bow—
Strike up, strike up, my minstrels all
Use tongue and tuneful chord—
Be mute!—My music is the clang
Of cleaving axe and sword.

Cursed be the Norseman who puts trust
In mortar and in stone;
Who rears a wall, or builds a tower,
Or makes on earth his throne;
My monarch throne's the willing wave,
That bears me on the beach;
My sepulchre's the deep sea surge,
Where lead shall never reach;
My death-song is the howling wind,
That bends my quivering mast,—
Bid England's maidens join the song,
I there made orphans last.

Mourn, all ye hawks of heaven, for me,
Oft, oft, by frith and flood,
I called ye forth to feast on kings;
Who now shall give ye food?
Mourn, too, thou deep-devouring sea,
For of earth's proudest lords
We served thee oft a sumptuous feast
With our sharp shining swords;

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Mourn, midnight, mourn, no more thou'lt hear
Armed thousands shout my name,
Nor see me rushing, red wet shod,
Through cities doomed to flame.

My race is run, my flight is flown;
And, like the eagle free,
That soars into the cloud and dies,
I leave my life on sea.

To man I yield not; spear nor sword
Ne'er harmed me in their ire,
Vain on me Europe shower'd her shafts,
And Asia pour'd her fire.

Nor wound nor scar my body bears,
My lip made never moan,
And Odin bold, who gave me life,
Now comes and takes his own.

Light! light there! let me get one look,—
Yon is the golden sky,
With all its glorious lights, and there
My subject sea flows by;
Around me all my comrades stand,
Who oft have trod with me
On prince's necks, a joy that's flown,
And never more may be.
Now put my helmet on my head,
My bright sword in my hand,
That I may die as I have lived,
In arms and high command."

In the prose department the most striking is the description of Abbotsford, quoted in our 339th number. There is an affecting Tale of the Times of the Martyrs, by the Rev. Edward Irving, which will repay the reader's curiosity. The Honeycomb and Bitter Gourd is a pleasing little story; and Paddy Kelleger and his Pig, is a fine bit of humour, in Mr. Croker's best style. The brief Memoir of the late Sir George Beaumont is a just tribute to the memory of that liberal patron of the Fine Arts, and is an opportune introduction into such a work as the present. The letter of Lord Byron, too, from Genoa in 1823, will be interesting to the noble poet's admirers.

Among the illustrations we can only notice the Lute, by C. Rolls, after Bonnington; Morning, by E. Goodall, from Linton's "joyful" picture; Sir W. Scott in his Study (qy. the forehead); a little "Monkeyana," by Landseer; Chillon, by Wallis, from a drawing by Clarkson Stanfield—a sublime picture; Fonthill, an exquisite scene from one of Turner's drawings; Beatrice, from a picture by Howard; the Lake View of Newstead, after Danby; the Snuff-Box, from Stephanoff; and last, though not least, Gainsborough's charming Young Cottagers, transferred to steel, by J. H. Robinson—perhaps the most attractive print in the whole series.

With this hasty notice we conclude, in the language of our announcement of the present work, "wishing the publisher *many Anniversaries*."

Friendship's Offering,

Edited by Thomas Pringle, Esq.

THE present volume will support, if not increase, the literary reputation which this elegant work has enjoyed during previous years. The editor, Mr. Pringle, is a poet of no mean celebrity, and, as we are prepared to show, his contribution, independent of his editorial judgment, will do much toward the Friendship's Offering maintaining its ground among the Annuals for 1829.

There are twelve engravings and a presentation plate. Among the most beautiful of these are Cupid and Psyche, painted by J. Wood, and engraved by Finden; Campbell Castle, by E. Goodall, after G. Arnald; the Parting, from Haydon's picture now exhibiting with his Mock Election, "Chairing;" Hours of Innocence, from Landseer; La Frescura, by Le Petit, from a painting by Bone; and the Cove of Muscat, a spirited engraving by Jeavons, from the painting of Witherington. All these are of first-rate excellence; but another remains to be mentioned—Glen-Lynden, painted and engraved by *Martin*, a fit accompaniment for Mr. Pringle's very polished poem.

The first *prose* story is the Election, by Miss Mitford, with the hero a downright John Bull who reads Cobbett. The next which most attracts our attention is Contradiction, by the author of an Essay on Housekeepers—but the present is not so Shandean as the last-mentioned paper; it has, however, many good points, and want of room alone prevents our transferring it. Then comes the Covenanters, a Scottish traditionary tale of *fixing* interest; the Publican's Dream, by Mr. Banim, told also in the Winter's Wreath, and Gem:

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed;

and Zalim Khan, a beautiful Peruvian tale of thirty pages, by Mr. Fraser. The French story, La Fiancée de Marques, is a novelty for an annual, but in good taste. Tropical Sun-sets, by Dr. Philip, is just to our mind and measure:—

A setting sun between the tropics is certainly one of the finest objects in nature.

From the 23rd degree north to the 27th degree south latitude, I used to stand upon the deck of the Westmreland an hour every evening, gazing with admiration upon a scene which no effort either of the pencil or the pen can describe, so as to convey any adequate idea of it to the mind of one who has never been in the neighbourhood of the equator. I merely attempt to give you a hasty and imperfect outline.

The splendour of the scene generally commenced about twenty minutes before sun-set, when the feathery, fantastic, and

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regularly crystallized clouds in the higher regions of the atmosphere, became fully illumined by the sun's rays; and the fine mackerel-shaped clouds, common in these regions, were seen hanging in the concave of heaven like fleeces of burnished gold. When the sun approached the verge of the horizon, he was frequently seen encircled by a halo of splendour, which continued increasing till it covered a large space of the heavens: it then began apparently to shoot out from the body of the sun, in refulgent pencils, or radii, each as large as a rainbow, exhibiting, according to the rarity or density of the atmosphere, a display of brilliant or delicate tints, and of ever changing lights and shades of the most amazing beauty and variety. About twenty minutes after sun-set these splendid shooting rays disappeared, and were succeeded by a fine, rich glow in the heavens, in which you might easily fancy that you saw land rising out of the ocean, stretching itself before you and on every side in the most enchanting perspective, and having the glowing lustre of a bar of iron when newly withdrawn from the forge. On this brilliant ground the dense clouds which lay nearest the bottom of the horizon, presenting their dark sides to you, exhibited to the imagination all the gorgeous and picturesque appearances of arches, obelisks, mouldering towers, magnificent gardens, cities, forests, mountains, and every fantastic configuration of living creatures, and of imaginary beings; while the finely stratified clouds a little higher in the atmosphere, might really be imagined so many glorious islands of the blessed, swimming in an ocean of light.

The beauty and grandeur of the sunsets, thus imperfectly described, surpass inconceivably any thing of a similar description which I have ever witnessed, even amidst the most rich and romantic scenery of our British lakes and mountains.

Were I to attempt to account for the exquisite enjoyment on beholding the setting sun between the tropics, I should perhaps say, that it arose from the warmth, the repose, the richness, the novelty, the glory of the whole, filling the mind with the most exalted, tranquillizing, and beautiful images.

There is likewise a tale, Going to Sea, and the Ship's Crew, by Mrs. Bowdich, which equally merits commendation.

Powerful as may be the aid which the editor has received from the *contributors* to the "Friendship's Offering," we are bound to distinguish one of his own pieces — *Glen-Lynden, a Tale of Teviot-dale*, as the sun of the volume. It is in Spenserian verse, and a more graceful composition cannot be found in either of the Annuals. It is too long for entire extract, but we will attempt to string together a few of its beauties. The scenery of the Glen is thus described:—

A RUSTIC home in Lynden's pastoral dell
With modest pride a verdant hillock crown'd;
Where the bold stream, like dragon from the fell,
Came glittering forth, and, gently gliding round
The broom-clad skirts of that fair spot of ground,
Danced down the vale, in wanton mazes bending;
Till finding, where it reached the meadow's bound,
Romantic Teviot on his bright course wending,
It joined the sounding streams—with his blue waters blending.

Behind a lofty wood along the steep
Fenced from the chill north-east this quiet glen:
And green hills, gaily sprinkled o'er with sheep,
Spread to the south; while by the brightening pen,
Rose the blithe sound of flocks and hounds and men,
At summer dawn, and gloaming; or the voice
Of children nutting in the hazelly den,
Sweet mingling with the winds' and waters' noise,
Attuned the softened heart with Nature to rejoice.

Upon the upland height a mouldering Tower,
By time and outrage marked with many a scar,
Told of past days of feudal pomp and power
When its proud chieftains ruled the dales afar.
But that was long gone by: and waste and war,
And civil strife more ruthless still than they,
Had quenched the lustre of Glen-Lynden's star,
Which glimmered now, with dim reclining ray,
O'er this secluded spot,—sole remnant of their sway.

Lynden's lord, and possessor of this tower, is now "a grave, mild, husbandman," and his wife—

She he loved in youth and loved alone,
Was his.
* * * * *
And now his pleasant home and pastoral farm
Are all the world to him: he feels no sting
Of restless passions; but, with grateful arm,
Clasps the twin cherubs round his neck that cling,
Breathing their innocent thoughts like violets in the spring.

Another prattler, too, lisps on his knee,
The orphan daughter of a hapless pair,
Who, voyaging upon the Indian sea,
Met the fierce typhon-blast—and perished there:
But she was left the rustic home to share
Of those who her young mother's friends had been:
An old affection thus enhanced the care
With which those faithful guardians loved to screen
This sweet forsaken flower, in their wild arbours green.
* * * * *
But dark calamity comes aye too soon—
And why anticipate its evil day?
Ah, rather let us now in lovely June
O'erlook these happy children at their play:
Lo, where they gambol through the garden gay,
Or round the hoary hawthorn dance and sing,
Or, 'neath yon moss-grown cliff, grotesque and grey,
Sit plaiting flowery wreaths in social ring,
And telling wondrous tales of the green Elfin King.
* * * * *

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Ah! evil days have fallen upon the land;
A storm that brooded long has burst at last;
And friends, like forest trees that closely stand
With roots and branches interwoven fast,
May aid awhile each other in the blast;
But as when giant pines at length give way
The groves below must share the ruin vast,
So men who seemed aloof from Fortune's sway
Fall crushed beneath the shock of loftier than they.

Even so it fared. And dark round Lynden grew
Misfortune's troubles; and foreboding fears,
That rose like distant shadows nearer drew
O'ercasting the calm evening of his years:
Yet still amidst the gloom fair hope appears,
A rainbow in the cloud. And, for a space,
Till the horizon closes round of clears,
Returns our tale the enchanted path to trace
Where youth's fond visions rise with fair but fleeting grace.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
O'erlooked the valley from the old oak wood,
A lake blue gleaming from deep forest bowers,
Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude:
Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood;
Or here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drowned.

* * * * *

Here Arthur loved to roam—a dreaming boy—
Erewhile romantic reveries to frame,
Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy.
Till his young breast throbbed high with thirst of fame;
But with fair manhood's dawn a softer flame
'Gan mingle with his martial musings high;
And trembling wishes—which he feared to name,
Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh—
Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
With stolen glance could spy his secret pain—
Sweet hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
Like joyous day-spring after summer rain;
And she, the enchantress, loved the youth again
With maiden's first affection, fond and true,
—Ah! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue—
Beautiful as a spirit—calm, but fearful too!

Our limits compel us to break off once more, which is a source of regret, especially when our path is strewn with such gems as these:—

A gentle star lights up their solitude
And lends fair hues to all created things;
And dreams alone of beings pure and good
Hover around their hearts with angel wings—
Hearts, like sweet fountains sealed, where silent rapture springs.

Here is a beautiful apostrophe—

Oh Nature! by impassioned hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
Sees but the shadow of a power unknown;
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resigned:
But they whom high and holy thoughts inspire
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined
In that diviner fane where Love's pure fire
Burns bright, and Genius tunes his loud immortal Lyre!

The halcyon days at length draw to a close, and sorrows "in battalions" compel them to emigrate and bid

Farewell to the scenes they ne'er shall visit more.

The remainder is rather abrupt, at least much more so than the lovers of fervid poetry could wish, especially as the termination is with the following exquisite ballad:—

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song:
Farewell, ye blithsome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle-mound, the border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell:
Thy martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main:
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

We have only space to add that the poetical pieces are very numerous, and those by Allan Cunningham, the Ettrick Shepherd, Delta, and William Kennedy, merit especial notice.

The elegant embossed binding is similar to that of last year, which we mentioned to our readers, and which we think an improvement on the silken array.

The Bijou.

THOUGH last in the field, (for it is scarcely published) the *Bijou* will doubtless occupy a different place in public favour. Its embellishments are selected with much judgment, and in literary merit, it equals either of its contemporaries. Its second title is an Annual of Literature and the *Fine Arts*, and from the choice of its illustrations, deservedly so. Thus, among the painters, who have furnished subjects for the engravers, we have Holbein, Claude, and Primaticcio; and two from Sir Thomas Lawrence. The engraving from Holbein, Sir Thomas More and his Family,—is a novelty in an Annual, and is beautifully executed by Ensom. It has all the quaintness of the great master, whose pictures may be called the *mosaic* of painting. The Autumnal Evening, engraved by Dean, after Claude, is not so successful; although it should be considered that little space is allowed for the exquisite effect of the original:

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still the execution might have been better. The Frontispiece, Lady Wallscourt, after Sir Thomas Lawrence is in part, a first-rate engraving; Young Lambton, after the same master, is of superior merit. The face is beautifully copied; and, by way of hint to the *scrappers*, this print will form a companion to the Mountain Daisy, from the *Amulet* for the present year. There are, too, some consecrated landscapes, dear to every classical tourist, and of no common interest at home—as Clisson, the retreat of Heloise; Mont Blanc; and the Cascade of Tivoli—all of which are delightfully picturesque. The view of Mont Blanc is well managed.

In the *prose* compositions we notice some of intense interest, among which are the Stranger Patron and the Castle of Reinspadte—both of German origin. There is too, a faithful historiette of the Battle of Trafalgar, which, with the History of the Family of Sir Thomas More, will be read with peculiar attention. Our extracts from the poetical department are by Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon.

THE SLEEPERS.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep:

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

Miss Landon has contributed more to the "Bijou" than to any other Annual, and a piece from her distinguished pen will increase the value and variety of our columns.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

I bid thee to my mystic Feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;

Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread:
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from each bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, tho' dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine;
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee;
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!

We should not, however, pass over in silence a poem, of the antique school, entitled the Holy Vengeance for the Martyrdom of George Wishart, the merits of which are of a high order. Indeed, this piece, and the admirable composition of the History of Sir Thomas More and his Family, with the Holbein print, distinguish the Bijou from all other publications of its class, and are characteristic of the good taste of Mr. Pickering, the proprietor. Altogether, the Bijou for 1829 is very superior to the last volume, and, to our taste, it is one of the most attractive of the Christmas presents.

The Winter's Wreath.

This is a *provincial*, but not a first appearance in London; the present being the fourth "*Wreath*" that has been entwined for the lovers of song and sentiment. It is culled from Liverpool, (next to our own metropolis) the most literary city in the empire; but many of its flowers have been gathered from our metropolitan parterre. Thus, in addition to the respected names of Roscoe, Currie, and Shepherd, (of Liverpool), we have among the contributors those of Hemans, Bowring, Howitt, Opie, with Mitford, Montgomery, and Wiffen. The editorship has passed into different hands, and "the introduction of religious topics has been carefully avoided" as unsuited to a work of elegant amusement.

The plates are twelve in number, among which are *Lady Blanche and her Merlin*, after Northcote (rather too hard in the features); an exquisite *View of the Thames near Windsor*, after Havell; *Medora and the Corsair*, after Howard; the *Sailor Boy*, by Lizars; and a beautiful *Wreath* Title-page, after Vandyke. All these will bear comparison with any engravings in similar works.

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The Wreath contains 132 pieces or flowers, some of them *perennials*—others of great, but less lasting beauty—and but few that will fade in a day. Among those entitled to special distinction, in the *prose* department, are an Italian Story, of considerable interest; the Corsair, a pleasing sketch; and Lough Neagh, a tale of the north of Ireland. One of the *perennials* is a Journey up the Mississippi, by Audubon, the American naturalist. Kester Hobson, a legendary tale of the Yorkshire Wolds, which turns upon a lucky dream, will probably set thousands dreaming—and we hope with the same good effect—viz. half-a-bushel of gold. "A Vision," by the late Dr. Currie, is a successful piece of writing; Le Contretems is a pleasant tale enough, with a sprinkling of French dialogue. Next is a well-told historiette of the eventful times of the Civil Wars.—The Memoir of a young Sculptor can scarcely fail to awaken the sympathy of the reader. The introduction of the paper on Popular Education, in what the editor himself calls "a work of elegant amusement like the present," is somewhat objectionable, and the writer's sentiments will be very unpalatable to a certain party. The Ridley Coach is a sketch in the style of Miss Mitford, who has contributed only one article, and that in verse. Mrs. Opie has a slight piece —The Old Trees and New Houses—but our prose selection is, (somewhat abridged)—

THE LADY ANNE CARR,

By the Author of "May you like it."

HAVE you not sometimes seen, upon the bosom of dark, stagnant waters, a pure, white water-lily lift up its head, breathing there a fresh and delicate fragrance, and deriving its existence thence—yet partaking in nothing of the loathsome nature of the pool, nor ever sullied by its close contact with the foul element beneath?

It is an honest simile to say that the gentle Anne Carr resembled that sweet water-lily. Sprung from the guilty loves of the favourite Somerset and his beautiful but infamous wife, she was herself pure and untainted by the dark and criminal dispositions of her parents. Not even a suspicion of their real character had ever crossed her mind; she knew that they had met with some reverse of fortune,—for she had heard her father regret, for her sake, his altered estate. She knew this, but nothing more: her father's enemies, who would gladly have added to his wretchedness, by making his child look upon him with horror, could not find in their hearts, when they gazed on her innocent face, to make one so unoffending wretched. It is a lovely blindness in a child to have no discernment of a parent's faultiness; and so it happened that the Lady Anne saw nothing in her father's mien or manner, betokening a sinful, worthless character.

Of her mother she had but few and faint recollections. Memory pictured her pale and drooping, nay gradually sinking under the cureless malady which brought her to her grave at last. She remembered, however, the soft and beautiful smiles which had beamed over that haggard countenance, when it was turned upon her only child—smiles which she delighted to recognise in the lovely portrait, from which her idea of her mother was chiefly formed. This portrait adorned her own favourite apartment. It had been painted when the original was as young and happy as herself; and her filial love and fond imagination believed no grace had been wanting to make all as beautiful and glorious within.

As the Lady Anne grew up to womanhood, the sweetness of her disposition and manners began to be acknowledged by those, who had seen without astonishment her extraordinary beauty; and many persons of distinction, who would hold no kind of fellowship with the Lord Somerset, sought the acquaintance of his innocent daughter for her own sake.

The most beloved friend of the Lady Anne was the Lady Ellinor G———, the eldest daughter of the Earl of G———: and with her, Lady Anne often passed several months in the year. A large party of young ladies were assembled at G——— Castle; and it happened that a continual rain had confined the fair companions within doors the whole summer afternoon. They sat together over their embroidery and various kinds of needlework, telling old tales of fearful interest —the strange mishaps of benighted travellers—stories of witchcraft, and of mysterious murder.

The conversation turned at last to the legends belonging to a certain family; and one circumstance was mentioned so nearly resembling, in many particulars, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, that the Lady Ellinor, scarcely doubting that some slight suspicion of her parents' crimes had reached the ears of the Lady Anne, determined to change the subject at once. She proposed to her fair friends that they should ramble together through the apartments of the castle; and she called for the old housekeeper, who had lived in the family from her childhood, to go along with them, and asked her to de-

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scribe to them the person and manners of Queen Elizabeth, when she had visited at the castle, and slept in the state apartment; always since called, The Queen's Bedchamber.

Led by their talkative guide, the careless, laughing party wandered from one chamber to another, listening to her anecdotes, and the descriptions she gave of persons and things in former days. She had known many of the originals of the stately portraits in the picture gallery; and she could tell the names, and the exploits of those warriors in the family, whose coats of mail and glittering weapons adorned the armoury. "And now," said the Lady Ellinor, "what else is there to be seen?" Not that I mean to trouble you any longer with our questions, good Margaret, but give me this key, this key so seldom used," pointing to a large, strangely shaped key, that hung among a bunch at the old housekeeper's side. "There!" she added, disengaging it herself from the ring, "I have taken it, and will return it very safely. I assure you. This key," she said, turning to her young companions, "unlocks a gallery at the end of the eastern wing, which is always locked up, because the room is full of curious and rare treasures, that were brought by my father's brother from many foreign lands."

They enter.—"This may be a charming place," said one of the youngest and liveliest of the party, "but see, the rain has passed away, and the sun has at last burst out from the clouds. How brightly he shines, even through these dull and dusty windows!" She gave but a passing glance to the treasures around her, and hastened to a half open door at the end of the gallery. Some of her companions followed her to a broad landing place, at the top of a flight of marble stairs. They were absent but a few minutes, and they returned with smiles of delight, and glad, eager voices, declaring that they had unbolted a door at the bottom of the staircase, and found themselves in the most beautiful part of the gardens. "Come!" said the young and sprightly girl, "do not loiter here; leave these rare and beautiful things until it rains again, and come forth at once with me into the sweet, fresh air."

The Lady Ellinor and her friend the Lady Anne were sitting side by side, at the same table, and looking over the same volume—a folio of Norman chronicles, embellished with many quaint and coloured pictures. They both lifted up their faces from the book, as their merry companions again addressed them. "Nay, do not *look* up, but rise up!" said the laughing maiden, and drawing away the volume from before them, she shut it up instantly, and laid it on another table; throwing down a branch of jessamine in its place.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my merry Barbara," replied the Lady Ellinor, and she rose up as she spoke, "we have been prisoners all the day against our will, why should we now be confined when the smile of Nature bids us forth to share her joy. Come, come! my sweet Anne, *you* are not wont to be the last," turning to her friend, who lingered behind. "Oh!" cried Lady Anne, "I am coming, I will soon be the first amongst you, I only wait a moment to bind up my troublesome hair." As she spoke, her eyes rested upon a little volume, which lay upon the broad sill of the casement. The wind fluttered in the pages, and blew them over and over; and half curiously, half carelessly, she looked again, and yet again. The word *murder* caught her eye; her feelings were still in a state of excitement from the tales and legends to which she had just been listening. Resting her head upon her hand, she leaned over the volume; and stood motionless, absorbed by the interest of the tale which she read, forgetful of her young companions—of all but the appalling story then before her.

But these feelings were soon lost in astonishment, and horror so confounding, that for awhile she lost all power of moving, or even of thinking. Still her eyes were fixed upon the words which had pierced her heart:—she could not force them away. Again and again, struck with shame and horror, she shrunk away;—again and again, she found herself forced by doubt, by positive disbelief, to search the terrible pages. At last she had read enough—quite, quite enough to be assured, not that her father—her mother, had been *suspected*, but that by the law of the land they had been convicted, and condemned to death as foul, adulterous murderers;—the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury!

The Lady Ellinor returned alone into the gallery, "You little truant!" she cried, "why so long? you said you would soon be with the foremost. I thought you must have escaped me, and have sought you through half the garden, and you are here all the while!"

No voice replied: not a sound was heard; and the Lady Ellinor had already returned to the door of the gallery to seek her friend elsewhere, when something fell heavily to the ground.

She flew back; and in one of the re-

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ading windows, she found the Lady Anne lying senseless in a deep swoon. Throwing herself on the ground beside her, she raised her tenderly in her arms, and not without some difficulty, restored her to herself. Then laying her head upon her bosom, she whispered kind words. "You are ill, I fear, my own Anne, who has been here? What have you seen? How so changed in this short time? I left you well and smiling, and now—nay, my dear, dear friend, do not turn from me, and look so utterly wretched. Do not you see me! What can be the matter!" The Lady Anne looked up in her friend's face with so piteous and desolate a look, that she began to fear her reason was affected.

"Have I lost your confidence? Am I no longer loved?" said the Lady Ellinor. "Can you sit heart-broken there, and will not allow me to comfort you? Still no answer! Shall I go? Shall I leave you, my love? Do you wish me absent?" continued she in a trembling voice, the tears flowing over her face, as she rose up. Her motion to depart aroused the Lady Anne. "Ellinor! my Ellinor!" she cried, and throwing herself forward, she stretched forth her arms. In another moment she was weeping on the bosom of her friend. She wept for a long time without restraint, for the Lady Ellinor said nothing, but drew her nearer and nearer to her bosom, and tenderly pressed the hand that was clasped in hers.

"I ought not to be weeping here," at length she said, "I ought to let you leave me, but I have not the courage, I cannot bear to lose your friendship,—your affection, my Ellinor! Can you love me? Have you loved me, knowing all the while, as every one must? To-day —this very hour, since you left me, I learned:—no I cannot tell you! Look on that page, Ellinor, you will see why you find me thus. I am the most wretched, wretched creature!"—here again she burst into an agony of uncontrollable grief. * * * * * *

Who can describe the feelings of the Lady Anne—alone, in her chamber, looking up at the portrait of her mother, upon which she had so often gazed with delight and reverence! "Is it possible?" said she to herself, "can this be she, of whom I have read such dreadful things? Have all my young and happy days been but a dream, from which I wake at last? Is not this dreadful certainty still as a hideous dream to me?"

She had another cause of bitter grief. She loved the young and noble-minded Lord Russell, the Earl of Bedford's eldest son; and she had heard him vow affection and faithfulness to her. She now perceived at once the reasons why the Earl of Bedford had objected to their marriage: she almost wondered within herself that the Lord Russel should have chosen her; and though she loved him more for avowing his attachment, though her heart pleaded warmly for him, she determined to renounce his plighted love. "It must be done," she said, "and better now;—delay will but bring weakness. *Now* I can write—I feel that I have strength." And the Lady Anne wrote, and folded with a trembling hand the letter which should give up her life's happiness; and fearing her resolution might not hold, she despatched it by a messenger, as the Lord Russel was then in the neighbourhood; and returned mournfully to her own chamber. She opened an old volume which lay upon her toilette—a volume to which she turned in time of trouble, to seek that peace which the world cannot give.

Lady Ellinor soon aroused her by the tidings that a messenger had arrived with a letter from her father, and she descended in search of him.

"Oh, why is this? why am I here?" exclaimed the Lady Anne, as trembling and almost sinking to the ground—her face alternately pale and covered with crimson blushes, she found herself alone with the Lord Russell. "You have received my letter, might not this trial have been spared? my cup was already sufficiently bitter—but I had drunk it. No!" she continued gently withdrawing her hand which he had taken, "Do not make me despise myself—the voice of duty separates us. Farewell!" I seek a messenger from my father." "I am the messenger you seek," replied he, "I have seen the Lord Somerset, and bring this letter to his daughter."

The letter from the Earl of Somerset, informed his daughter that he had seen the Earl of Bedford, and had obviated all obstacle to her union with the Lord Russell; that he was going himself to travel in foreign parts; and that he wished her to be married during a visit to the Earl and Countess of Bedford, whose invitation he had accepted for her.

"Does not your father say, that in this marriage his happiness is at stake?" said the Lord Russell, gently pressing her hand. The Lady Anne hung down her head, and wept in silence. "Are you still silent, my dearest?" continued he, "then will I summon another advocate to plead for me."

He quitted the apartment for a moment, but soon returned with the Countess of

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Bedford, who had accompanied him to claim her future daughter-in-law. The Lady Anne had made many resolutions, but they yielded before the sweet and eloquent entreaties that urged her to do what, in fact, she was all too willing to consent to.

They were married, the Lord Russell and the Lady Anne Carr; and they lived long and happily together. It was always thought that the Lord Russell had loved not only well, but wisely; for the Lady Anne was ever a faithful wife, and a loving, tender mother. It was not until some years after her marriage, that the Lady Russell discovered how the consent of the earl of Bedford had been obtained. Till then, she knew not that this consent had been withheld, until the Earl of Somerset should give his daughter a large sum as her marriage portion:—the Earl of Bedford calculating upon the difficulty, nay almost impossibility, of his ever raising this sum.

But he had not calculated upon the devotion of the wretched father's love to his fair and innocent child: and he was astounded when his terms were complied with, and the money paid at once into his hands. He could no longer withhold his consent; nor could he refuse some admiration of this proof of a father's love for his child. The Lord Somerset had, in fact, sold his whole possessions, and reduced himself to an estate not far removed from beggary, to give his daughter the husband of her choice.

It was the Lady Anne Carr, of whom Vandyke painted an exquisite and well-known portrait, when Countess of Bedford. She was the mother of William Lord Russell; and died heart-broken in her old age, when she heard of the execution of her noble and first-born son.

This is, perhaps, one of Mr. Tayler's most successful pieces; it has more breadth (if we may use such a term) than he is wont to employ, the absence of which from his writing, we have more than once had occasion to regret.

Time's Telescope.

Our old friend Time has this year illustrated his march, or object-glass, with a host of *images* or *spectra*—that is, woodcuts of head and tail pieces—to suit all tastes—from the mouldering cloister of other days to the last balloon ascent. The Notices of Saints' Days and Holidays, Chronology and Biography, Astronomical and Naturalist's Notices, are edited with more than usual industry; and the poetry, original and selected, is for the most part very pleasing.

As we have a running account with Time's Telescope, (who has not?) and occasionally illustrate our pages with extracts during the year, we content ourselves for the present with a quotation from an original article, by "a correspondent from Alveston," possessing much good feeling and a tone of reflection, to us very pleasing:—

THE INFLUENCE OF A FLOWER.

Towards the close of a most lovely spring day—and such a lovely one, to my fancy, has never beamed from the heavens since—I carelessly plucked a cowslip from a copse side, and gave it to *Constance*. 'Twas on that beautiful evening when she told me all her heart! as, seated on a mossy bank, she dissected, with downcast eyes, every part of the flower; chives, pointal, and petal, all were displayed; though I am sure she never even thought of the class. My destiny through life I considered as fixed from that hour.—Shortly afterwards I was called, by the death of a relative, to a distant part of England; upon my return, *Constance* was no more. The army was not my original destination; but my mind began to be enfeebled by hourly musing upon one subject alone, without cessation or available termination; yet reason enough remained to convince me, that, without change and excitement, it would degenerate into fatuity.

The preparation and voyage to India, new companions, and ever-changing scenes, hushed my feelings, and produced a calm that might be called a state of blessedness—a condition in which the ignoble and inferior ingredients of our nature were subdued by the divinity of mind. Years rolled on in almost constant service; nor do I remember many of the events of that time, even with interest or regret. In one advance of the army to which I was attached, we had some skirmishing with the irregulars of our foe; the pursuit was rapid, and I fell behind my detachment, wounded and weary, in ascending a ghaut, resting in the jungle, with languid eyes fixed on the ground, without any particular feeling but that of fatigue, and the smarting of my shoulder. A *cowslip* caught my sight! my blood rushed to my heart—and, shuddering, I started on my feet, felt no fatigue, knew of no wound, and joined my party. I had not seen this flower for ten years! but it probably saved my life—an European officer, wounded and alone, might have tempted the avarice of some of the numerous and savage followers of an Indian army. In the cooler and calmer hours of reflection since, I have often thought that this appearance

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was a mere phantom, an illusion—the offspring of weakness: I saw it but for a moment, and too imperfectly to be assured of reality; and whatever I believed at the time seems now to have been a painting on the mind rather than an object of vision; but how that image started up. I conjecture not—the effect was immediate and preservative. This flower was again seen in Spain: I had the command of an advance party, and in one of the recesses of the Pyrenees, of the romantic, beautiful Pyrenees, upon a secluded bank, surrounded by a shrubbery so lovely as to be noticed by many—was a *cowslip*. It was now nearly twenty years since I had seen it in Mysore: I did not start; but a cold and melancholy chill came over me; yet I might possibly have gazed long on this humble little flower, and recalled many dormant thoughts, had not a sense of duty (for we momentarily expected an attack) summoned my attentions to the realities of life: so, drawing the back of my hand across my eyes, I cheered my party with, "Forward, lads," and pursued my route, and saw it no more, until England and all her flowery meadows met my view; but many days and service had wasted life, and worn the fine edge of sensibility away; they were now before me in endless profusion, almost unheeded, and without excitement; I viewed not the cowslip, when fifty, as I had done with the eyes of nineteen.

The Christmas Box.

THIS is the happiest *title* in the whole list of annuals. There is nothing sentimental or lachrymose in it; but it is warm and seasonable, and done up in a holly-green binding, it is all over old Christmas.

The first story in the volume is Old Christmas; one of the gems or sweets is Garry Owen, or the Snow-Woman, by Miss Edgeworth, for it abounds with good sentiment, just such as we should wish in the hearts and mouths of our own children, as a spice for their prattle.

We pass over *L'Egotiste Corrigée*, par Madame de Labourt—pretty enough—and the Ambitious Primrose, by Miss Dagley. Then a Song, by Miss Mitford; and a Story of Old Times, by Mrs. Hofland; and the Tragical History of Major Brown, a capital piece of fun; and Pretty Bobby, one of Miss Mitford's delightful sketches. The Visit to the Zoological Gardens is not just what we expected; still it is attractive. Major Beamish has accommodated military tactics to the nursery in a pleasant little sketch; and the proverb of Much Coin Much Care, by Mrs. R. S. Jameson is a little farce for the same stage.

But the Cuts—the pictures—of which it would have been more *juvenile* to have spoken first. These are from the pencil of our "right trustye" friend and excellent artist, Mr. W. H. Brooke, whose horses, coaches, and dogs excite so much mirth among the young friends of the MIRROR—for, in truth, Mr. Brooke is an A.M.—an *associate* of the MIRROR, and enables us to jump from Whitehall to Constantine's Arch at Rome, shake *hands* with the Bears of the Zoological Society, and Peg in the Ring at Abury.

The *Christmas Box cuts* are all fun and frolic—the tail-piece of the preface, a bricklayer on a ladder, "spilling" a hod of bricks—the Lord of Misrule, with his polichinel army—the Boar's Head—a little squat Cook and a steaming Plum-pudding—the Bee and Honeysuckle—Major Brown with a Munchausen face—the Bear Pit, Monkeys' Houses, and Horned Owl, in the Zoological Gardens—and the Parliament of Animals, with the Elephant as Chancellor, the Tortoise for "the table," and Monkeys for Counsel—the groups of Toy Soldiers—and the head pieces of the Cobbler and his Wife—all excellent. Then the Cricket and Friar, and a pair of Dancing Crickets—worth all the fairy figures of the Smirkes, and a hundred others into the bargain. These are the little quips of the pencil that curl up our eye-lashes and dimple our faces more than all the Vatican gallery. They are trifles—aye, "trifles light as air"—but their influence convinces us that trifling is part of the great business of life.

Now we are trifling our readers' time; so to recommend the *Christmas Box* for 1829, as one of the prettiest presents, and as much better suited to children than was its predecessor—and—pass we off.

HERE our motley-minded sheet finishes, and we leave our readers in possession of its sweet fancies. Its little compartments of poetry and prose remind us of mosaic work, and its sentimentalities have all the varieties of the kaleidoscope. To gladden the eye, study the taste, and improve the heart, of esch reader has been our aim—feelings which we hope pervade this and every other Number of the MIRROR.

NUMBER 340 of the MIRROR contains the Notices of the Literary Souvenir, Forget-Me-Not, Gem, and Amulet, and with the present Number forms the Spirit of the Annuals for 1829.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 345.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1828. [PRICE 2*d.*

The Arch of Constantine, at Rome.

"STILL harping" on the Fine Arts—*Architecture* and *Painting*. Of the former, the above engraving is an illustration; and of the latter, our readers will find a beautiful subject (from one of *Turner's* pictures) in a *Supplement published with the present Number.**

The Arches of Rome were splendid monuments of triumph, erected in honour of her illustrious generals. They were at first very simple, being built of brick or hewn stone, and of a semicircular figure; but afterwards more magnificent, built of the finest marble, and of a square figure, with a large, arched gate in the middle, and two small ones on each side, adorned with columns and statues. In the vault of the middle gate, hung winged figures of victory, bearing crowns in their hands, which, when let down, they placed on the victor's head, when he passed in triumph.

The *Arch of Constantine*, the most noble of all of these structures, subsists almost entire. It was erected by the senate and Roman people, in honour of Constantine, after his victory over Maxentius, and crosses the Appian Way, at

* The Second of "the Spirit of the Annuals," containing a fine Engraving, after a celebrated picture by Turner, and a string of POETICAL GEMS from the Anniversary, Keepsake, and Friendship's Offering, with unique extracts from such of "the Annuals" as were not noticed in the previous Supplement.

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the junction of the Cœlian and Palatine Hills. Here it stands as the last monument of Roman triumph, or like the December sun of "the world's sole monument."

This building consists of three arches, of which the centre is the largest; and has two fronts, each adorned with four columns of giallo antico marble, of the Corinthian order, and fluted, supporting a cornice, on which stand eight Dacian captives of Pavonazzetta, or violet-coloured marble.

The inscription on both sides of the architrave imports, that it was dedicated "to the Emperor Cæsar Flavius Constantine Augustus, the greatest, pious, and the happy; because by a divine impulse, the greatness of his courage, and the aid of his army, he avenged the republic by his just arms, and, at the same time, rescued it from the tyrant and his whole faction." On one side of the arch are the words, "Liberatori urbis," to the deliverer of the city; and on the other, "Fundatori quietis," to the founder of public tranquillity.

Although erected to the honour of Constantine, this arch commemorates the victories of Trajan, some of the basso-relievos, &c. having been pilfered from one of the arches of Trajan. This accounts for the Dacian captives, whose heads Lorenzo de Medicis broke off and conveyed to Florence, but the theft might not have been so notorious to posterity, had not the artists of Constantine's time added some figures of inferior merit. Forsyth says, "Constantine's reign was notorious for architectural robbery;" and the styles of the two emperors, in the present arch, mar the harmony by their unsightly contrasts.

Although the decree for erecting this arch was, without doubt, passed immediately after the defeat of Maxentius, it appears from the monument itself, that the building was not finished and dedicated till the tenth year of Constantine's reign, or the year of Christ 315 or 316.

The newly-erected arch opposite the entrance to Hyde Park is from the Roman arch, though, we believe, not from any particular model. In the View of the New Palace, St. James's Park, (in our No. 278,) the arch, to be called the Waterloo Monument, and erected in the middle of the area of the palace, will be nearly a copy of that of Constantine at Rome. In the court-yard of the Tuilleries at Paris, there is a similar arch, copied from that of Septimius Severus. This was formerly surmounted by the celebrated group of the horses of St. Mark, pilfered from Venice, but restored at the peace of 1815.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE popular ballad of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Greene" was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is founded, though without the least appearance of truth, or even probability, on a legend of the time of Henry III. Henry de Montfort, son of the ambitious Earl of Leicester, who was slain with his father at the memorable battle of Evesham, is the hero of the tale. He is supposed (according to the legend) to have been discovered among the bodies of the slain by a young lady, in an almost lifeless state, and deprived of sight by a wound, which he had received during the engagement. Under the fostering hand of this "faire damosel" he soon recovered, and afterwards marrying her, she became the mother of "the comelye and prettye Bessee." Fearing lest his rank and person should be discovered by his enemies, he disguised himself in the habit of a beggar, and took up his abode at Bethnal-Green. The beauty of his daughter attracted many suitors, and she was at length married to a noble knight, who, regardless of her supposed meanness and poverty, had the courage to make her his wife, her other lovers having deserted her on account of her low origin. Before entering, however, upon the ballad, it may not, perhaps, be thought irrelevant to give a brief sketch of the family of the De Montforts.

Simon de Montfort, created Earl of Leicester by Henry III., was the younger son of Simon de Montfort, the renowned but cruel commander of the croisade against the Albigenses. This nobleman was greatly honoured by Henry III., to whose sister, the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, he paid his addresses, and was married, with the consent of her brother. For the favour thus shown him by his sovereign, he, however, proved ungrateful: his inordinate ambition, cloaked by a pretended zeal for reform, was the cause of those rebellions which, in the reign of Henry III., kept the kingdom in such a continued turmoil. The different oppressions and successes of the confederate barons, who at length got possession of the king's person, and the civil wars which ensued, are so well known as to render any remark on the subject superfluous; suffice it to say, that the disputes between the malcontents and the royal party were at length terminated by the battle of Evesham, which decided in favour of the latter. In this field fell the Earl of Leicester and his eldest son, Henry de Montfort. His death was followed by

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the total ruin of his family; his titles and estates were all confiscated; the countess, his wife, who had been extremely active in her designs against the royalists, was banished, together with her sons, Simon and Guy, who afterwards assassinated their cousin, Henry d'Allmane, when he was endeavouring to effect a reconciliation between them and their uncle, Henry IV. The head of the earl was sent as a signal of the victory by Roger de Mortimer to the countess; but his body, together with that of his son Henry, was interred in the Abbey of Evesham; thus leaving the improbability of the legend without a shadow of doubt.

As our limits will not allow us to quote the whole of the ballad,* we must content ourselves with giving the song of the beggar, which, as well as being the most interesting, contains the whole of the legend concerning de Montfort:—

A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairnesse might well be a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods nor noe land,
But begg'd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To prove shee is come of noble degree—
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee.

* * * *

Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a GROAT for my sport.

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee,
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee—
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose—
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe he receivde in the fighte!
A blowe that depriv'de him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discover'd was hee—
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the nighte,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and broughte him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleev'd to be slaine:
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

And nowe, lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye
We clothed ourselves in beggars' arraye;
Her jewells shee solde, and hither came wee—
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.

And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte;
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one that once to your owne ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne but for prettye Bessee.

At Bethnal-Green is an old mansion, which, in the survey of 1703, was called *Bethnal-Green-House*, and which the inhabitants, with their usual love of traditionary lore, assign as the "Palace of the Blind Beggar." This house was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by John Kirby, citizen of London, and was, says Stow,† "lofty like a castle." It was afterwards the residence of Sir Hugh Platt, Knight, the author of many ingenious works; from him it came into the possession of Sir William Ryder, Knight, who died there in 1669; of late years it has been used as a private madhouse. The tradition of the beggar is still preserved on the sign-posts of several of the public-houses in the neighbourhood.

S. I. B.

* Vide Percy's "Reliques," vol. ii. p. 178.

† Strype's Stowe, vol. ii. p. 47, edit. 1755.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITY OF WILLS.

(For the Mirror.)

ACCORDING to Blackstone, wills are of high antiquity. We find them among the ancient Hebrews; not to mention what Eusebius and others have related of Noah's testament, made in writing, and witnessed under his seal, by which he disposed of the whole world. A more authentic instance of the early use of testaments occurs in the sacred writings, (Genesis, chap. xlviii.) in which Jacob bequeaths to his son Joseph, a portion of his inheritance, double to that of his brethren.

The Grecian practice concerning wills (says Potter) was not the same in all

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places; some states permitted men to dispose of their estates, others wholly deprived them of that privilege. We are told by Plutarch, that Solon is much commended for his law concerning wills; for before his time no man was allowed to make any, but all the wealth of deceased persons belonged to their families; but he permitted them to bestow it on whom they pleased, esteeming friendship a stronger tie than kindred, and affection than necessity, and thus put every man's estate in the disposal of the possessor; yet he allowed not all sorts of wills, but required the following conditions in all persons that made them:—

1st. That they must be citizens of Athens, not slaves, or foreigners, for then their estates were confiscated for the public use.

2nd. That they must be men who have arrived to twenty years of age, for women and men under that age were not permitted to dispose by will of more than one *medimn* of barley.

3rd. That they must not be adopted; for when adopted persons died without issue, the estates they received by adoption returned to the relations of the men who adopted them.

4th. That they should have no male children of their own, for then their estate belonged to these. If they had only daughters, the persons to whom the inheritance was bequeathed were obliged to marry them. Yet men were allowed to appoint heirs to succeed their children, in case these happened to die under twenty years of age.

5th. That they should be in their right minds, because testaments extorted through the phrenzy of a disease, or dotage of old age, were not in reality the wills of the persons that made them.

6th. That they should not be under imprisonment, or other constraint, their consent being then only forced, nor in justice to be reputed voluntary.

7th. That they should not be induced to it by the charms and insinuations of a wife; for (says Plutarch) the wise lawgiver with good reason thought that no difference was to be put between deceit and necessity, flattery and compulsion, since both are equally powerful to persuade a man from reason.

Wills were usually signed before several witnesses, who put seals to them for confirmation, then placed them in the hands of trustees, who were obliged to see them performed. At Athens, some of the magistrates were very often present at the making of wills. Sometimes the *archons* were also present. Sometimes the testator declared his will before sufficient witnesses, without committing it to writing. Thus Callias, fearing to be cut off by a wicked conspiracy, is said to have made an open declaration of his will before the popular assembly at Athens. There were several copies of wills in Diogenes Laertius, as those of Aristotle, Lycon, and Theophrastus; whence it appears they had a common form, beginning with a wish for life and health.

The most ancient testaments among the Romans were made *vivâ voce*, the testator declaring his will in the presence of seven witnesses; these they called *nuncupative* testaments; but the danger of trusting the will of the dead to the memory of the living soon abolished these; and all testaments were ordered to be in writing.

The Romans were wont to set aside testaments, as being *inofficiosa*, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true and sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator. But if the child had any legacy, though ever so small, it was a proof that the testator had not lost his memory nor his reason, which otherwise the law presumed. Hence probably (says Blackstone) has arisen that groundless, vulgar error of the necessity of leaving the heir a shilling, or some other express legacy, in order to effectually disinherit him; whereas the law of England, though the heir, or next of kin, be totally omitted, admits no *querela inofficiosa*, to set aside such testament.

Alfred the Great made a will, wherein he declared, in express terms, that it was just the English should be as free as their own thoughts. P. T. W.

The Cosmopolite.

DANCING.

(For the Mirror.)

DANCING is defined to be "to move in measure; to move with steps correspondent to the sound of instruments." But there are other species of dancing—as

> ——— for three long months
> To *dance attendance* for a word of audience:

and to dance with pain, or when, as Lord Bacon says, "in pestilences, the malignity of the infecting vapour danceth the principal spirits." The *Chorea S. Viti*, or *St. Vitus's Dance* is another variation, said to have once prevailed extensively, and to have been cured by a prayer to this saint! whose martyrdom is commemorated on June 15. It may not be generally known that a person afflicted with this species of dancing can *run*, although he cannot walk or stand still. Another

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and a more agreeable species is to *lead the dance*, an unjust usurpation which is practised in a thousand other places beside the ball-room.

According to the mythologists, (authorities always quotable, and nobody knows why,) the Curetes or Corybantes, a people of Crete, who were *produced from rain*, first invented the dance to amuse the infant Jupiter—with what success he danced we know not, for when a year old he waged war against the Titans, and then his dancing days must have terminated.

A history of dancing is, however, not to our purpose; but a few of its eccentricities. It occurs in the customs of all people, either as a recreation or as a religious ceremony—held in contempt by some, and in esteem by others. David danced before the ark; the daughters of Shiloh danced in a solemn yearly festival; and the Israelites, (good judges) danced round the golden calf.

The ancients had a peculiar *penchant* for dancing, whether in person or by animals; and the feats of the latter distance all the wretched efforts of the bears, dogs, and horses of our days. The attempts of Galba to amuse the Roman people throw into the shade all the peace-rejoicings and illuminations of St. James's and the Green Parks. Suetonius, Seneca, and Pliny tell us of *elephants* in their time that were taught to walk the rope, backwards and forwards, up and down, with the agility of an Italian rope-dancer. Such was the confidence reposed in the docility and dexterity of the animal, that a person sat upon an elephant's back, while he walked across the theatre upon a rope, extended from the one side to the other. Lipsius, who has collected these testimonies, thinks them too strong to be doubted—perhaps even stronger than the rope. Scaliger corroborates all of them; Busbequius *saw* an elephant dance a *pas seul* at Constantinople; and Suetonius tells us of twelve elephants, six male and six female, who were clothed like men and women, and performed a country dance, in the reign of Tiberius. In later times, horses have been taught to dance. In the carousals of Louis XIII. there were dances of horses; and in the 13th century, some rode a horse upon a rope. All this eclipses the puny modern feats of Astley and Ducrow. *

The Greeks and Romans were divided upon the propriety of dancing. Socrates who held death in contempt, when a reverend old gentleman, learned to dance of Aspasia, the beautiful nurse of Grecian eloquence. The Romans forgot their loss of the republic and of liberty—

> ——— the air we breathe
> If we have it not we die.

in seeing Pylades and Bathyllus dance before them in their theatres—an indifference of which we were reminded on hearing that the Parisians sat in the *Cafès* on the Boulevard du Italiens—sipping coffee and sucking down ice, during the capitulation of the city, and while the French, killed and wounded, were conveyed along the road before them.

Cato, *Censorius*, danced at the age of fifty-six. Cicero, however, reproached a consul with having danced. Tiberius, that monster of indulgences, banished dancers from Rome; and Domitian, the illustrious fly-catcher, expelled several of his *members of parliament* for having danced. We are much more civilized, for such an edict as that of Domitian would clear our senate-houses as effectually as when Cromwell turned out the Long Parliament.

Among the Italians and the French even there have been found enemies to dancing. Alfieri, the poet, had a great aversion to dancing; and one Daneau wrote a Traité des Danses, in which he maintains that "the devil never invented a more effectual way than dancing, to fill the world with ——." The bishop of Noyon once presided at some deliberations respecting a minuet; and in 1770, a reverend prelate presented a document on dancing to the king of France. The Quakers consider dancing below the dignity of the Christian character; and an enthusiast, of another creed, thinks all lovers of the stage belong to the schools of Voltaire and Hume, and that dancing is a link in the chain of seduction. Stupid, leaden-heeled people, who constantly mope in melancholy, and neither enjoy nor impart pleasure, will naturally be enemies to dancing; and such we are induced to think the majority of these opponents.

The French are inveterate dancers. They have their *bals parés* and their *salons de danse* in every street; and as long as the weather will permit, they dance on platforms out of doors, and a heavy shower of rain will scarcely cool their ardour in the recreation. Some of their stage *figurantes* resemble aerial beings rather than bone and blood, for flesh may almost be left out of the composition. But the Italians are a nation of dancers as well as the children of song, and they seem to have followed the noble

* Miraculous dancing is not, however, confined to animals; for William of Malmesbury gravely relates an instance of 15 young women and 18 young men who (by the anathema of a priest) continued dancing a whole year, and wore the earth so much, that, by degrees, they sunk midway into the ear.h!

example of old Cato, in this respect, with better effect than they have studied his virtue. We are also told upon good authority, that the American dancers equal any of the European *figurantes*.

The English people have always been lovers of dancing; and it forms an accompaniment of almost all their old sports and pastimes. Witness the maypoles, wassails, and wakes of rural life, and the grotesque morris-dance, originating in a kind of Pyrrhic or military dance, and described by Sir William Temple as composed of "ten men, who danced a maid marian and a tabor and pipe." In the time of Henry VII. dancers were remarkably well paid; for in some of his accounts in the Exchequer, we find

	£.	s.	d.
Paid to a spye, in reward - - - -	2	0	0
To Pechie, the fool, in rewarde - -	0	6	8
To Richard Beden, for writing of bokes	0	10	0
To the young dameysell that daunceth	30	0	0

In Shakspeare's time, to *dance* was an elegant accomplishment. Thus in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "What say you to young Mr. Fenton? He capers, he *dances*, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses." Locke thus alludes to the graceful motions which dancing lends to the human frame; "the legs of the dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions."

It must be somewhat surprising to those who over-rate the matter-of-fact character of the English people, that so great a majority of them are attached to *dancing*. Among rank and wealth this amusement admits of a finer display of beauty and artificial decoration than almost any other recreation; for nothing can be more splendid than a brilliantly illuminated and well-filled ball-room. Dancing among the middle classes of society is equally mirthful though not of so ostentatious a character, and it is a question whether the latter, being free from the alloy of fashionable follies, are not more exhilarated by sweet sounds than their wealthy superiors. But the mushroom aristocracy and pride of purse often operate as checks to the enjoyment of both these classes; and splendid dancing accommodations sometimes put an end to the amusement. At Dorking, in Surrey, attached to one of the inns is a ball-room, which cost the builder £12,000. and here is one, or at most three balls during the year, while at scores of places within our recollection, of less consequence, there are monthly and even weekly balls; and we are inclined to think these periodical recreations of great importance to the happiness of country towns. But there is a species of intoxication sometimes arising from them —that of dancing all night, to suffer from exhaustion and rheumatism on the following day—an evil easy of remedy, by such amusements being more frequent and less protracted. The influence on the character of the people would probably be that of rendering it more even, from the admixture or reciprocation of pleasure and business being more proportional. This plan would get rid of much of the ostentation and expense of a country ball, and would ultimately prove the best antidote to the sins of scandal.

As we have spoken of public dancing in the time of Henry VII., we will show that the enormous sums paid to *artists* have nourished their conceit to an alarming height. Pitrot, the Vestris of his day, was a consummate specimen of this effrontery. At Vienna, he chose to appear only in the last act of the ballet. The emperor desired him to come forth at the end of the first; Pitrot refused; the court left the opera, and then Pitrot told the dancers they would have a hop by themselves, which they did. However, this was forgiven; and, at his departure, he was presented with the emperor's picture, set with brilliants. Pitrot received it with *sang froid*, pressed his thumb upon the crystal, crushed the picture to pieces, adding, "Thus I treat men not worthy of my friendship." This fellow behaved equally ill in France, Prussia, and Russia; but, at length, scouted by all his patrons, and, after giving his thousands to opera girls, he wandered about Calais in rags and poverty. Farinelli, after accumulating a fortune in England, built a superb mansion in Italy, which he called the *English Folly*.*

The oddity of some ideas of dancing is really ludicrous. The Cambro-Britains, in a very late period, used to be played out of church by a fiddle, and to form a dance in the church-yard at the end of the service. But the ideas which the Chinese have of dancing exceeds all others. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the *Centurion* had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said, softly, to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

* Here is a card "extraordinary" of one of our humble English dancing-masters:—"As Dancing is the poetry of motion, those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony, or to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N. B. Those who have been taught to dance with *a couple of left legs*, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind."

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Fine Arts.

SCHOOL OF PAINTING AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I BEG to present you with a brief notice of the School of Painting at the British Institution, Pall Mall; you may rely upon its correctness, as I have been extremely cautious in making my notes, and in ascertaining every particular relative to the subject.

The students at this excellent institution have, for several weeks, been arduously engaged in copying the fine pictures which were entrusted to the directors by his majesty, and the nobility, for that purpose. In general the students have been very successful, and deserve much praise; I must, however, in my prescribed limits, only mention a few.

Vandyke's *Duchess de St. Croix* has been cleverly copied by Mr. Boden and Mr. Faulkner; the latter gentleman has well imitated the colour and beautiful finish of the original. Messrs. Frisk, Child, Howell, and M'Call, have likewise made clever copies of this *chef d'œuvre* of art. Many bold efforts have been made to copy Hobbima's large *Landscape;* Mr. Laporte's is the most complete, though not quite spirited enough in the handling. *The Spanish Gentleman*, by Velasquez, has engaged the pencils of numerous artists, though they have not all been so successful as could have been wished; Messrs. Inskipp, Frisk, Morton, and Child, have produced the best *fac similes*. The *Lime Kiln*, by the younger Teniers, has been carefully studied by Mr. Gill, &c.; and Messrs. M'Call and Morton, have executed the finest studies from *Innocent X.*, by Velasquez. *The Embarkation*, by Claude, is extremely well imitated in Mr. Cattwright's copy; and the *Virgin and Child*, which is one of Julio Romano's best works, has met with due attention from Mr. Farrier, and others. Mr. Novice has executed the only copy from De Hooge's fine picture—*A Dutch Family preparing for a Walk;* and Messrs. Foster and Earl display considerable talent in their copies from the *Landscape and Cattle*, by Cuyp. Other admirable works by Guido, Rubens, Bassan, Ruysdael, Vanderneer, and Canaletta, have met with a host of imitators, from whose talents we may anticipate, at no distant period, pictorial excellency of the first order. I should discover a want of gallantry, and, indeed, be most unjust, were I not to say that the ladies, in nearly all their undertakings, have exerted their utmost to excel; those, especially, who have executed copies in water colours, deserve the highest commendation.

G. W. N.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THAXTED HIGHWAYMEN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following incident led to the breaking up and dispersion of a gang of desperate highwaymen, denominated the Thaxted gang, who about sixty years ago used to infest the roads in the neighbourhood of Dunmow, Thaxted, and the adjacent towns and villages:—

An opulent farmer of Thaxted, being one day at Dunmow market, received a considerable sum of money, the produce of grain and other marketable articles, which he had that day disposed of; and going to the inn where he had left his horse, he ordered it to be saddled directly for the purpose of returning home. In those times every tradesman, salesman and a greater part of the publicans and innkeepers knew what money each other received on a market day. The innkeeper at whose house the farmer was in the habit of putting up at, said to him, "Why you are not going home to-night, are you, with all that money about you? You will stand a chance of getting a knock on the head."—"Let them knock away," answered the farmer. "I have never yet been robbed, nor do I think it likely I shall be to-night; so, Robert, get my horse ready," calling to the hostler. "Well, but have you any weapons of defence?" inquired the publican.—"No, nor none I want," responded the farmer. The innkeeper pressed him to take a pair of holster pistols; saying, "he might find them handy;" and after a great deal of persuasion, he agreed to take *one*, the publican first loading and charging it with ball. The farmer put the pistol in his great coat pocket, and was on the point of departure when he recollected that he had to get a pound of tea at a grocer's shop in the town, a few doors from the inn. He instantly ran to the shop for the tea, and while the grocer was serving him he made the same remark as the innkeeper had done respecting his going home with so considerable a sum as he knew the farmer had about him. The farmer made answer, "I am going home to-night, but our friend the publican, has lent me a pistol; and if any one interrupts me, I intend to blow his brains out."—"Do you know," said

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the grocer, "I do not like that fellow. Will you let me look at the pistol if you have it with you."—"O yes, look at it if you like. I never fired a pistol in my life; however, should I be stopped, I think I could manage it." The grocer took the pistol; drew the charge; and found, to the great surprise of the farmer, it was only loaded with horse-dung, and a large bullet at the top. "I thought he was a rascal, and this confirms it," said the grocer. "Here is evidently a plot; now leave your money with me; we will load this pistol properly, and you can, if you like, proceed on your journey: it may be the means of detecting some one."

The farmer left his money in the hands of the grocer; went back to the inn; mounted his horse, and rode off on his journey. About a mile from Dunmow, he was stopped by a fellow, well mounted, who instantly demanded his money. I have not got any, replied the farmer, but I have a pistol, with which, if you do not instantly allow me to pass on my way home, I will blow your brains out. "You have got money—and as to the pistol, you may blow away—blow away, my fine fellow," said the chuckling highwayman. The farmer instantly fired, and his assailant fell off his horse to the ground with a groan. The farmer galloped back to the inn, and inquired of the hostler where his master was. "He has been gone out, on horseback, about a quarter of an hour," the hostler replied. "Well, I will tell you what," said the farmer, "you may find your master, with his brains blown out, in the road," describing the place where he had had the encounter with the innkeeper.

From this time a number of persons resident in and about Thaxted and Dunmow, left their places of abode, which circumstance created some surprise among the remaining inhabitants; but it was afterwards ascertained they formed the desperate gang that had so long and successfully robbed, and sometimes murdered, their unsuspecting neighbours and the different travellers who had occasion to pass the roads on which these marauders were stationed.

J. W. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

(For the Mirror.)

WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

THE village of Gotham, about seven miles from Nottingham, has been rendered noted by the common proverb of "The Wise Men of Gotham." It is observable that a custom has prevailed among many nations of stigmatizing the inhabitants of some particular spot as remarkable for stupidity. This opprobrious district among the Asiatics was Phrygia. Among the Thracians, Abdera; among the Greeks, Boeotia; in England it is Gotham. Of the Gothamites ironically called *The Wise Men of Gotham*, many ridiculous stories are traditionally told, particularly, that often having heard the cuckoo but never seen her, they hedged in a bush from whence her note seemed to proceed, so that being confined within so small a compass, they might at length satisfy their curiosity; and at a place called Court Hill, in this parish, is a bush called Cuckoo Bush.

HALBERT H.

MALLARD NIGHT.

AT All Souls' College, Oxford, the *Mallard Night* is celebrated annually on the 14th of January, in remembrance of a very singular circumstance, viz. the discovery of a live and excessively large mallard, or drake, supposed to have long ranged in a drain or sewer of considerable depth. The only probable conjecture respecting its extraordinary situation was, that it had fallen when young through the bars or grating at the entrance of the drain, (which was of sufficient width to receive it if very young,) but was found at a great distance from it, on digging for the foundation of the college, (A.D. 1437.) A very humorous account of this event was published some years ago by Dr. Buckler, subwarden, from a manuscript of Thomas Walsingham, the historian, and monk of St. Alban's. It is the cause of much mirth, for on the day, and in remembrance of the mallard, many an old and merry song is sung.

E. T. S.

WELSH MARRIAGES.

IT appears to me a matter of no small surprise that so economical a people as the English should not have adopted such a plan as the following by the lower classes of the Welsh. When a young couple intend offering themselves at the Temple of Hymen, if they are very poor, they generally send a man, called the bidder, round to their acquaintance and friends, who invites them, sometimes in rhyme, to the wedding; but if they can afford it, they issue circulars. The following is a copy of one:—

"*June* 27, 1827.

"As we intend to enter the matrimonial state on Thursday, the 19th day of July next, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion, the same day, at the Butchers' Arms,

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Carmarthen, when and where the favour of your good and agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to confer on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion.

"By your most obedient servants,

"JOHN JONES.

"MARY EVANS."

The persons so invited (if they accept the invitation) generally form part of the procession to church, and are preceded by a harper or fiddler. After the nuptial knot is tied, they veer their course to the public-house mentioned in the bills, where they partake, not of a sumptuous banquet, but of the simple, though not the worst, fare of bread and cheese and kisses, at the expense of the new married folks. After this, a large plate is placed on the table in the room, and they proceed to receive the money which each person may be disposed to give, whilst one keeps account of the sum and names. They frequently receive 50*l.*, and sometimes, though seldom, 100*l.*; and they have the privilege (by paying the duty) of selling the ale to the persons assembled. It is to be observed, that the money so deposited cannot be reclaimed by the persons who gave it until a similar occasion presents itself in their family. By this means the new married couple are enabled to procure furniture, and other things requisite for them.

W. H.

CURIOUS FOUNDATION.

AT Spinney, in Cambridgeshire, was an abbey founded in the reign of Henry III. near which was a church, built by Lady Mary Bassingburne, and given to the Abbey of Spinney, on condition that the monks should support seven aged men with the following allowance, viz. one farthing loaf, one herring, and one pennyworth of ale per day, and two hundred dry turves, one pair of shoes, one woollen garment, and three ells of linen every year. Henry Cromwell, second son of Oliver Cromwell, is buried here.

HALBERT H.

The Selector.

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

ADVENTURES OF ALLAN-A-SOP.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

THE chief of the clan, MacLean of Duart, in the Isle of Mull, had an intrigue with a beautiful young woman of his own clan, who bore a son to him. In consequence of the child's being, by some accident, born in a barn, he received the name of Allan-a-Sop, or Allan of the Straw, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course a bastard or natural son, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself.

But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him at his castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the Sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection, and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred.

The lady one morning, looking from the window, saw her son coming wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle cake upon the fire, that he might have hot bread to his breakfast. Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should disgust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his step-son's hands, which he forcibly closed on the scalding bread, saying, "Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast." Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his step-father's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk.

At this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the sea-kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, then of a small flotilla, with which he sailed round the seas and collected

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considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years; and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the Sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his stepfather, to whom he was now an object of fear as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable son-in-law, with great affectation of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part.

The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and in obliterating all recollections of the former affront put on him, that he began to think it possible to employ him in executing his private revenge upon MacKinnon of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called the following good advice to his son-in-law:—"My dear Allan, you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacKinnon, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough."

Allan-a-Sop thanked his stepfather for so happy a suggestion, which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacKinnon's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news, that they were commanded by the redoubted Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, MacKinnon, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. He caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose which he had been led to meditate.

They feasted together the whole day; and in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the Laird of Mac-Kinnon for his entertainment, but remarked, with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. "How can that be" said MacKinnon, "when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good-will?"—"It is true, my friend," replied the pirate, "but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither; which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island, and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient, this island, but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose; so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer. Whatever MacKinnon felt at hearing that he had been so near to destruction, he took care to show no emotion save surprise, and replied to his visiter,—"My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend; for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been your father-in-law, old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly stepfather to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie as conveniently for you as those of Ulva, and that, if you are to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl, who never showed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honoured you."

Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. "It is very true what you say, MacKinnon," he replied, "and, besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my father-in-law treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the Sound." Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. His father-in-law hastened to meet him, in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacKinnon. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he ex-

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pected. "You hoary old traitor," he said, "you instigated my simple good-nature to murder a better man than yourself. But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago, with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for." So saying, he dashed out his father-in-law's brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean.—*Tales of a Grandfather—Second Series.*

ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD HEART,

A Fragment from the "Disowned," by the author of "Pelham."

"THE next day, Sir Christopher Findlater called on Clarence. 'Let us lounge into the park,' said he. 'With pleasure,' replied Clarence; and into the park they lounged. By the way they met a crowd, who were hurrying a man to prison. The good-hearted Sir Christopher stopped—'Who is that poor fellow?' said he. 'It is the celebrated'—(in England all criminals are celebrated. Thurtell was a hero, Thistlewood a patriot, and Fauntleroy was discovered to be exactly like Bonaparte)—'it is the celebrated robber, John Jefferies, who broke into Mrs. Wilson's house, and cut the throats of herself and her husband, wounded the maid-servant, and split the child's skull with the poker.' * * * 'John Jefferies!' exclaimed the baronet, 'let us come away.' 'Linden,' continued Sir Christopher, 'that fellow was my servant once. He robbed me to some considerable extent. I caught him. He appealed to my heart, and you know, my dear fellow, that was irresistible, so I let him off. Who could have thought he would have turned out so?' And the baronet proceeded to eulogize his own good nature, by which it is just necessary to remark, that one miscreant had been saved for a few years from transportation in order to rob and murder *ad libitum*, and having fulfilled the office of a common pest, to suffer on the gallows at last. What a fine thing it is to have a good heart! Both our gentlemen now sunk into a reverie, from which they were awakened, at the entrance of the park, by a young man in rags, who, with a piteous tone, supplicated charity. Clarence, who to his honour be it spoken, spent an allotted and considerable part of his income in judicious and laborious benevolence, had read a little of political morals, then beginning to be understood, and walked on. The good-hearted baronet put his hand in his pocket, and gave the beggar half-a-guinea, by which a young, strong man, who had only just commenced the trade, was confirmed in his imposition for the rest of his life; and instead of the useful support, became the pernicious incumbrance of society. Sir Christopher had now recovered his spirits. 'What's like a good action?' said he to Clarence, with a swelling breast. The park was crowded to excess; our loungers were joined by Lord St. George. His lordship was a staunch Tory. He could not endure Wilkes, liberty, or general education. He launched out against the enlightenment of domestics. 'What has made you so bitter?' said Sir Christopher. 'My valet!' cried Lord St. George; 'he has invented a new toasting-fork; is going to take out a patent, make his fortune, *and leave me*; that's what I call ingratitude, Sir Christopher; for I ordered his wages to be raised five pounds but last year.' 'It *was* very ungrateful,' said the ironical Clarence. 'Very!' reiterated the good-hearted Sir Christopher. 'You cannot recommend me a valet, Findlater,' renewed his lordship; 'a good, honest, sensible fellow, who can neither read nor write?' 'N—o—o— that is to say, yes! I can; my old servant, Collard, is out of place, and is as ignorant as—as—' 'I—or you are,' said Lord St. George, with a laugh. 'Precisely,' replied the baronet. 'Well, then, I take your recommendation: send him to me to-morrow at twelve.' 'I will,' said Sir Christopher. 'My dear Findlater,' cried Clarence, when Lord St. George was gone, 'did you not tell me some time ago, that Collard was a great rascal, and closely *lis* with Jefferies? and now you recommend him to Lord St. George!' 'Hush, hush, hush!' said the baronet; 'he was a great rogue, to be sure; but poor fellow, he came to me yesterday with tears in his eyes, and said he should starve if I would not give him a character; so what could I do?' 'At least, tell Lord St. George the truth,' observed Clarence. 'But then Lord St. George would not take him!' rejoined the good-hearted Sir Christopher, with forcible *naiveté*. 'No, no, Linden, we must not be so hard-hearted; we must forgive and forget;' and so saying, the baronet threw out his chest, with the conscious exultation of a man who has uttered a noble sentiment. The moral of this little history is, that Lord St. George, having been pillaged 'through thick and thin,' as the proverb has it, for two years, at last missed a gold watch, and Monsieur Collard finished his career, as his exemplary tutor, Mr. John Jefferies, had

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done before him. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have a good heart. But, to return, just as our wanderers had arrived at the further end of the park, Lady Westborough and her daughter passed them. Clarence excusing himself to his friend, hastened towards them, and was soon occupied in saying the prettiest things in the world to the prettiest person, at least in his eyes; while Sir Christopher, having done as much mischief as a good heart well can do in a walk of an hour, returned home to write a long letter to his mother, against 'learning and all such nonsense, which only served to blunt the affections and harden the heart.' 'Admirable young man!' cried the mother, with tears in her eyes; 'a good heart is better than all the heads in the world.' Amen!"

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

QUADRANGLE OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In the last *New Monthly Magazine* is an excellent account of this splendid structure, in *A Day at Cambridge*,—in which occurs the following exquisite little descriptive gem:—

With the exception of a gravel walk, running near to the buildings on every side, the whole ground-plot of this quadrangle is covered by an unbroken turf, kept, by means of constant and almost hourly attention, in that exquisite order which is only to be observed in spots devoted to similar purposes, here and at Oxford. The effect of an unbroken plot of turf of this kind and quality, and in a situation like this, is perfectly unique, and perhaps indescribable. It is supposed to be, and in fact is, for all purposes of preservation and beauty, sacred from the foot of man or beast; and the feeling arising from this circumstance, added to the exquisite natural adaptation of the object itself to the purposes of rest and relief from the almost dazzling architectural splendour of the surrounding objects, is such as cannot be communicated by any other means whatever, and we might in vain attempt to describe. It is of such a kind, however, that those who are capable of experiencing it, would as soon think of treading upon the object that conveys it to them, as those who honour Nature would think of rooting up a nest of violets. Speaking for ourselves alone, there is but one thing that can disturb and deteriorate the absolute tranquillity of mind, and peace of heart, which fall upon us, like dew from heaven, on entering a place like that we have attempted to describe above; it is, to see a capped and gowned Fellow, profaning with his footsteps the floor of that, in some sort, sacred temple, merely because he can, by so doing, reach his habitation by a few footsteps less than if he kept to the path allotted for him. We look upon the act as a species of impiety; to say nothing of its proving, to a demonstration, that the person who commits it is either utterly insensible to the mysterious harmony that subsists between a certain class of natural objects and the heart of man; or utterly disregards that harmony, and sets it at naught. He is, in fact, one of whom it may in one sense be said, that

"He hath no music in his soul."

And we are almost tempted to complete the quotation, by adding—

"Let no such man be trusted!"

A RUSTIC PAIR.

By Miss Mitford.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty that Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sunburnt hair, and eyes, whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, super-subtle, too clever for her age. At twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared; her countenance, her figure, has shot up into height and brightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed, and curled, and brushed with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side, (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!)—there he stands—holding her milk-pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; whilst she is returning the compliment, by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling, and she blushing—he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in all their lives. There they stand, in

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blessed forgetfulness of all except each other—as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding-day.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A R*T.

(Concluded from page 305.)

FINDING a detachment just setting out to join the Grand Allied Army, I thought, as a true Briton, I could do no less than accompany it, and prevailed upon all our party to do the same.

The detachment with which I marched, consisted of 80,000. As we had little baggage, having crossed the Rhine, we proceeded rapidly through a dull, uninteresting country.

The town of Coblentz is situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. Here the majestic Rhine gently flows along in all its grandeur, separating the town from the noble fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.* I crossed over the bridge of boats, and made a most minute inspection of this very romantic castle, which gave me great pleasure indeed. In a few days I availed myself of a passage-boat which was going to Mayence, and was quite enraptured with the view on all sides. Rhenish wines, and perhaps also the water, I found did not well agree with my stomach; and no inconsiderable annoyance, I soon experienced. They seemed, however, to have exactly the same effect upon every Englishman I saw, so I was not singular. A little brandy soon, however, put me all to rights; and by the time I reached Strasbourg, I was perfectly well again, and able to do ample justice to her Splendid Pies! I attended high mass in the great Cathedral of Strasbourg, and was surprised and pleased at the sight of 10,000 soldiers, in review order, drawn up within its walls. It was tiresome enough work mounting to the top of the spire, (which I ascertained, by the steps I took, to be exactly 490 feet high, Strasbourg measure; and this is exactly eight feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome), but I made it out, notwithstanding the sulky looks of the jackanapes who lives at the top. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the view from this cathedral. At your feet you have the ancient town, with all its regular fortifications and outworks—the majestic Rhine, with its bridge of boats, and ruined Gothic bridge, sublime in its decay—and as far as the eye can reach you have an exceedingly rich country, everywhere speckled with towns, and fertilized by luxuriant streams.

I made a point of visiting my venerable friend, the old Comte de Strasbourg, who, unchanged in the rolling on of centuries, lies in his glass coffin, to all appearance in the same freshness of health and vigour in which, when myself a very young man, I saw him many hundred years ago;† his countess, his son, and his daughter, keep him company, each in their separate place of repose. Alas, alas! the sight made me weep.

A few days afterwards, I was rather unexpectedly stopped in my tour. For a night I had taken up my residence in the carriage of a young Englishman, who that day arrived from Rome, the hostler having assured me that he would remain for some time. I did so, as I found it much quieter and cooler than the hotel "La ville de Lyon," which was overcrowded. In the morning, I thought my friends were merely going a short drive, so I kept my seat. We, however, travelled on till night, when I heard we were bound for London; but as my companions were very agreeable, I thought I might as well accompany them the whole way. They seemed to be annoyed at every posthouse with their passports, &c.; I was never even asked about the matter. The custom-house gentry, in their searches, to be sure, occasionally gave me a little trouble, but I was soon up to their tricks. We had an avant-courier constantly galloping before us, and we travelled with such expedition that we reached London in five days; for my fellow-travellers were idle young men of fortune, who are of course always in the greatest hurry for the end of a journey, because they don't know what to make of themselves when it is over.

I had not then an opportunity of seeing Paris, as we only changed horses in it. I have since, however, spent many months there, and have always been very much pleased with every thing I saw, particularly the Catacombs, which were my favourite lounge. When last in Paris, I made a narrow escape with my life, as I tumbled headlong into a cask of brandy. I, however, managed to scramble out, with the assistance of a bit of cord, which happened to be hanging over its side, and which my friend pushed in to me. I was little the worse of my ducking; for, as soon as I got out, I was set a-laughing by his telling me how to spell *brandy*, in both French and English, in three letters, viz. "B. R. and Y." and "O. D. V."

* Apropos—our *Supplement* contains a fine Engraving of this very spot.

† The venerable count died about the year 1519. The glass coffins are still shown.

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In London I made a point, as a stranger, of going everywhere, and was certainly much delighted with every thing. I must confess, however, that I thought all the acting at the Opera and Theatres, and all the eloquence of the Houses of Parliament, as nothing in comparison of what I saw and tasted at the East India and London Docks. When I was in the House of Lords, a companion whispered to me, that he had heard an act read, offering a reward of 10,000*l.* for a *male* tortoise-shell cat. This I believe, indeed, is a very safe offer, for such a thing was never heard of. And it is certainly as much worth their while as making an act that I should never have more than six dishes of meat at my dinner, or that I should not be buried in linen above twenty shillings Scots value per ell, although I wished it particularly, and could well afford to pay for it. There was, however, one restrictive act, which had sense in it; and the husbands of the present day would, I dare say, give their ears that it were still in force, whatever the dressmakers might think of it. But many of their acts of Parliament are silly enough —as they must be; for they don't like to be thought idle, and imagine that it is necessary to be always enacting something.

It is curious, indeed, how fashion should be every thing in the great city. A lady could not possibly venture to see her dearest friend on earth, or even her own sister, if she happened to live in rather an unfashionable part of the town. By so doing, she would expose herself to her own footmen, who very properly would lose all respect for her, and I suppose instantly leave her service, as, poor fellows, they have a rank in life to keep up! ! John Bull certainly gives himself many airs, to say the least of it. After receiving the greatest kindness and hospitality from you in Scotland, and perhaps staying for months in your house, he will cut you dead in London. I remember once meeting with such a return, but took it, of course, very coolly. Next day, when I was arm in arm with —— ——, I happened again to meet my quondam friend, who immediately rushed up to me.—I, however, turned on my tail, and did not know him.—Fashion is an odd thing after all. It is not rank which will do. I have seen many a spendthrift young commoner cut his uncle the duke; and being a duchess by no means will ensure admittance at Almack's.—I thank my stars, I am not fashionable, and am always happy to see my friends!

I was persuaded, soon after reaching London, to go down to Essex for a few days, to pay a visit to an old friend. When I arrived at his house, which I think they called Waltham Abbey, I was sorry to receive the melancholy accounts that he had been devoured, and that, if I did not instantly take myself off, I should be dealt with in the same manner. The truth was, that a famine had arisen; and it is well known, on those occasions, as necessity has no law, that the stronger kills the weaker. Day after day the combat is renewed, till at last all except one are destroyed, and he is then obliged to decamp, or eat himself up, as he likes best. It is in this way that castles, houses, &c. which have been long infested by us, are so suddenly entirely freed from our presence.

I amused myself in making an excursion to Epping Forest, till I thought the civil war at my late friend's habitation might have proceeded far enough for my presence to be useful. In the forest, one day, I had the luck to kill one of those troublesome reptiles—a Tom Cat. I believe, however, it was a house one. After a hard day's hunting his highness made too free at a Valerian party. I watched my opportunity, and soon put an effectual end to his caterwauling. When I returned to the abbey, I found I was in the best possible time—the garrison being reduced to about a dozen, and they so weakened and tired out with the constant worrying work they had had, that I was myself a complete match for any two of them. In a few days the number was only four, and in other two days I was sole lord and master.

[He then returns to town.]

At a friend's house, in Berkeley Square, where I met a distinguished party, a scene took place, just such as Pope describes—

> Our courtier walks from dish to dish;
> Tastes, for his friend, of fowl and fish:
> "That jelly's rich, that malmsey's healing,
> Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
> Was ever such a happy swain?
> He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
> "I'm quite ashamed—'Tis mighty rude
> To eat so much; but all's so good!
> I have a thousand thanks to give,
> My lord alone knows how to live."—
> No sooner said, but from the hall
> Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
> "A r—t, a r—t! clap to the door!"—

I, however, made good my exit, and was nothing the worse of a practical warning to be more cautious in future.

It would be endless for me to describe all my after voyages and travels. Suffice it to say, I have been both east and west, north and south; and there is scarcely a part of the habitable globe which I have not visited. After all, I have come to this conclusion, that there is no country like Britain. Oh! how I could wish my human existence had been in such happy

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times and under such glorious sovereigns as a George the Third, and George the Fourth ! ! !

For some years I have remained in this country, enjoying (like a patriarch of old) a quiet, regular life with my family, which now amounts to above 2,000. I, however, keep very much to my own room, as I hate bustle, and like to enjoy my own reflections.

The age to which our species can exist is not ascertained, as never one of us was known to die in his bed, at least a natural death. A kind of instinct I have always had, has as yet saved me from arsenic, stewed corks, traps, stamps, &c.; and my great strength, and a good deal of science, which is of more consequence, have, as yet, preserved me in many a deadly combat, both with my own species, and with the dog, the ferret, the weasel, the hawk, and that green-eyed monster—the cat. But I am now getting somewhat stiffer, and am not so sharp as I was. I am not—

" ——— qualis eram, quum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsa
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos:
Et regem hâc Herilum dextrâ sub Tartara misi ! ! "

And in some evil hour my time must come.

——— I am well aware, indeed, of the fleeting existence even of this world itself, for I studied astronomy with the celebrated M. Olbers of Bremen, and assisted him in making many useful observations and discoveries, particularly regarding comets, in the course of which we came to this melancholy conclusion, that the comet which was afterwards visible in 1786 and 1795, will, in 83,000 years, approach the earth as nearly as the moon; and that in 4,000,000 years it will come to within a distance of 7,700 geographical miles;—the consequence of which will be (if its attraction be equal to that of the earth) the elevation of the waters of the ocean 13,000 feet; that is to say, above the tops of all the European mountains, except Mount Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and of the Himalaya mountains alone will escape this second deluge; but they will not benefit by their good fortune more than 216,000,000 years, for it is probable, that at the expiration of that time, our globe standing right in the way of the comet, will receive a shock severe enough to ensure its utter destruction ! ! !

Note.—After reading over the above MS., I am inclined to come to this conclusion—that our historian, while in a human form, must have been a Scottish nobleman—that he probably was born about the year 1501—and that he lived to about the age of 89.—*Ed.*

THE FANCY BALL.

" A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities ! "
SHAKSPEARE.

" You used to talk," said Miss Mac Call,
" Of flowers, and flames, and Cupid;
But now you never talk at all,
You're getting vastly stupid.
You'd better burn your Blackstone, Sir,
You never will get through it;
There's a Fancy Ball at Winchester—
Do let us take you to it."

I made that night a solemn vow,
To startle all beholders:
I wore white muslin on my brow,
Green velvet on my shoulders—
My trousers were supremely wide,
I learn'd to swear " by Allah "—
I stuck a poniard by my side,
And called myself " Abdallah."

Oh! a Fancy Ball's a strange affair,
Made up of silks and leathers,
Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
Pins, paint, and ostrich feathers:
The dullest Duke in all the town,
To-night may shine a droll one—
And rakes, who have not half-a-crown,
Look royal with a whole one.

Hail, blest Confusion! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces,
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Bramin talks of races;
And where's your genius, bright Corinne?
And where your brogue, Sir Lucius?
And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
One chapter of Confucius.

Lo! dandies from Kamschatka flirt
With beauties from the Wrekin—
And belles from Berne look very pert
On Mandarins from Pekin;
The Cardinal is here from Rome,
The Commendant from Seville—
And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
And Faustus from the Devil.

What mean those laughing Nuns, I pray,
What mean they, Nun or Fairy?
I guess they told no beads to-day,
And sang no Ave Mary.
From Mass and Matins, Priest and Pix,
Barred door, and window grated,
I wish all pretty Catholics
Were thus emancipated.

Four Seasons come to dance quadrilles,
With four well-seasoned sailors—
And Raleigh talks of rail-road bills,
With Timon, prince of railers.
I find Sir Charles of Aubyn Park
Equipp'd for a walk to Mecca—
And I run away from Joan of Arc,
To romp with sad Rebecca.

Fair Cleopatra's very plain,
Puck halts, and Ariel swaggers—
And Cæsar's murder'd o'er again,
Though not by Roman daggers.
Great Charlemagne is four feet high—
Sad Stuff has Bacon spoken—
Queen Mary's waist is all awry,
And Psyche's nose is broken.

Our happiest bride, how very odd!
Is the mourning Isabella,
And the heaviest foot that ever trod
Is the foot of Cinderella.
Here sad Calista laughs outright,
There Yorick looks most grave, Sir,
And a Templar waves the cross to-night,
Who never cross'd the wave, Sir.

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And what a Babel is the talk!
" The Giraffe"—" plays the fiddle"—
" Macadam's roads"—" I hate this chalk"—
" Sweet girl"—" a charming riddle"—
" I'm nearly drunk with"—" Epsom salts"—
" Yes, separate beds"—" such cronies!"—
" Good heaven! who taught that man to waltz?"—
" A pair of Shetland ponies."

" Lord D——"—" an enchanting shape"—
" Will move for"—" Maraschino"
" Pray, Julia, how's your mother's ape?"—
" He died at Navarino!"
" The gout, by Jove, is"—" apple pie"—
" Don Miguel"—" Tom the tinker"—
" His Lordship's pedigree's as high
As ——"—" Whipcord, dam by Clinker."

" Love's shafts are weak"—" my chestnut kicks"—
" Heart broken"—" broke the traces"—
" What say you now of politics?"—
" Change sides and to your places"—
" A five-barred gate"—" a precious pearl"
" Grave things may all be pann'd on!"—
" The Whigs, thank God, are"—" out of curl!"—
" Her age is"—" four by London!"

Thus run the giddy hours away,
Till morning's light is beaming,
And we must go to dream by day
All we to-night are dreaming:
To smile and sigh, to love and change—
Oh! in our heart's recesses,
We dress in fancies quite as strange
As these our fancy-dresses.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles
SHAKSPEARE.

THO' lang an lonely be the road
Between me an my dearie;
Yet I the gate hae aften troad,
When I've been tired and wearie.

Be't stormin rain, hail, win or snaw—
A lonely road and drearie—
There's nought wad e'er keep me awa
Frae gaun to see my dearie!!!

M.

FRENCH BALL CONVERSATION.

DURING the French revolution, parties danced as gaily as ever; the following is a ball conversation, which took place in the month of Frimaire, year 7.:—Well, the Ottoman Porte has declared war against us! Oh yes, there is no doubt of it, (*En avant deux*) It is an enemy the more—(*chassez*) and the Russian fleet they say has passed the Dardanelles, (*en avant quatre*) yet the papers say that the emperor sincerely desires peace.—Yes, but Count Metternich wishes for war, (*balances*) so we have also a new coalition against us. England, Portugal, Naples, Turkey, the Emperor, Russia, perhaps the empire of Prussia, (*Faites face et chassez tous les huit*)—well we have bayonettes, (*la poussette*) besides it is not so far from Dover to Calais, (*traverses*)—Do you belong to the conscription?—Yes, and I too; (*pirouettes*) what makes me uneasy is to know what will become of our partners when we are gone: (*La chaine des dames*)—what will be left to amuse them (*La queue du chat.*) It was thus that days of terror were preceded by evenings of amusement and pleasure.

INTUITIVE AFFECTION.

" THERE are three things," said a wit, " which I have always loved without ever understanding them, painting music, and woman."

RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

A LADY, well known in the fashionable vicinity of Portland-place, always accosts a stranger, with " I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clue for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off the same game on a gentleman, who replied, " Most likely, madam, for I sometimes go there."

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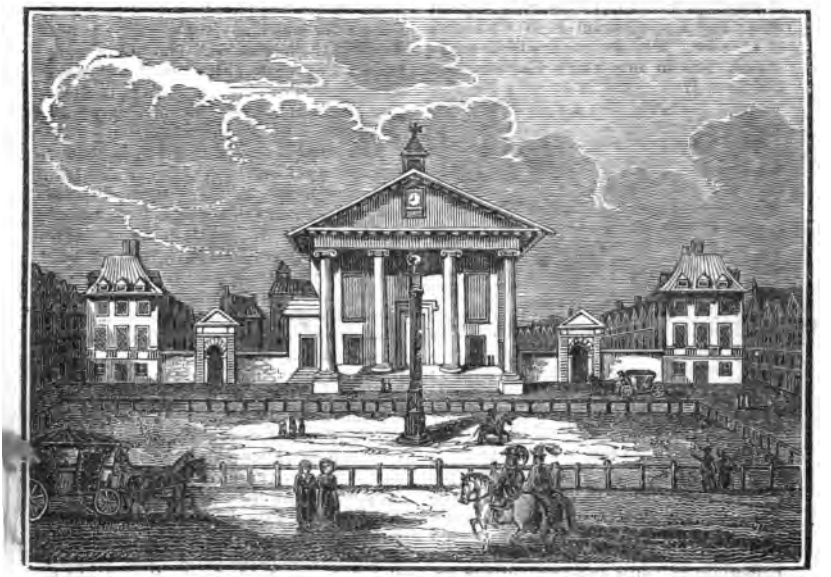
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 346.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828. [PRICE 2d.

Old Covent Garden.



THE notoriety of Covent Garden is of too multifarious a description to render the above illustration uninteresting to either of our readers. It is copied from one of Hollar's prints, and represents the Garden about the time of Charles II., before its area had been polluted with filth and vegetable odours.

The spot was originally the garden belonging to the abbot of Westminster, which extended to St. Martin's church, was called the *Convent Garden*, and may be distinctly traced in Ralph Agar's View of London, bearing date about 1570. It was granted, after the dissolution, by Edward VI. first to the protector Somerset, on whose attainder, in 1582, it passed into the Bedford family. About the year 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began to clear away the old buildings, and to form the present handsome square. Its execution was confided to Inigo Jones, but unfortunately, only the north, and part of the east side, was completed; for, had the piazza been continued on the other sides, this would have been one of the noblest quadrangles in the metropolis. Previously to the erection of the present mass of huts and sheds, the area was neatly gravelled, had a handsome dial in the centre, and was railed in on all sides, at the distance of sixty feet from the buildings. The south side was bounded by the garden wall of Bedford-House, the town house of the noble family of that name; and along this wall only were the market booths. But the mansion has long given way to Little Bedford-street.

The most striking object in the engraving is, however, the original church of St. Paul, as built by Inigo Jones, connected with which is the following anecdote:—When the Earl of Bedford sent for Jones, in 1640, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden; but added, he would not go to any considerable expense. "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn."—"Well, then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England." The ceiling was very beautifully painted by Edward Pierce,

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sen. a pupil of Vandyke. In 1795, the church was accidentally destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt by Mr. Hardwick, in imitation of the original design.

In a note at page 236 of vol. x. of the MIRROR, we adverted to the disgraceful state of Covent Garden Market, which of late years has been little better than a public nuisance. The broom of reform at length promises to cleanse this *Augean* area; and a new market is in the course of erection. The design, it will be recollected, was in this year's Exhibition at Somerset House, and in an early Number we may probably give a view of the Elevation.

The celebrity of Covent Garden as a depôt for vegetable produce is of considerable antiquity; and it is but reasonable that such an improvement should be made, consistent with the increased and increasing wants of this overgrown metropolis, and the augmented supplies which are poured in from all quarters. When this improvement is completed, it may lead to the finishing of the quadrangle. The parish (in extent, not in feeling) is, perhaps, one of the most compact in London; but when its proximity to the theatres is considered, little surprise can reasonably be felt at the immorality of the district. It may not be so easy a matter to mend the public morals as to build new markets; but the links of popular improvement are too closely connected to make the case hopeless.

It would be amusing to compare this emporium of fruits and vegetables in ancient and modern times. At the first enclosure of Covent Garden, in 1635, the supply must have been very scanty. Upon the authority of Hume, we learn that when Catherine, queen of Henry VIII., was in want of any salads, carrots, or other edible roots, &c. she was obliged to send a special messenger to Holland for them. But the mention of water-cresses, kales, gooseberries, currants, &c., by old writers, appears to invalidate the pursy historian. The garden must, nevertheless, have presented a very different appearance to that of our day. Only let the *gourmand* take a walk through the avenues of the present Covent Garden—from the imperial pine, to the emerald leaves sprinkled with powdered diamonds—*vulgo*, savoys. Then the luscious list of autumnal fruits, and the peppers, or capsicums, and tomatas, to tickle the appetite of the veriest epicure of east or western London—not to mention the exotic fragrance of oranges, which come in just opportunely to fill up the chasm in the supply of British fruits.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

DECEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

THE feasts of *Opalia* were celebrated in honour of the goddess *Ops;* they were held on the 9th of December. Saturn and Ops were husband and wife, and to them we owe the introduction of corn and fruits; for which reason the feast was not held till the harvest and fruit time were over. The vows offered to this goddess were made sitting on the ground, to show that she was Earth, the mother of all things.

The *Saturnalia* were festivals in honour of Saturn, celebrated the 16th or 17th, or, according to others, the 18th of December. They were instituted long before the foundation of Rome, in commemoration of the freedom and equality which prevailed on earth in the golden reign of Saturn. Some, however, suppose that the Saturnalia were first observed at Rome in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, after a victory obtained over the Sabines; while others support, that Janus first instituted them in gratitude to Saturn, from whom he had learnt agriculture; others suppose that they were first celebrated in the year of Rome 257, after a victory obtained over the Latins by the dictator, Posthumius. The Saturnalia were originally celebrated only for one day, but afterwards the solemnity continued for three, four, five, and at last for seven days. The celebration was remarkable for the license which universally prevailed. The slaves were permitted to ridicule their masters, and to speak with freedom upon any subject. It was usual for friends to make presents one to another; all animosity ceased; no criminals were executed; schools were shut; war was never declared, but all was mirth, riot, and debauchery. In the sacrifices the priests made their offerings with their heads uncovered,—a custom which was never observed at other festivals.

The *Divalia* was a feast held on the 21st of December, in honour of the goddess *Angerona*, whence it is also called *Angeronalia*. On the day of this festival the pontifices performed sacrifices in the temple of Voluptia, or the goddess of joy and pleasure, who, some say, was the same with *Angerona*, and supposed to drive away all the sorrow and chagrin of life.

The feast of *Laurentinalia* was held on the 23rd of December, but was ordered to be observed twice a year by Augustus; by some supposed to be in honour of the *Lares*, a kind of domestic genii, or divinities, worshipped in houses, and esteemed

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the guardians and protectors of families, supposed to reside in chimney-corners. Others have attributed this feast in honour of Acca Laurentia, the nurse of Romulus and Remus, and wife of Faustulus.

P. T. W.

CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.

(For the Mirror.)

Hibernia.—Ireland is called by the Latin writers, *Hibernia*, *Ivernia*—*Ierne* *—and *Verna*—names differing but little in sound, and all, merely Latinizations of the Irish words *Ibh Eirin*—that is, the Land of Erié—for *Ibh*, in Irish, signifies a land, or country, and *Eirin* is the genitive case of *Eire*, the name of Ireland in the Irish tongue—from *Ibh Eirin* the Romans formed Hibernia, &c. the termination only being Latin—and from *Eire*, by adding *land*, the Saxons formed *Eireland* or *Ireland*. This Eire was a very ancient queen who gave her name to the country, as in modern times *Virginia* was called after Queen Elizabeth, *Maryland* after the queen of Charles I., &c.

Tory.—A robber, an outlaw, literally, *one hunted*—a name originally given to the outlawed Irish chiefs of Ulster, in the reign of James I., who after the seizure of their lands, had a price set upon their heads, and were *hunted* by the soldiery like wild beasts; hence the name of *Tories*, meaning the *hunted* people, for *Toriacht* in Irish signifies a pursuit or hunting, and *Torihe*, hunted. In the reign of Charles II. it began to be used to designate a party in the state favourable to absolute monarchy; many of these "Tories" having followed the fortunes of that prince in exile, returned with him, and being his most devoted partisans when reseated on his throne.

Admiral.—This word, which appears to have sadly puzzled the etymologists, having been derived from the Phœnician, the Coptic, and half a dozen languages besides, is pure Celtic, but little altered too, in its transit from one language to another. *Ard*, high or chief, *Muir*, the sea, and *Fear*, (in composition pronounced *ar*) a man, so that *Ardmurar*, or *Admiral*, signifies literally the *Chief Seaman*. There is nothing of torture in this derivation, as may be seen by referring to any Irish dictionary, and it is a curious fact, that the Irish seamen in the navy very generally call the Admiral "*the Ardmurar*." In Irish it is frequently written in two words, thus—*Ard muirfhear*.

Beltin day.—The first of May is so called in many places in the North of England. It was a custom in the days of Druidism to light large fires on the tops of hills on the evening of the first of May, in honour of *Bel* or the Sun, and hence that day is still called in Irish, *La Bheltine*, or the day of Bel's fire, from *La*, a day, *Bel*, the god Bel, and *teine*, fire. The same ceremony was practised in Britain, being a Druidical rite, and the name (*Beltin day*) remains, although the custom from which it originated, has in England, at least, been long forgotten.

Guthrie, in his "Geographical Grammar," tells us, that the English language is a compound of the Saxon, the French, and the *Celtic*. As far as this latter is concerned, the assertion appears to me to have been made without due consideration; I do not believe that there are twenty words of *genuine Celtic* in the English language; there are, it is true, a very few Irish words, which have become as it were, English denizens, and of these I have sent you a specimen above; but I do not believe it possible to increase their number to twenty, even in broad Scotch, in which dialect of the Saxon (from the neighbourhood of the Highlanders who use the Irish language) some Celtic words might be expected, but very few occur;† there is, however, one very curious exception to this rule, and for which, I confess, I am unable to account, (though perhaps your correspondent, *Rupert C.* in No. 342, might,) it is this—that in Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, or Cant Language*, if the words which are evidently figurative be thrown out, nearly the whole of what remain are pure Irish.

H. S.

* Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis *Ierne*. CLAUDIAN.

† As *Oe* a grandson—Irish *O* or *Ua byrr*, a cowhouse—Irish boyach (boi-theach.)

TURKISH CANNON.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Turks use the largest cannon of any people in Europe. In our ships, and I believe in our batteries, we seldom use a heavier gun than a 32-pounder. No man-of-war carries a gun of a larger calibre; but the Turks make use of 800-pounders. Mahommed II. is stated to have used at the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, cannon of an immense calibre, and stone shot. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by the immense shot thrown from the batteries. The Royal George (of 110 guns) was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut-

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water, and another cut the main-mast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse (74) had her wheel shot away and twenty-four men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, and weighed 800 pounds, and was two feet two inches in diameter. One of these huge shots, to the astonishment of our tars, stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having thus crushed this immense mass of timber, the shot rolled ponderously aft, and brought up abreast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurath; it was composed of two parts, joined by a screw at the chamber, its breach resting against massy stone work; the difficulty of charging it would not allow of its being fired more than once; but, as a Pacha said, "that single discharge would destroy almost the whole fleet of an enemy." The Baron de Trott, to the great terror of the Turks, resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1,100 pounds, and he loaded it with 330 pounds of powder: he says, "I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of eight hundred fathoms. I saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the Strait, and rebounded on the mountain."

W. G. C.

AN ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

AIR.—"*The kail brose o' auld Scotland.*"

Ye vintners a' your ingles * mak clear,
An brew us some punch our hearts a' to cheer,
On November the thritie let's meet ilkie year
To drink to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

Peace was his word in the ha' or the fiel'†
An his creed it was whalsome to those that were leal
To mak' the road straight O' he was the cheel,
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

In days o' langsyne as auld chronicles tell,
When clans wi' their dirks gaid to it pell mell,
O he was sad' that a' fewds cou'd expel,
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint,

For since at the Spey when M'Duff led the van,
He vow'd that the charrians ‡ he'd slay every one,
But by Andrew's doctren he slew na a man,
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

When he to the Culdees the truth did explain
They a' rubb'd their beard, an' looket right fain
An' vow'd that his council they'd ever retain,
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

Altho' at fam'd Patres § he closed his e'e,
Yet Regulus, the monk, brought him far oure the sea,
In St. Andrew's he sleeps, an' there let him be.
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint. C.

* Fires. † Field.

‡ See Buchanan's History of Scotland, book p. 186.

§ See Cook's Geography, book ii. p. 302.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BANKRUPT.

(For the Mirror.)

This word is formed from the ancient Latin *bancus* a *bench*, or *table*, and *ruptus*, *broken*. Bank originally signified a bench, which the first bankers had in the public places, in markets, fairs, &c. on which they told their money, wrote their bills of exchange, &c. Hence, when a banker failed, they broke his bank, to advertise the public that the person to whom the bank belonged was no longer in a condition to continue his business. As this practice was very frequent in Italy, it is said the term bankrupt is derived from the Italian *banco rotto*, *broken bench*. Cowel (in his 4th Institute 227) rather chooses to deduce the word from the French *banque*, *table*, and *route*, *vestigium*, *trace*, by metaphor from the sign left in the ground, of a table once fastened to it and now gone. On this principle he traces the origin of bankrupts from the ancient Roman *mensarii* or *argentarii*, who had their *tabernæ* or *mensæ* in certain public places; and who, when they fled, or made off with the money that had been entrusted to them, left only the sign or shadow of their former station behind them.

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD *BROKER*, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The origin of this word is contested; some derive it from the French *broyer*, "*to grind;*" others from *brocader*, to cavil or *riggle;* others deduce broker from a trader *broken*, and that from the Saxon *broc*, "misfortune," which is often the true reason of a man's breaking. In which view, a broker is a broken trader, by misfortune; and it is said that none but such were formerly admitted to that

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employment. The Jews, Armenians, and Banians are the chief brokers throughout most parts of the Levant and the Indies. In Persia, all affairs are transacted by a sort of brokers, whom they call "*delal*," i. e. "*great talkers.*" Their form of contract in buying and selling is remarkable, being done in the profoundest silence, only by touching each other's fingers:—The buyer, loosening his *pamerin*, or girdle, spreads it on his knee; and both he and the seller, having their hands underneath, by the intercourse of the fingers, mark the price of pounds, shillings, &c., demanded, offered, and at length agreed on. When the seller takes the buyer's whole hand, it denotes a thousand, and as many times as he squeezes it, as many thousand pagods or roupees, according to the species in question demanded; when he only takes the five fingers, it denotes five hundred; and when only one, one hundred; taking only half a finger, to the second joint, denotes fifty; the small end of the finger, to the first joint, stands for ten. This *legerdemain*, or *squeezing system*, would not do for the *latitude* of London. P. T. W.

Select Biography.

DR. GALL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE loss which the scientific world has lately sustained by the death of Dr. Gall, will be longer and more deeply felt than any which it has experienced for some years. This celebrated philosopher and physician was born in the year 1758, of respectable parents, at a small village in the duchy of Baden, where he received the early part of his education. He afterwards went to Brucksal, and then to Strasburgh, in which city he commenced his medical studies, and became a pupil of the celebrated Professor Hermann. From Strasburgh he removed to Vienna, where he commenced practice, having taken the degree of M.D. In this capital, however, he was not permitted to develope his new system of the functions of the brain; and from his lectures being interdicted, and the illiberal opposition which he here met with, as well as in other parts of Austria, he determined to visit the north of Germany. Here he was well received in all the cities through which he passed, as well as in Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, and explained the doctrines he had founded on his observations from *nature* before several sovereigns, who honoured him with such marks of approbation and respect as were due to his talents. In the course of his travels he likewise visited England, and at length, in 1807, settled in Paris, where his reputation had already preceded him, and which, from its central situation, he considered as the fittest place for disseminating his system. In this city, in 1810, he published his elaborate work on the brain, the expenses of which were guaranteed by one of his greatest friends and patrons, Prince Metternich, at that time Austrian minister at the court of France.

It was natural to expect that the system of Dr. Gall, which differed so widely from the long confirmed habits of thinking, and having to contend with so many prejudices, should encounter a large host of adversaries; for if *phrenology* be true, all other systems of the philosophy of the human mind must consequently be false. The brain, which, from the earliest periods, has generally been considered as the seat of our mental functions, Dr. Gall regards as a congeries of organs, each organ having a separate function of its own. This system, first promulgated by him, is now rapidly advancing in the estimation of the world; and its doctrines, which a few years since were thought too extravagant and absurd for investigation, are now discussed in a more liberal and candid manner. The *test* for the science of phrenology, and a test by which its validity alone can be tried, consists in an induction of facts and observations; and by this mode it is that the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim challenge their antagonists.

After a life of the most indefatigable industry and active benevolence, Dr. Gall breathed his last at his country house at Montrouge, a short distance from Paris, on August the 22nd, 1828, at the age of seventy-one. The examination of his body took place forty hours after death, in the presence of the following members of the faculty:—Messrs. Fouquier, J. Cloquet, Dauncey, Fossati, Cassimir-Broussais, Robouane, Sarlandière, Fabre-Palaprat, Londe, Costello, Gaubert, Vimont, Jobert, and Marotti. The exterior appearance of the body presented a considerable falling away, particularly in the face. The skull was sawed off with the greatest precaution; the substance of the brain was consistent, and this organ was firm and perfectly regular.

The funeral of Dr. Gall, which was conducted with as much privacy as possible, took place at Paris on the 27th of August. He was interred in the burial-ground of Père la Chaise, between the tombs of Molière and La Fontaine, being attended to the grave by several members of the faculty. Three *eloges*, or *oraisons funèbres*, were delivered at the place of

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interment by Professor Broussais, Dr. Fossati, and Dr. Londe.

Broussais informs us, that Dr. Gall possessed most of the social virtues, particularly beneficence and good-nature—qualities, he observes, precious in all ranks of society, and which ought to make amends for many defects; but for Gall, they had only to palliate a certain roughness of character, which might wound the susceptibility of delicate persons, although the sick and unfortunate never had to complain; and, indeed, the doctor ought, in strict justice, to have more merit in our ideas, from never having once lost sight, in his writings, of either decency or moderation, particularly when it is remembered how severely he was attacked in propagating his favourite doctrine.

T. B.

FROM CATULLUS.

(For the Mirror.)

My Lydia says, "believe me I speak true,
I ne'er will marry any one but you;
If Jove himself should mention love to me,
Not even Jove would be preferred to thee."
She says—but all that women tell
Their doting lovers—I, alas! too well
Know, should be written on the waves or wind,
So little do their words express their mind.

T. C.

The Novelist.

GERMAN TRADITIONS.

I have a song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Faery tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GERMANY! land of mystery and of mind! birth-place of Schiller and Goëthe, with what emotions does not every lover of romance sit down to peruse thy own peculiar, dreamy traditions! Thy very name conjures up visions of demons, and imps, and elfs, and all the creations of faery land, with their varied legends of *diablerie*, almost incredible in number and singular in detail—and romance, in his gloomy mood, seems here to have reared his strong hold.

At a time when a taste for the beauties of German literature is becoming general throughout this country, we conceive that a few specimens of her traditions may not be unacceptable to the reader. Few subjects are more interesting than the popular legends of a country, which are the source from whence many of our later novelists draw several of their writings: they offer a field for reflection to the contemplative observer of man; and those of Germany, although some are disfigured with a little too much absurdity in their details, are confessedly a mine of wealth to the lover of research in such matters. Here Schiller first drew the sources of his inspiration; here Goëthe first electrified mankind with his writings—works which will render both immortal; it is, indeed, a mine which has been and will bear much working.

We have chosen the following tradition, both on account of the merit it possesses, and its being the unquestionable origin of Washington Irving's inimitable *Rip Von Winkle*. Indeed, the similarity of the story is strikingly obvious. We believe there are several legends on this subject, which, with the present, probably all refer to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, whose adventures form the source of many a story among the Germans. The original tale is nearly as follows:—It seems the emperor was once compelled to conceal himself, with a party of his followers, amongst the Kyffhäusen mountains; there he still lives, but is under the influence of magic. He sits with his adherents on a seat before a stone table, leaning his head upon his hands, seeming to slumber; but apparently his sleep is very restless, and his head nods, and seems as if he were going to awake, and his red beard has grown through the table down to his feet. He takes pretty long naps, not more than a hundred years in length at a stretch: when his slumber is interrupted, he is fabled to be very fond of music; and it is said that there was a party of musicians, who once gave him a regular serenade in his subterranean retreat, doubtless expecting some wonderful token of his generosity in return; but they received nothing for their pains but a number of green boughs, which so disgusted them, that they all threw them away on their return to earth, save one, who, however, had no suspicion of its worth, for on showing it to his wife, to his great astonishment, each leaf became a golden coin.

An author before us observes, that this tale of the emperor's slumbers cannot, perhaps, be deemed original, and is probably a popular version of the Seven Sleepers, "not a little disfigured by the peculiar superstition of the country." The same writer remarks, with justice, that it is surprising how few are the sources, and how scanty the parent stock, from whence all the varieties of European legend are derived. Indeed, the foundation of a great part of these legendary stories seems to have been the heathen mythology of the different countries, and the various tales of superstition being handed down from one generation to another, have ga

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dually assumed the shape they now bear; from whence may be traced most of our popular superstitions.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD.

When I behold a football to and fro,
Urged by a throng of players equally,
Methinks I see, resembled in that show,
This round earth poised in the vacant sky.

. . . . . .

And all we learn whereas the game is o'er,
That life is but a dream, and nothing more.
AMADIS JANEYN.

"Know'st thou me not?"———
"Oh, yes, (I cried,) thou art indeed the same."
GOETHE.

AT the peaceful village of Sittendorf dwelt Peter Klaus, the goatherd. He daily tended his flocks to pasture in the Kyffhäusen mountains, and never failed, as evening approached, to muster them in a little mead, surrounded by a stone wall, preparatory to driving them home; for some time, however, he had observed, that one of the finest of his herd regularly disappeared soon after coming to this nook, and did not join her companions till late. One night, watching her attentively, he remarked that she slipped through a hole or opening in the wall, on which he cautiously crept after the animal, and found she was in a cave, busily engaged in gleaning the grains of corn that fell down singly from the roof. Peter did not look long before the shower of corn that now saluted him made him shake his ears, and inflamed his curiosity the more to discover the cause of so singular an occurrence in that out-of-the-way place. However, at last he heard the neigh and stamping of horses, apparently proceed from above; and it was doubtless from their mangers that the oats had fallen.

While standing, still wrapped in amazement at the singularity of the adventure, Peter's surprise was not diminished on observing a boy, who, without saying a word, silently beckoned him to follow. Peter mechanically obeyed the gestures of the lad, and ascended some steps, which led over a walled court into a hollow place, completely surrounded on all sides by lofty rocks, and crowned by the rich foliage of shrubs, through which an imperfect twilight displayed a smooth, well-trimmed lawn, that formed the ground he stood upon. Here were twelve knights, who, without so much as uttering a syllable, were very gravely playing at nine-pins; and as silently was Peter inducted into the office of assistant, namely, in setting up these nine-pins. Peter's courage was none of the strongest during all this time, and his knees smote each other most devoutly as he commenced his duties; while he occasionally ventured to steal a glance at the venerable knights, whose long beards and antique slashed doublets filled him with profound awe.

His fears, however, began to be on the wane, as he became more accustomed to his new employment. Indeed, he went so far as to gaze on one of the noble knights straight in the face—nay, even at last ventured to sip out of a bowl of wine that stood near him, which diffused a most delicious odour around. He found this sip so invigorating, that he soon took a somewhat longer pull; and in a short time Peter had quite forgotten that such things as Sittendorf, Wife, or Goats had ever existed; and on finding himself the least weary, he had only to apply to the never-failing goblet. At last he fell fast asleep.

On waking, Peter found he was in the same little enclosure where he was wont to count his flocks. He shook himself well, and rubbed his eyes; but neither dog nor goats were to be seen; and he was astonished in no slight degree to observe that he was nearly surrounded with high grass, and trees, and shrubs, which he never before remarked, growing about that spot. Lost in perplexity, he followed his way to all the different haunts he had frequented with his herds, but no traces of them were to be discovered; at last he hastily bent his steps to Sittendorf, which lay beneath.

The persons whom he met on his way to the village were all strangers to him; they were differently dressed, and did not precisely speak the language of his acquaintance; and on inquiring after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he mechanically did the same, but what was his surprise when he found his beard lengthened at least a foot; on which he began to conclude that he and those around him were all under the influence of magic or enchantment. Yet the mountain he had descended was certainly the Kyffhäusen—the cottages, too, with their gardens and enclosures, were all quite familiar to him—and he heard some boys reply to the passing questions of a traveller, that it was Sittendorf.

His doubt and perplexity now increased every moment, and he quickened his steps towards his own dwelling; he hardly knew it, it was so much decayed; and before the door lay a strange goatherd's boy, with a dog apparently at the last extreme of age, that snarled when he spoke to him.

He entered the house through an opening, which had formerly been closed by a door. All was waste and void within; he staggered out as if he had lost his senses, calling on his wife and children by their names; but no one heard—none answered. Before long, a crowd of wo-

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men and children had collected around the strange old man, with the long hoary beard, and all inquired what it was he was seeking after. This was almost too much; to be thus questioned before his own door was more than strange, and he felt ashamed to ask after his wife and children, or even of himself; but to get rid of his querists he mentioned the first name that occurred to him, "Kurt Steffen?" The people looked around in silence, till at length an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years past, and you'll not go thither to-day."—"Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning on a crutch. "Heaven rest his soul! he has lain in the house he will never leave these fifteen years!"

The goatherd shuddered to recognise in the last speaker his next neighbour, who seemed all at once to have grown old; but he had lost all desire to inquire further. Suddenly a smart young woman pressed through the surrounding gapers, with an infant in her arms, and leading a girl about fourteen years old—all three the exact image of his wife. With greater surprise than ever he inquired her name. "Maria!"—"And your father's name?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since his goats returned without him, and we sought for him in vain day and night in the Kyffhäusen mountains. I was then hardly seven years old."

Our goatherd could no longer contain himself. "I am Peter Klaus!" he roared, "I am Peter Klaus, and no one else!" and he caught the child from his daughter's arms. Every one, for an instant, stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and then another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is, indeed, Peter Klaus! welcome, neighbour! welcome, after twenty years!" VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

SINCE our last visit, many of the tenants have begun to *hybernate*, and tasteful erections have been made for their winter quarters in all parts of the gardens. Several others are in progress, and a semi-circular aviary for British birds is already built. The *season* is far advanced, and there have been but few *arrivals* of late. The *emus'* grounds have been enclosed with elegant iron-work, and several removals or *changes* have taken place. Some of the animals are much affected by the cold weather. Thus, the monkeys have left their houses on poles, and retired to enclosed cages, where they nestle in groups of threes and fours, and amuse themselves by teazing the least of their company; for here, as elsewhere, the weakest goes to the wall. Three fine wolves, previously shut up in a small den, now enjoy a large cage, where they appear much invigorated by the bracing season. Here and there a little animal lies curled up in the corner of his cage, in a state of torpidity. Among the birds, the macaws were holding an in-door council in their robes of state; whilst one fine fellow, in blue coat and yellow waistcoat, perched himself outside the aviary, and by his cries, proved that fine colours were not weather-proof. The snowy plumage of the storks was "tempered to the wind;" but they reminded us of their original abode—the wilderness. The eagles and vultures in the circular aviary sat on their perches, looking melancholy and disconsolate, but well protected from cold. The kangaroos have removed into their new house, and their park has been relaid, although they still look unsettled. A very pretty beaver-house has been built of mimic rocks.

Among the *introductions*, or new faces, we noticed a pair of fine mastiffs from Cuba, and two Thibet watch-dogs. One of the latter stood shivering in the cold, with bleared eyes, and crying "like a lubberly postmaster's boy." The three bears exhibited as much good-breeding as the visiters encouraged,—climbing to the top of the pole when there was any thing to climb after, and an Admiralty expedition could do no more.

Poisoning of Vegetables.

Several very curious experiments on the poisoning of vegetables, have recently been made by M. Marcet, of Geneva.—His experiments on arsenic, which is well known to every one as a deadly poison to animals, were thus conducted. A vessel containing two or three bean plants, each of five or six leaves, was watered with two ounces of water, containing twelve grains of oxide of arsenic in solution. At the end of from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the plants had faded, the leaves drooped, and had even begun to turn yellow; the roots remained fresh, and appeared to be living. Attempts to restore the plants after twelve or eighteen hours, by abundant watering, failed to recover them. The leaves and stem of the dead plant gave, upon chemical examination, traces of arsenic. A branch of a rose-tree, including a flower, was gathered just as the rose began to blow; the stem was put into a vessel, containing a solution of six grains of oxide of arsenic in an ounce of water. The flower and

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leaves soon showed symptoms of disease, and on the fifth day the whole branch was withered and dead, though only one-fifth of a grain of arsenic had been absorbed. Similar stems, placed in pure water, had, after five days, the roses fully expanded, and the leaves fresh and green.

On June 1st, a slit of one inch and a half in length was made in the stem of a lilac tree, the branch being about an inch in diameter. The slit extended to the pith. Fifteen or twenty grains of moistened arsenic were introduced, the cut was closed, and the stem retained in its original position by osier ties. On the 8th, the leaves began to roll up at the extremity; on the 28th, the branches were dry, and, in the second week of July, the whole of the stem was dry, and the tree itself dead. In about fifteen days after the first, a tree, which joined the former a little above the earth, shared the same fate, in consequence of its connexion with that into which the poison had been introduced. Other trees similarly cut, but without having been poisoned, suffered no kind of injury.

M. Marcet's experiments upon vegetable poisons are no less interesting, and still more wonderful, as indicating a degree of irritability in plants somewhat similar to that which depends on the nervous system in animals. After having ascertained that the bean plants could exist in a healthy state for five or six days, if immersed in the same quantity of spring water, he tried them with five or six grains of opium dissolved in an ounce of water, the consequence of which was, that in the evening the leaves had dropped, and, by the middle of next day, they were dead beyond recovery. Other vegetable poisons of the narcotic class produced a similar effect. Hemlock was equally fatal, and six grains of dry powdered foxglove, in an ounce of water, began to operate, by wrinkling some of the leaves of the bean in a few moments, which it completely killed in twenty-four hours. Oxalic acid or salt of sorrel, though found in common and wood sorrel, and a great many plants, proved a very fatal poison to others. The absorption of one-tenth of a grain, killed a rose branch and flower in forty-eight hours.—*Quar. Jour. of Agriculture.*

Notes of a Reader.

KNOWING PEOPLE.

How happily do these few lines characterise a certain set of people who pick up news from "good authority," and settle the fate of the nation over strong potations of brandy and-water, or Calvert's porter, forgetting that "people who drink beer, think beer." Suppose a question of great public interest afloat:—

"Reports are abroad, precisely of the proper pitch of absurdity, for the greedy swallowing of the great grey-goggle-eyed public, who may be seen standing with her mouth wide open like a crocodile, with her hands in her breeches-pockets, at the crosses of cities on market-days, gluttonously devouring whatever rumour flings into her maw—nor in the least aware that she is all the time eating wind. People of smallish abilities begin to look wiser and wiser every day—their nods seem more significant—in the shaking of their heads there is more of Burleigh—and in short sentences—that sound like apophthegms—they are apt to impose themselves on their credulous selves as so many Solomons."

NEW CHURCHES.

Among the numerous sermons lately preached in pursuance of the King's letter for the enlargement and building of churches and chapels, we notice one by the vicar of Dorking, in Surrey, from which we extract the following:—"In many places of this country it is lamentable to behold the ruinous state of churches. If a man's dwelling-house be decayed, he will never cease till it be restored; if his barn, where he bestows all his fruits and his goods, be out of repair, what diligence doth he use to make it perfect? If the stable for his horse, or the sty for his swine, be not able to exclude the severity of weather, when the rains fall, and the winds blow, how careful is he to incur the necessary cost? Shall we then be so mindful of our common houses, deputed to such low occupations, and be forgetful toward that house of God, in which are expounded the words of our eternal salvation—in which are administered the sacraments and mysteries of our redemption?"—The persuasiveness of this argument is admirable, and its amiable tone and temper are infinitely more suitable than the florid appeal.

We also learn that Parliament has already voted a million and a half of money to the sole use of building churches, and that in the diocese in which Dorking is situated, thirty-two cases have been aided by the sum of 6,230*l.*

But the *church of Dorking* is in a dilapidated state, and is capable of containing only one-fifth of the inhabitants. It was "probably erected about the commencement of the twelfth century; and the crumbling walls may almost be said to totter under the massive roof." This

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calls forth the following pious exhortation: "Our lot is cast in a pleasant place. Let us manifest our thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift by a structure dedicated to his service, corresponding with the magnificence of private mansions, and the natural beauties of local scenery." We can only wonder that, in a neighbourhood abounding with men of rank and opulence, such an appeal is necessary.

SHORT-HAND.

"SOUND is the gauge of short-hand, and connexion the master-key for deciphering." Such is one of the axioms in Mr. Harding's eighth edition of his very valuable little "System of Short-Hand,"—to which, by way of pleasant illustration, he appends, the "Dirge on Miss LN G," copied by us from the "New Monthly Magazine;" but we give Mr. H. credit for the present application. We could write a whole number of the MIRROR on the advantages of short-hand to the community; but as that would not be a practical illustration, we desist. Only think of the "Times" newspaper being scores of miles from town before half London has risen; and the Duke of Bedford, reading the previous night's debates at his breakfast-table at Woburn Abbey. What would all Mr. Applegath's machinery do towards producing the newspaper without the aid of short-hand, which makes its expedition second only to thought. Half an hour's delay of "the paper" makes us fret and fume and condemn the fair provider of our breakfast—for over-roasted coffee and stale eggs—all because the paper is not "come;" but when would it come without short-hand? why at dinner-time, and that would make short work of a day—for thousands cannot set to work till they have consulted it as a mainspring of action. People who aim at the short cuts to knowledge should study stenography, and for this purpose they will do well to provide themselves with Mr. Harding's System, which will be as good as "a cubit to a man's height."

LOVE'S MASTERY.

She was his own, his all:—the crowd may prove
A transient feeling, and misname it love:—
His was a higher impulse: 'twas a part
Of the warm blood that circled through his heart,
A fervid energy, a spell that bound
Thoughts, wishes, feelings, in one hallow'd round.
The Winter's Wreath.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE second edition of a pamphlet, entitled the *Voice of Humanity*, has just reached us. It contains details of the disgusting cruelties of the metropolis—as bear and badger baiting, dog-fighting, slaughtering-houses, &c.—and reference to the *abattoirs*, or improved slaughter-houses for cattle, which was illustrated in our 296th Number. In the appendix are many interesting particulars of Smithfield Market and similar nuisances. The pamphlet is dedicated to that enlightened friend of humanity, Sir James Mackintosh, and it appears worthy of his patronage.

WOMANKIND.

THE womankind never looks sae bonnie as in wunter, accepp indeed it may be in spring. You auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision? Oh, sirs! but the dear creters do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin', close prest to their innicent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first love-touched hearts. Or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arms, leavin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet! Then is there, in a' the beautifu' and silent unfauldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sae beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafts o' a bit smilin' maiden o' saxteen, aughteen, or twunty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud o' snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossomin' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur-tippet, that haply a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shoothers — oh, the dear, delightfu' little Laplander! — *Noctes — Blackwood's Magazine.*

CAPTAIN ROCK.

THERE are few of our readers who need to be informed that *Captain Rock's Letters to the King* are certainly not written by Mr. Moore, to whom, while the publication was suspended, they were so positively ascribed.—*Q. Rev.*

THE LIBRARY AT HOLKHAM.

THE manuscripts of Lord Coke are in the possession of his descendant, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, his representative through the female issue of Lord Leicester, the male heir of the chief justice.

At this gentleman's princely mansion of Holkham, is one of the finest collections, or, indeed, libraries of manuscripts anywhere preserved; certainly the finest in any private individual's possession. It partly consists of the chief justice's papers; the rest, and the bulk of it, was collected by that accomplished nobleman who built the mansion, the last male heir of the great lawyer. He had spent

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many years abroad, where his taste was improved and his general education perfected. He collected a vast number of the most valuable manuscripts. Of these the exquisitely illuminated missals, and other writings of a similar description, which would from their perfect beauty and great rarity bear the highest price in the market, are certainly by far the least precious in the eyes of literary men. Many of the finest *codices* of the Greek, Latin, and old Italian classics are to be found in this superb collection. Among others are no less than thirteen of Livy, a favourite author of Lord Leicester, whom he had made some progress in editing, when he learnt that Drakenborchius, the well known German critic, had proceeded further in the same task, and generously handed over to him the treasures of his library. The excellent edition of that commentator makes constant reference to the Holkham manuscripts, under the name of *MSS. Lovelliana*, from the title of Lovell; Lord Leicester not having then been promoted to the earldom. Mr. Coke, with a becoming respect for the valuable collection of his ancestors, was desirous to have the manuscripts unfolded, bound, and arranged, both with a view to their preservation and to the facility of consulting them. They had lain for half a century neglected, and in part verging towards decay, when he engaged his valued friend, William Roscoe, to undertake the labour so congenial to his taste and habits, of securing these treasures from the ravages of time. From the great number of the manuscripts, the state in which many of them were, and the distance of Mr. Roscoe's residence, this was necessarily a work of time. After above ten years employed on it, the task is now finished. Each work is beautifully and classically bound; and to each Mr. Roscoe has prefixed, in his own fair hand writing, a short account of the particular manuscript, with the bibliographical learning appertaining to it.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

PHRENOLOGY.

Mr. Crook, of the Phrenological Society, has just published a "Compendium of Phrenology," which cannot fail to be acceptable to the ingenious inquirers after that very ingenious science. It is a lucid little arrangement of principles, and will materially assist them; but, for our part, we confess we would sooner take the public opinion of the contents of our cranium than that of a whole society of phrenologists; and if our head be as full as our sheet, we shall be content. But, joking apart, the little synopsis before us cannot be too highly recommended; and by way of hint to some friends who send us witty articles for "the Gatherer," we take the following:—

"Wit. *Primitive Power.* Perception of the disjunction or incongruity of ideas; the analytical faculty. *Uses:* Separation of compound or general ideas into those that are elementary or more simple; knowledge of characteristic differences and discrepance. *Abuses:* A disposition to jest or ridicule; irony, sarcasm, and satire, without respect to truth, or the circumstances of person, place, or time. *Organ*, on the other side of Causality.

"It is not the definition of Wit, but the function of a particular portion of the brain at which I aim. Dr. Spurzheim, in some of his works, calls the faculty connected with this organ, 'the feeling of the ludicrous;' in his later ones, 'Gayness,' and 'Mirthfulness.' But each of these is properly an effect, not a primitive power. The ludicrous owes its origin to the contrariety between the parts or means, as perceived by this faculty, and the general whole, or purpose, perceived by Comparison, or the necessary connexion perceived by Causality; and Gaiety, Mirth, and Laughter, arise from the mutual influence and reaction of the feelings. Some kinds of contrariety or incongruity excite one class of feelings, other kinds altogether different feelings; and consequently, according to the faculty or combination of faculties affected, the kinds of mirth and laughter are varied from the Sardonic grin of Destructiveness to the lover's smile. This view of the origin of laughter enables us to give a satisfactory answer to the hitherto perplexing question, 'Why is man the only laughing animal?'"

EPIGRAM

From the Greek Anthology, (Author unknown.)

BY THE REV. W. SHEPHERD.

If at the bottom of the cask,
Be left of wine a little flask,
It soon grows acid:—so when man,
Living through Life's most lengthened span,
His joys all drain'd or turn'd to tears,
Sinks to the lees of fourscore years,
And sees approach Death's darksome hour—
No wonder if *he's* somewhat sour!

The Winter's Wreath.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

The good portrait painter always flatters; for it is his business, not, indeed, to alter and amend features, complexion, or mien, but to select and fix (which it demands genius and sense to do) the best appearance which these ever do wear. Happy the creature of sense and passion who has always with him that self which he could take pleasure in contemplating! Happy

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—to pass graver considerations—the fair one whose countenance continues as youthful as her attire! When Queen Elizabeth's wrinkles waxed deep and many, it is reported that an unfortunate master of the mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken, and only one mutilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honour took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of looking-glass should remain in any room of the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life; but we nowhere learn that she quarrelled with Holbein's portraitures of her youth, or those of her stately prime of viraginity by De Heere and Zucchero.

He who has "neither done things worthy to be written, nor written things worthy to be read," takes the trouble of transmitting his portrait to posterity to very little purpose. If the picture be a bad one, it will soon find its way to the garret; if good, as a work of art, it will perpetuate the fame, probably the name, indeed, of the artist alone. These are the *obscurorum virorum imagines* which, as Walpole said, "are christened commonly in galleries, like children at the Foundling Hospital, *by chance*."—*Q. Rev.*

LOSING A SHOE AND A DINNER.

As Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy, a few miles from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr. Linley's journey, and seeing that he himself was unconscious of it, politely reminded him that one of his horse's shoes had just come off. "Thank you, madam," replied Linley; "will you then have the goodness to put it on for me?"

Linley one day received a card to dine with the late archbishop of Canterbury, who was then bishop of Norwich. Careless into what hole or corner he threw his invitations, he soon lost sight of the card, and forgot it altogether. A year revolved, when, on wiping the dust from some papers he had stuck on the glass over the chimney, the bishop's invitation for a certain day in the month (he did not think of the year one instant) stared him full in the face, and taking it for granted that it was a recent one, he dressed himself on the appointed day, and proceeded to the palace. But his diocesan was not in London, a circumstance of which, though a matter of some notoriety to the clergy of the diocese, he was quite unconscious; and he returned dinnerless home.

SENTIMENT AND APPETITE.

We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshiper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce.—*Q. Rev.*

FORTIFICATION.

The walls of Tenchira, in Africa, form one of the most perfect remaining specimens of ancient fortification. They are a mile and a half in circuit, defended by 26 quadrangular towers, and admitting no entrance but by two opposite gates.

Mediocrity, in poetry, is intolerable to gods and to booksellers, and to all intermediate beings.

SONNET TO THE CAMELLA JAPONICA.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Say, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,
To view thee with a secret sympathy?
—Is there some living spirit shrined in thee?
That, as thou bloom'st within my humble bower,
Endows thee with some strange, mysterious power,
Waking high thoughts?—As there perchance might be
Some angel-form of truth and purity,
Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour?
—Yes, lovely flower, 'tis not thy virgin glow,
Thy petals whiter than descending snow,
Nor all the charms thy velvet folds display;
'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,
By grace adorn'd, by elegance refin'd,
That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway.
The Winter's Wreath.

PIGS.

One day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life.—*Lanzi.*

TURKISH FIREMEN.

The firemen of Constantinople are accused of sometimes discharging oil from their engines instead of water.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FLIES.

CRUELTY to animals is a subject which has deservedly attracted parliamentary investigation. It is not beneath the dignity of a Christian legislator to prevent the unnecessary sufferings of the meanest of created things; and a law which is dictated by humanity can surely be no disgrace to the statute-book. Who that has witnessed the barbarous and unmanly sports of the cock-pit and the stake—the fiendlike ingenuity displayed by the lord of the creation in teaching his dependents to torture, mangle, and destroy each other for his own amusement—the cruelties of the greedy and savage task-master towards the dumb labourer whose strength has decayed in his service—or the sufferings of the helpless brute that drags with pain and difficulty its maimed carcass to Smithfield—what reasonable being that has witnessed all or any of this, will venture to affirm that interference is officious and uncalled for? Yet it is certain that Mr. Martin acted properly and wisely in excluding flies from the operation of his act —well knowing, as he must have done, that the feeling of the majority was decidedly averse from affording parliamentary countenance and immunity to those descendants of the victims of Domitian's just indignation; although it is understood that such a provision would have been cordially supported by the advocates for universal toleration. The simple question for consideration would be, whether the conduct and principles of the insect species have undergone such a material change as to entitle them to new and extraordinary enactments in their favour? Have they entirely divested themselves of their licentious and predatory habits, and learnt now for the first time to distinguish between right and wrong? Do they understand what it is to commit sacrilege? To intrude into the sanctum sanctorum of the meat-safe? To rifle and defile the half roseate, half lily-white charms of a virgin ham? To touch with unhallowed proboscis the immaculate lip of beauty, the unprotected scalp of old age, the savoury glories of the kitchen? To invade with the most reckless indifference, and the most wanton malice, the siesta of the alderman or the philosopher? To this we answer in the eloquent and emphatic language of the late Mr. Canning—*No!* Unamiable and unconciliating monsters! The wildest and most ferocious inhabitants of the desert may be reclaimed from their savage nature, and taught to become the peaceful denizens of a menagerie—but ye are altogether untractable and untameable. Gratitude and sense of shame, the better parts of instinct, have never yet interposed their sacred influence to prevent the commission of one treacherous or unbecoming action of yours. The holy rites of hospitality are by you abused and set at naught; and the very roof which shelters you is desecrated with the marks of your irreverential contempt for all things human and divine. Would that—(and the wish is expressed more in sorrow than in anger)—would that your entire species were condensed into one enormous bluebottle, that we might crush you all at a single swoop!

Many, calling themselves philanthropists and Christians, have omitted to squabash a fly when they had an opportunity of so doing; nay, some of these people have even been known to go the length of writing verses on the occasion, in which they applaud themselves for their own humane disposition, and congratulate the object of their mistaken mercy on its narrow escape from impending fate. There is nothing more wanting than to propose the establishment of a Royal Humane Society for the resuscitation of flies apparently drowned or suffocated. Can it possibly be imagined by the man who has succeeded after infinite pains in rescuing a greedy and intrusive insect from a gin-and-watery grave in his own vile potations, that he has thereby consulted the happiness of his fellow creatures, or promoted the cause of decency, cleanliness, good order, and domestic comfort? Let him watch the career of the mischievous little demon which he has thus been the means of restoring to the world, when he might have arrested its progress for ever. Observe the stout and respectable gentleman, loved, honoured, and esteemed in all the various relations of father, husband, friend, citizen, and Christian, who is on cushioned sofa composing himself for his wonted nap, after a dinner in substance and quantity of the most satisfactory description, and not untempered by a modicum of old port. His amiable partner, with that refined delicacy and sense of decorum peculiar to the female sex, has already withdrawn with her infant progeny, leaving her good man, as she fondly imagines, to enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted repose. At one moment we behold him slumbering softly as an infant—"so tranquil, helpless, stirless, and unmoved;" in the next, we remark with surprise sundry violent twitches and contortions of the limbs, as though the sleeper were under the operation of galvanism, or suffering from the

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pangs of a guilty conscience. Of what hidden crime does the memory thus agitate him—breaking in upon that rest which should steep the senses in forgetfulness of the world and its cares? On a sudden he starts from his couch with an appearance of frenzy!—his nostrils dilated, his eyes gleaming with immoderate excitation—an incipient curse quivering on his lips, and every vein swelling—every muscle tense with fearful and passionate energy of purpose. Is he possessed with a devil, or does he meditate suicide, that his manner is so wild and hurried? With impetuous velocity he rushes to the window, and beneath his vehement but futile strokes, aimed at a scarcely visible, and certainly impalpable object, the fragile glass flies into fragments, the source of future colds and curtain lectures without number. The immediate author of so much mischief, it is true, is the diminutive vampire which is now making its escape with cold-blooded indifference through a very considerable fracture in one of the panes; but surely the person who saved from destruction, and may thus be considered to have given existence to the cause of all this loss of temper and of property, cannot conscientiously affirm that *his* withers are unwrung! Mercy and forbearance are very great virtues when exercised with proper discretion; but man owes a paramount duty to society, with which none of the weaknesses, however amiable, of his nature should be allowed to interfere. It is no mercy to pardon and let loose upon the community one who, having already been convicted of manifold delinquencies, only waits a convenient season for adding to the catalogue of his crimes; and what is larceny, or felony, or even treason, compared with the perpetration of the outrages above attempted to be described?—We pause for a reply.

Summer is a most delectable—a most glorious season. We, who are fond of basking as a lizard, and whose inward spirit dances and exults like a very mote in the sun-beam, always hail its approach with rapture; but our anticipations of bright and serene days—of blue, cloudless, and transparent skies—of shadows the deeper from intensity of surrounding light—of yellow corn-fields, listless rambles, and lassitude rejoicing in green and sunny banks—are allayed by this one consideration, that

Waked by the summer ray, the reptile young
Come winged abroad. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; by myriads forth at once,
Swarming they pour.

Go where you will, it is not possible to escape these "winged reptiles." They abound exceedingly in all sunny spots; nor in the shady lane do they not haunt every bush, and lie perdu under every leaf, thence sallying forth on the luckless wight who presumes to molest their "solitary reign;" they hang with deliberate importunity over the path of the sauntering pedestrian, and fly with the flying horseman, like the black cares (that is to say, blue devils) described by the Roman lyrist. Within doors they infest, harpy-like, the dinner-table—

Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant
Immundo—

and hover in impending clouds over the sugar basin at tea; in the pantry it is buz; in the dairy it is buz; in the kitchen it is buz; one loud, long-continued, and monotonous buz! Having little other occupation than that of propagating their species, the natural consequence, as we may learn from Mr. Malthus, is that their numbers increase in a frightfully progressive ratio from year to year; and it has at length become absolutely necessary that some decisive measures should be adopted to counteract the growing evil.

Upon the whole, he would not, perhaps, be considered to speak rashly or unadvisedly, who should affirm, that no earthly creature, of the same insignificant character and pretensions, is the agent of nearly so much mischief as the fly.—What a blessed order of things would immediately ensue, if every one of them was to be entirely swept away from the face of the earth! This most wished-for event, we fear, it will never be our lot to witness; but it may be permitted to a sincere patriot, in his benevolent and enthusiastic zeal for the well-being of his country, to indulge in aspirations that are tinged with a shade of extravagance. With respect, however, to the above mentioned vermin, the idea of their total annihilation may not be altogether chimerical. We know that the extirpation of wolves from England was accomplished by the commutation of an annual tribute for a certain number of their heads; and it is well worth the consideration of the legislature, whether, by adopting a somewhat similar principle, they may not rid the British dominions of an equally great and crying nuisance. The noble Duke, now at the head of his Majesty's Government, has it in his power to add another ray to his illustrious name, to secure the approbation and gratitude of all classes of the community, and to render his ministry for ever memorable, by the accomplishment of so desirable an object. In the mean time, let the Society of Arts offer their next large gold medal to the person

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who shall invent the most ingenious and destructive fly-trap. A certain quantity of quassia might be distributed gratis at Apothecaries' Hall, as vaccinatory matter is at the Cow-pox Hospital, with very considerable effect; and an act of parliament should be passed without delay, declaring the wilful destruction of a spider to be felony.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Tableau, aú l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoubtable de la mort et de la vie." MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE was music on the midnight;
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight:—
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Sweep down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from th' encircling band,
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death, Death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail;
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not
Which once his star had been:
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless queen;
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly,
King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
—'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wert and art!
New Monthly Magazine.

* Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inez taken from the grave, solemnly enthroned and crowned.

ART THOU THE MAID?

ART thou the maid from whose blue eye
Mine drank such deep delight?
Was thine that voice of melody
Which charm'd the silent night?

I fain would think thou art not she
Who hung upon mine arm,
When love was yet a mystery,
A sweet, resistless charm.

It seemed to me as though the spell
On both alike were cast;
I prayed but in thy sight to dwell,
For thee, to breathe my last.

Mine inmost secret soul was thine,
Thou wert enthroned therein,
Like sculptured saint in holy shrine,
All free from guile and sin.

And, heaven forgive! I did adore
With more than pilgrim's zeal;
And then thy smile——But oh! no more!
No more may I reveal.

Enough—we're parted——Both must own
The accursed power of gold.
I wander through the world *alone;*
Thou hast been bought and sold.
Blackwood's Magazine.

IT would be a very pleasant thing, if literary productions could be submitted to something like chemical analysis,—if we could separate the merit of a book, as we can the magnesia of Epsom salts, by a simple practical application of the doctrine of affinities.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A GOOD FELLOW.

THE secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "*a definition of a good fellow*," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following:—

Mr. *Golightly*.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc*.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. *G. Montgomery*.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir *T. Wentworth*.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox-dinners, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a boroughmonger.

Mr. *M. Sterling*.—A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation; in short, a good man.

Mr. *M'Farlane*.—A good fellow is a bonnie braw John Hielandman.

Mr. *O'Connor*.—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder; cares little about learning, and less about his neckcloth; loves whiskey, patronizes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. *Musgrave*.—A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton*.—A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. *Rowley*.—A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert, when he can't get venison at my lord's.

Mr. *Lovell*.—A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley*.—A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL.

At Merchant Tailors' School, what time
Old Bishop held the rod,
The boys rehearsed the old man's rhyme
Whilst he would smile and nod.

Apart I view'd a little child
Who join'd not in the game:
His face was what mammas call mild
And fathers dull and tame.

Pitying the boy, I thus address'd
The pedagogue of verse—
"Why doth he not, Sir, like the rest,
Your epigrams rehearse?"

"Sir!" answered thus the aged man,
"He's not in Nature's debt;
His ears so tight are seal'd, he can-
Not learn his alphabet."

"Why not?" I cried:—whereat to me
He spoke in minor clef—
"He cannot learn his A, B, C,
Because he's D, E, F."

New Monthly Magazine.

ROYAL LEARNING.

THE king of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Harford Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it underground, or how?"

COMPLIMENT MAL-APROPOS.

NAPOLEON was once present at the performance of one of Pasiello's operas, in which was introduced an air by Cimarosa. Pasiello was in the box with the emperor, and received many compliments during the evening. At length, when the air by Cimarosa was played, the emperor turned round, and taking Pasiello by the hand, exclaimed, "By my faith, my friend, the man who has composed that air, may proclaim himself the greatest composer in Europe." "It is Cimarosa's," feebly articulated Pasiello. "I am sorry for it; but I cannot recall what I have said."

A GENTLEMAN taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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European Cities.—Naples.

IN our last volume we commenced the design of illustrating the principal *Cities of Europe*, by a series of picturesque views—one of which is represented in the above engraving. Our miscellaneous duties in identifying the pages of the MIRROR with subjects of contemporary interest, and anxiety to bring them on our little *tapis*—(qy. Twopence?)—will best account for the interval which has elapsed since the commencement of our design—with a View of London; but were all travellers as tardy, the Grand Tour of Europe would occupy many years, and leave fashion-mongers but little more than rouge, wrinkles, and *bon-bons* to delight their friends at home.

The proximity of Naples to Rome may, perhaps, impair the interest of the former city, especially as it presents nothing in architecture, sculpture, or painting that can vie with the Imperial Mistress. Nevertheless, Naples is one of the most beautiful and most delightful cities on the habitable globe. Nothing can possibly be imagined more unique than its *coup-d'œil*, on whatever side the city is viewed.

Naples is situated towards the south and east on the declivity of a long range of hills, and encircling a gulf of 16 miles in breadth, and as many in length, which forms a basin, called Crater by the Neapolitans. The city appears to crown this superb basin. One part rises towards the west in the form of an amphitheatre, on the hills of Pausilippo, St. Ermo, and Antiguano; the other extends towards the east, over a more level territory, in which villas follow each other in rapid succession, from the Magdalen Bridge to Portici, where the king's palace is situated, and beyond that to Mount Vesuvius. The Neapolitans have a saying, *Vedi Napoli e po mari*, intimating that when Naples has been seen, every thing has been seen; and its congregated charms of situation, climate, and fertility almost warrant this patriotic ebullition.

"On the northern side, Naples is surrounded by hills, which (says *Vasi*, in his '*Picture*,') form a kind of crown round the *Terra di Lavoro*, the Land of Labour." This consists of a district, in the language of ancient Rome,

——Locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas—

and fertilized by a river, called Sebeto, which descends from the hills on the side

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of Nola, and falls into the sea after having passed under Magdalen Bridge, towards the eastern part of Naples.

The ancient history of Naples is involved in much obscurity. According to some, says *Vasi*, Falerna, one of the Argonauts, founded it about 1,300 years before the Christian era; according to others, Parthenope, one of the Syrens, celebrated by Homer in his "Odyssey," being shipwrecked on this coast, landed here, and built a town, to which she gave her name; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, some to Eneas, and others to Ulysses. These are mere freaks of fiction and fable; and it is more probable that Naples was founded by some Greek colonies; this may be inferred from its own name, *Neapolis*, and from the name of another town contiguous to it, *Paleopolis*. Strabo speaks of these Greek colonies, whence the city derives its origin.

The city of Naples was formerly surrounded by very high walls, about 22 miles in circumference; but on its enlargement, neither walls nor gates were erected. It may be, however, defended by three strong castles.

Naples is divided into twelve quarters, or departments, and contains about 450,000 inhabitants. It is consequently the most populous city in Europe, except London and Paris. The streets are neither broad nor regular, and are paved with broad slabs of hard stone, resembling the lava of Vesuvius. The houses are, for the most part, uniformly built, being about five or six stories high, with balconies and flat roofs, in the form of terraces, which are used as a promenade. The churches, palaces, and public buildings are magnificent; but they suffer in comparison with the other architectural wealth of Italy. Vasi states there are about 300 churches; and among the other public buildings he mentions 37 conservatories, established for the benefit of poor children, and old people, both men and women.

The environs of Naples possess many attractions for the classic tourist, as well as for the strange flies of fashion. Among these is Virgil's Tomb, which is, indeed, holy ground. The temples, aqueducts, and arches of olden time are likewise stupendous records of the sumptuousness of the ancient people of this interesting district; and, apart from these attractions, the contemplative philosopher may read in the volcanic remains, and other phenomena on its shores, many inspiring lessons in the broad volume of Nature; as well as amid the neighbouring relics of Art, where

Man marks the earth with ruin.

LEICESTER ABBEY.—DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

(For the Mirror.)

Few periods of English history are more pregnant with events, or more interesting to the antiquary, and general reader, than that which comprised the fortunes of Wolsey. The eventful life of the Cardinal, checkered as it was by the vicissitudes of fortune, his sudden elevation, and finally his more sudden fall and death, display an appalling picture of "the instability of human affairs." This prelate and statesman, who even aspired to the Papal throne itself, "was an honest poore man's sonne in the towne of Ipswiche,"* who having received a good education, and being endowed with great capacity, soon rose to fill the highest offices of the church and state; in 1515 he was created Lord High Chancellor, and in three years afterwards was appointed legate *à latere* by the Pope, having previously received a Cardinal's cap.

Leicester Abbey was rendered famous as being the last residence of the unhappy Wolsey; "within its walls," says Gilpin, "was once exhibited a scene more humiliating to human ambition, and more instructive to human grandeur than almost any which history hath produced. Here the fallen pride of Wolsey retreated from the insults of the world, all his visions of ambition were now gone; his pomp and pageantry and crowded levees! On this spot he told the listening monks, the sole attendants of his dying hour, as they stood around his pallet, that he was come to lay his bones among them, and gave a pathetic testimony to the truth and joys of religion, which preaches beyond a thousand lectures."†

On his road to London, whither he had been summoned, from his castle of *Cawood*, by Henry, to take his trial for high treason, he was seized with a disorder, which so much increased as to oblige his resting at Leicester, where he was met at the Abbey gate by the Abbot and his whole convent. The first ejacu-

* Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 1. edit. 1641. Most of his biographers affirm that he was the son of a butcher.

† "Northern Tour." The same author observes, that "the death of Wolsey would make a fine moral picture, if the hand of any master could give the pallid features of the dying statesman, that chagrin, that remorse, those pangs of anguish, which, in the last bitter moments of his life, possessed him. The point might be taken when the monks are administering the comforts of religion, which the despairing prelate cannot feel. The subject requires a gloomy apartment, which a ray through a Gothic window might just enlighten, throwing its force chiefly on the principal figure, and dying away on the rest. The appendages of the piece need only be few and simple; little more than the crozier and red hat to mark the cardinal and tell the story."

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lation of Wolsey, on meeting these holy persons, plainly shows that he was fully aware of his approaching end: "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come hither to lay my bones among you;"* and it was with great difficulty that they could get him up the stairs, which it was fated he was never again to descend alive. A short time previous to his death, he thus addressed the Constable of the Tower, who was appointed to convey him to the metropolis:—"Well, well, Master Kingstone, I see the matter how it is framed; but if I had serued God as diligentlie as I haue done the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my gray haires;† but this is the iust reward that I must receiue for the diligent paines and study yt I haue had to doe him seruice, not regarding my seruice to God, but onely to satisfie his pleasure; I praie you haue me most humblie commended vnto his royal maiestie, and beseech him in my behalfe to call to his princelie remembrance, all matters proceeding between him and mee, from the beginning of the worlde, and the progress of the same, and most especialle in his weightie matter, and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I haue offended him or no."‡

Thus sunk into the grave a man, who was a victim to tyranny, but to a tyranny which he had himself formed; that he was a person far enlightened beyond the period in which he lived no one can presume to doubt. He tended greatly to promote the arts and learning of his country. His personal character displayed as great a variety of opposite qualities, as the fortunes to which he had been exposed; his magnanimity was oftentimes clouded by the greatest meanness, and with an urbanity of manners, he combined an intolerable degree of pride and arrogance; he was frank and generous, but his overwhelming ambition greatly tended to obscure these nobler qualities of his mind, and as he rose, he became haughty and overbearing. His character has been obscured by the envy and partiality of his contemporaries, who have generally endeavoured to load his memory with reproaches. "This Cardinall," says Holinshed, "was of great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure; he forced little on simonie, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion; in open presence he would lie and saie vntruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and performe little; he was vicious of his bodie, and gaue the clergy euill example; he hated sore the Citie of London and feared it. It was told him that he should die in the waie toward London, wherefore he feared lest the commons of the citie would arise in riotous maner and so slaie him, yet for all that he died in the waie toward London, carrieng more with him out of the worlde than he brought into it, namellie, a winding sheete, besides other necessaries thought meet for a dead man, as a Christian comelinesse required."‖

The remains of the Cardinal were interred in the Abbey Church at Leicester, after having been viewed by the Mayor and Corporation, (for the prevention of false rumours,) and were attended to the grave by the Abbot and all the brethren. This last ceremony was performed by torchlight, the canons singing dirges, and offering orisons, at between four and five o'clock of the morning, on St. Andrew's Day, November the 30th, 1530.

Leicester Abbey was founded (according to Leland) § in the year 1143, in the reign of King Stephen, by Robert Bossue, Earl of Leicester, for black canons of the order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is situated in a pleasant meadow, to the north of the town, watered by the river Soar, whence it acquired the name of *St. Mary de Pratis*, or *de la Pré*. This monastery was richly endowed with lands in thirty-six of the neighbouring parishes, besides various possessions in other counties, and enjoyed considerable privileges and immunities. Bossue, with the consent of Lady Amicia, his wife, became a canon regular in his own foundation, in expiation of his rebellious conduct towards his sovereign, and particularly for the injuries which he had thereby brought upon the "goodly towne of Leycestre." At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. the revenues of this house were valued according to *Speed* at £1062. 0*s.* 4*d.*, *Dugdale* says £951. 14*s.* 5*d.*; and its site was granted in the 4th of Edward VI. to William, Marquess of Northampton.¶ S. I. B.

* Stow's "Annals," p. 557, edit. 1615.

† Shakspeare introduces this memorable saying of the cardinal into his play of "Henry the Eighth:"—

"O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

‡ Stow's "Annals."

‖ Holinshed's "Chronicle," vol. iii. p. 765, edit. 1808.

§ "Collectanea," vol. i. p. 70.

¶ Tanner.

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ANCIENT OATHS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

It will be recollected, that in a former volume I gave you the form of the oath taken by the appellee in the ancient manner of trial by battle. The appellee, when appealed of felony, pleads *not guilty* and throws down his glove, and declares he will defend the same by his body; the appellant takes up the glove, and replies that he is ready to make good the appeal body for body; and thereupon the appellee, taking the book in his right hand, makes oath as before mentioned. To which the appellant replies, holding the Bible and his antagonist's hand in the same manner as the other, "Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself *Thomas* by the name of baptism, that thou art perjured; and therefore perjured, because that thou feloniously didst murder my father, *William* by name. So help me God and the Saints, and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award." And then the combat proceeds.

There is a striking resemblance between this process and that of the court of *Areopagus*, at Athens, for murder, where the prisoner and prosecutor were both sworn in the most solemn manner—the prosecutor, that he was related to the deceased, (for none but near relations were permitted to prosecute in that court,) and that the prisoner was the cause of his death; the prisoner, that he was innocent of the charge against him.

In time I hope to be able to furnish you with other specimens of our curious ancient oaths. W. H. H.

SONNET.

(For the Mirror.)

Whose heart is not delighted at the sound
Of rural song, of Nature's melody,
When hills and dales with harmony rebound,
While Echo spreads the pleasing strains around,
Awak'ning pure and heartfelt sympathy!
Perchance on some rude rock the minstrel stands,
While his pleased hearers wait entranc'd around:
Behold him touch the chords with fearless hands,
Creating heav'nly joys from earthly sound.
How many voices in the chorus rise,
And artless notes renew the failing strains;
The honest boor his vocal talent tries,
Approving love beams from his "fair one's eyes,"
While age, in silent joy, forgets its pains.

J. J.

THE DEATH OF SALADIN.*

(For the Mirror.)

The angel of death hath too surely prest
His fatal sign on the warrior's breast—
Quench'd is the light of the eagle-eye,
And the nervous limbs rest languidly—
The eloquent tongue is silent and still,
The deep clear voice again may not chill
The hearers' hearts with its own deep thrill.

Ah, who can gaze on death, nor inward feel
A creeping horror through the bosom steal,
Like one who stands upon a precipice,
And sees below a mangled sacrifice,
Feeling that he himself must ere long fall,
With none to save him, none to hear his call,
Or wrest him from the agonizing thrall?

And yet it is but sleep we look upon!
But in that sleep from which the life is gone
Sinks the proud Saladin, Egyptia's lord,
His faith's firm champion, and his Prophet's sword;
Not e'en the red cross knights withstand his pow'r,
But, sorrowing, mark the Moslem's triumph hour,
And the pale crescent float from Salem's tow'r.

As the keen arrow, hurl'd with giant-might,
Rends the thin air in its impetuous flight,
But being spent on earth innoxious lies,
E'en its track vanish'd from the yielding skies—
So lies the soldan, stopp'd his bright career,
His vanquish'd realms their prostrate heads uprear,
And coward kings forget their servile fear.

Ere yet stern Azrael† cut the thread of life,
While Death and Nature wag'd unequal strife,
Spoke the expiring hero:—"Hither stand,
Receive your dying sovereign's last command.
When that the spirit from my frame is riven,
(Oh, gracious Alla! be my sins forgiven,
And bright-eyed Houris waft my soul to heaven,)
Then when you bear me to my last retreat,
Let not the mourners howl along the street—
Let not my soldiers in the train be seen,
Nor banners float, nor lance or sabre gleam—
Nor yet, to testify a vain regret,
O'er my remains let costly shrine be set,
Or sculptur'd stone, or gilded minaret;
But let a herald go before my bier,
Bearing on point of lance the robe I wear,
Shouting aloud, 'Behold what now remains
Of the proud conqueror of Syria's plains,
Who bow'd the Persian, made the Christian feel
The deadly sharpness of the Moslem steel:
But of his conquests, riches, honours, might,
Naught sleeps with him in death's unbroken night,
Save this poor robe.'"

D. A. H.

* For the particulars of which, see Knolle's "history of the Turks.

BANQUETTING HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

(For the Mirror.)

This splendid pile which is at present under repair, was erected in the time of James I. Whitehall being in a most ruinous state, he determined to rebuild it in a very princely manner, and worthy of the residence of the monarchs of the British empire. He began with pulling

† Azrael, in the Mahometan creed, the angel of death.

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down the banquetting rooms built by Elizabeth. That which bears the above name at present was begun in 1619, from a design of Inigo Jones, in his purest style; and executed by Nicholas Stone, master mason and architect to the king; it was finished in two years, and cost £17,000. but is only a small part of a vast plan, left unexecuted by reason of the unhappy times which succeeded. The cieling of this noble room cannot be sufficently admired; it was painted by Rubens, who had £3,000. for his work. The subject is the Apotheosis of James I. forming nine compartments; one of the middle represents our pacific monarch on his earthly throne, turning with horror from Mars, and other of the discordant deities, and as if it were, giving himself up to the amiable goddess he always cultivated, and to her attendants, Commerce, and the Fine Arts. This fine performance is painted on canvass, and is in high preservation; but a few years ago it underwent a repair by Cipriani, who had £2,000. for his trouble. Near the entrance is a bust of the royal founder.

Little did James think (says Pennant) that he was erecting a pile from which his son was to step from the throne to the scaffold. He had been brought in the morning of his death, from St. James's across the Park, and from thence to Whitehall, where ascending the great staircase, he passed through the long gallery to his bed-chamber, the place allotted to him to pass the little time before he received the fatal blow. It is one of the lesser rooms marked with the letter A in the old plan of Whitehall. He was from thence conducted along the galleries and the banquetting house, through the wall, in which a passage was broken to his last earthly stage. Mr. Walpole tells us that Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works done about the king's house, had only 8*s.* 4*d.* a day, and £46. a year for house-rent, and a clerk and other incidental expenses. The present improvements at Whitehall make one exclaim with the poet, Pope—

"I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample brow, *a new Whitehall ascend.*"

Again,

"You too proceed, make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves *restore*,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before."

P. T. W.

THE UNIVERSE.

(For the Mirror.)

O LIGHT celestial, streaming wide,
Through morning's court of fairy blue—
O tints of beauty, beams of pride,
That break around its varied hue—
Still to thy wonted pathway true,
Thou shinest on serenely free,
Best born of *Him*, whose mercy grew
In every gift, sweet world, to thee.

O countless stars, that, lost in light,
Still gem the proud sun's glory bed,
And o'er the saddening brow of night
A softer, holier influence shed—
How well your radiant march hath sped,
Unfailing vestals of the sky,
As smiling thus ye weed from dread
The soul ye court to muse on high.

O flowers that breathe of beauty's reign,
In many a tint o'er lawn and lea,
That give the cold heart once again
A dream of happier infancy;
And even on the grave can be
A spell to weed affection's pain—
Children of Eden, who could see,
Nor own *His* bounty in your reign?

O winds, that seem to waft from far
A mystic murmur o'er the soul,
As ye had power to pass the bar
Of nature in your vast control,
Hail to your everlasting roll—
Obedient still ye wander dim,
And softly breathe, or loudly toll,
Through earth and sky the name of *Him*.

O world of waters, o'er whose bed
The chainless winds unceasing swell,
That claim'st a kindred over head,
As 'twixt the skies thou seem'st to dwell;
And o'en on earth art but a spell,
Amid their realms to wander free—
Thy task of pride hath speeded well,
Thou deep, eternal, boundless sea.

O storms of night and darkness, flung
In blackening chaos o'er the world,
When thunder peals are dreadly rung,
Mid clouds in sightless fury hurl'd,
Types of a mightier power, impearl'd
With mercy's soft, redeeming ray,
Still at His voice your wings are furl'd,
Ye wake to own and to obey.

O thou blest whole of light and love,
Thou glorious realm of earth and sky,
That breath'st of blissful hope above,
When all of thine hath wander'd by,
Throughout thy range, nor tear nor sigh
But breathes of bliss, of beauty's reign,
And concord, such as in the sky
The soul is taught to meet again.

O man, who veil'd in deepest night
This beauty-breathing world of thine,
And taught the serpent's deadly blight
Amid its sweetest flowers to twine,
Thou, thou alone hast dared repine,
And turn'd aside from duty's call,
Thou who hast broken nature's shrine,
And wilder'd hope and darken'd all.

ANNETTÉ TURNER.

A HALF-PINT of wine for young men in perfect health is enough, and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence.—*Dr. Babington.*

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The Sketch Book.

COLLEGE LOVE.

We had gone into Devonshire, for the purpose of being more retired, that we might study more attentively, and with less chance of interruption, than in a town. We chose, accordingly, for our residence, one of the most beautiful and retired cottages we ever saw. It was situated very near the sea; and, oh! what thoughts used to steal over us, of romance and true love, as we gazed upon that quiet ocean, from the vine-covered window of our quiet, sweet, secluded home! Day after day, we wandered among the woods in the neighbourhood, and rejoiced, at each successive visit, to find out new beauties. This continued for some time; till at last, on returning one day, we saw an unusual bustle in the room we occupied. On entering, we found our landlady hurrying out in great confusion, and, along with her, a beautiful, blushing girl, so perfectly ladylike in her appearance, that we wondered by what means our venerable hostess could have become acquainted with so interesting a visiter. She soon explained the mystery; this lady, who seemed more bewitching every moment that we gazed on her, was the daughter of a 'squire in whose family our worthy landlady had been nurse. She had come, without knowing that any lodger was in the house, and was to stay a week. Oh! that week! the happiest of our life. We soon became intimate; our books lay fast locked up at the bottom of our trunk; we walked together, saw the sun set together in the calm ocean, and then walked happily and contentedly home in the twilight; and long before the week was at an end, we had vowed eternal vows, and sworn everlasting constancy. We had not, to be sure, discovered any great powers of mind in our enslaver; but how interesting is even ignorance, when it comes from such a beautiful and smiling mouth! We had already formed happy plans of moulding her unformed opinions, and directing and sharing all her studies. The little slips which were observable in her grammar, we attributed to want of care; and the accent, which was very powerful, was rendered musical to our ear, at the same time as dear to our heart, by the whiteness of the little arm that lay so quietly and lovingly within our own. And then, her taste in poetry was not the most delicate or refined; but she was so enthusiastically fond of it, that we imagined a little training would lead her to prefer many of Mr. Moore's ballads, to the pathos of Giles Scroggins; and that in time, the "Shining River" might occupy a superior place, in her estimation, to a song from which she repeated, with tears in her eyes—

> "But like the star what lighted
> Pale billion to its fated doom,
> Our nuptial song is blighted,
> And its rose quench'd in its bloom."

And then, she seemed so fond of flowers, and knew so much about their treatment, that we fancied how lovely she must look while engaged in that fascinating study; and often, in our dreaming moods, did we mutter about

> "Fair Proserpine
> Within the vale of Enna gathering flowers,
> Herself the fairest flower."—

But why should we repeat what every one can imagine so well for himself? At last, the hour of parting came; and, week after week, her stay at the cottage had been prolonged, till our departure took place before hers. And on that day she looked, as all men's sweethearts do at leaving them, more touchingly beautiful than ever we had seen her before; and after we had torn ourself away, we looked back, and there we saw her standing in the same spot we had left her, a statue of misery and despair,—"like Niobe all tears."

Astonishment occupied the minds of all our friends on our return to college. The change which took place on our feelings and conduct was indeed amazing; our mornings were devoted to gazing on a lock of our—she was rather unfortunate in a name—our Grizel's hair, and to lonely hours of musing in the meadow on all the adventures of our sojourn in Devonshire. No longer we stood listlessly in the quadrangle, joining the knots of idlers, of whom we used to be one of the chief; no longer had even Castles' Havannahs any charms for our lips; and our whole heart was wrapt up in the expectation of a letter. This we were not to receive for three long weeks; and by that time she was to have returned home, consulted her father on the subject of our attachment, and return us a definitive reply. We wrote in the meantime—such a letter! We are assured it must have been written on a sheet of asbestos, or it must infallibly have taken fire. It began, "Lovely and most beautiful Grizel!" and ended, "Your adorer." At last the letter that was to conclude all our hopes was put into our hands. We had some men that morning to breakfast; we received it just as they were beginning the third pie. How heartily we prayed they would be off and leave us alone! But no,—on they kept swallowing pigeon

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after pigeon, and seemed to consider themselves as completely fixtures as the grate or the chimney-piece. We wished devoutly to see a bone sticking in the throat of our most intimate friend, and, by way of getting quit of them, had thoughts of setting fire to the room. At last, however, they departed. Immediately as the skirt of the last one's coat disappeared, we carefully locked and bolted our door, and, with hands trembling with joy, we took out the letter. Not very clean was its appearance, and not over correct or well-spelt was its address; and, above all, a yellow, dingy wafer filled up the place of the green wax we had expected, and the true lover's motto, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," was supplied by the impression of a thimble. We opened it. Horror and amazement! never was such penmanship beheld. The lines were complete exemplifications of the line of beauty, so far as their waving, and twisting, and twining was concerned; and the orthography it was past all human comprehension to understand.

"My deerest deere, dear sur,"—this was the letter,—"i kim him more nor a wic 'agon. butt i cuddunt right yu afore ass i av bin with muther an asnt seed father till 2 day. he sais as my fortin is 3 hundurd poums, he sais as he recomminds me tu take mi hold lover Mister Tomas the gaurdnar, he sais as yu caunt mary no boddi, accause you must be a batseller three ears. if thiss be troo i am candied enuff to tell you ass i caunt wate so long my deerast deer. o yu ave brock mi art! wy did yu sai al ass yu sad iff yu cud unt mary nor none of the scolards at hocksfoot Kolidge. father sais as ther iss sum misstake praps yu did unt no ass mother is not marid 2 father butt is marrid to the catchmun and father is marad to a veri gud ladi ass gove me a gud edocasion. mi deerest deere it brakes my art all from yu for tu part. i rot them lines this marnin. mister tomas sais as i gov im mi prumass befor i cum to ave the apiness of see yu. butt i dant thinc i giv mor promass to him nor 2 manni uthers. mi deerest deer and troo luv cuppid! i feer our nutshell song is blitid and its ros kwencht in its blum. them was plesent ours when the carnashuns and tullups was all in blo, wasunt them mi deer luv. mister tomas sais ass he can mari me in a munth and father sais i hot tu take im. iff so be as yu caun't du it beefor i thinc i shal take im ass father sais there is sum mistake. mi deerest deere mi art is brock butt i thinc i shall take im iff so bee as I dant ear from yu. gud nits my troo luv i shal kip your lockat for a kipsic an yu ma kiss my luck off air for the sack of your brockan arted

"GRIZEL."

It is astonishing how the perusal of this cured us of our affection. At the first line we recollected that she had a tendency to squint, and long before we came to the conclusion, we remembered that her ancles were rather thick, and her feet by no means of diminutive size. Thus ended our love adventures at the University. Our heroine we have never heard of since, and we have resisted the most tempting offers from the loveliest of her sex; and in spite of sighing heiresses and compassionate old maids, we are still a bachelor; and a bachelor, in defiance of all their machinations, we are firmly determined to remain.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN THE NETHERLANDS.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY singular customs are observed in the Netherlands at Christmas, and as they materially differ from those known in England, a brief notice of *one* of them may probably prove acceptable to the readers of the MIRROR.

In almost every Dutch town, and in every considerable village, the following custom prevails:—At a little after two o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day, a number of young men assemble in the market-place, and sing some verses suited to the occasion. One of the young men bears an *artificial star*, which is fixed to a pole, and elevated above the heads of the people; it is very large, and is rendered beautifully transparent when a light is placed in the inside. This artificial luminary is intended to represent the star of the east, which directed the wise men to Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ. At a little distance, the appearance is exceedingly brilliant, for there is no other light among the populace to diminish its lustre, and the whole scene is singularly picturesque. The resplendent light issuing from the star strikes powerfully upon the countenances of the principal actors, while those more remote receive only a faint and subdued gleam. The silvery effulgence of the moon, the sombre and deserted look of the buildings around, and the general stillness that pervades every object, save the scene of action, might inspire the mind of a Rembrandt, or introduce to the mere casual beholder feelings at once new and poetical.

After parading through the town, the youths repair in a body to the residence

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of some opulent inhabitant, where their arrival is welcomed with shouts and clapping of hands, and where they are entertained with a plentiful repast.

G. W. N.

THE JEWS.

THEIR present actual numbers may, perhaps, not exceed six millions—numbers, however, probably greater than those over which Solomon reigned; and of these six millions there may be resident in the contiguous countries of Moravia, Ancient Poland, the Crimea, Moldavia, and Wallachia, above three millions. Except within the countries which formed Poland before its partitions, their population contained in any one European kingdom, cannot, therefore, be great. Yet so essentially are they one people, we might almost say one family; and so disposable is their wealth, as mainly vested in money transactions, that they must be considered as an aggregate, and not in their individual portions.

The Jews in France are perhaps from thirty to forty thousand; they abound chiefly at Metz, along the Rhine, and at Marseilles and Bordeaux. In Bonaparte's time they were imagined to amount to at least twice that number.—They are relieved from civil restraints and disabilities in France, and in the Netherlands also. The Jews in Holland, of both German and Portuguese origin, are numerous; the latter are said to have taken refuge there when the United Provinces asserted their independence of Spain; they have a splendid synagogue at Amsterdam. Infidelity is supposed to have made more progress amongst them than amongst the German Jews in Holland. The Italian Jews are chiefly at Leghorn and Genoa; and there are four thousand of them at Rome. In speaking of the religion of the Jews, it is not necessary to particularize those who assumed the mask of Christianity under terror of the Inquisition, although much has been said of their wealth and numbers, and of the high offices they have filled in Spain, and especially in Portugal. But it is curious to see, in a very distant quarter, a like simulation produced amongst them by like causes. There are at Salonica thirty synagogues, and about twenty-five thousand professed Jews; and a body of Israelites have been lately discovered there, who, really adhering to the faith of their fathers, have externally embraced Mahomedanism.

The Barbary Jews are a very fine people; but the handsomest Jews are said to be those of Mesopotamia. That province may also boast of an Arab chief who bears the name of the Patriarch Job, is rich in sheep, and camels, and oxen, and asses, abounds in hospitality, and believes that he descends from him; he is also famed for his justice. The Jews at Constantinople, forty thousand in number, and in the parts of European Turkey on and near the Mediterranean, speak Spanish, and appear to descend from Israelites driven from Spain by persecution. The Bible Society are now printing at Corfu the New Testament, in Jewish-Spanish, for their benefit.

In truth, little appears to be known of the state of the Jews during some hundreds of years after the destruction of Jerusalem. The first body of learned Jews which drew attention after that disastrous event was that settled in Spain; and from it all Jewish learning descends. As in accomplishment of the prophecy, the Jew is found over the whole surface of the globe; he has been long established in China, which abhors the foreigner; and in Abyssinia, which it is almost as difficult to reach as to quit. The early Judaism of that country, and in later days the history of the powerful colony of Jews established in its heart, which at one time actually reigned over the kingdom, are matters so curious, that we regret that we can do no more than advert to them; we must say the same as to the evidence existing of Jewish rites having extended themselves very far southward along the eastern coast of Africa; the numerous Jews of Barbary; and the black and white Jews, who have been established for ages, more or less remote, on the Malabar coast. It may be here observed, that all the Israelites hitherto discovered appear to be descendants of those who held the kingdom of Judah.

The Jews in Great Britain and Ireland are not supposed to be more than from ten to twelve thousand, very many of whom are foreigners, and migratory.—*Quarterly Rev.*

EGYPTIAN RATIONS.

THE rations of the Egyptian soldiers were, according to Herodotus, five pounds of baked bread, two pounds of beef, and half a pint of wine daily.

IN the barbarous ages it was usual for persons who could not write, to make the sign of the cross in confirmation of a written paper. Several charters still remain in which kings and persons of great eminence affix "signum crucis pro ignoratione literarum," the sign of the cross, because of their ignorance of letters. From this is derived the phrase of signing instead of subscribing a paper.

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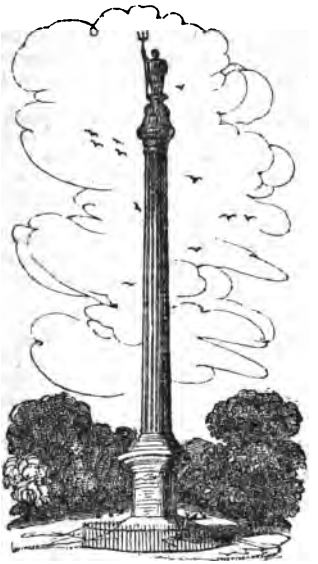
Column in Blenheim Park.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

You have lately directed the attention of the readers of the Mirror to the park of Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, one of the most beautiful England can boast of, and likewise, according to Camden, the first park that was made in this country. I can bear witness to the correctness of your delineation and description of Rosamond's Well, which you gave in a recent number; but there is no trace whatever of the bower or labyrinth, the site of which is only pointed out by tradition. The park of Blenheim, besides the interest which attaches to it from the circumstance of its having been the residence of the early kings of England, and the scene of "Rosamond's" life, has in more modern times acquired additional interest from having been bestowed by the country upon the Duke of Marlborough, in testimony of the gratitude of the nation for the brilliant services he had rendered his country, particularly at the battle of Blenheim.

It was a reward at once worthy of the English nation and of the illustrious hero on whom it was bestowed; and as it is at least pleasing, and perhaps useful, to recall to the mind the epochs of England's greatness amongst nations, I have sent a sketch of one of the most prominent objects in the park of Blenheim, which our forefathers deemed (in the language of the inscription) would "stand as long as the British name and language last, illustrious monuments of Marlborough's glory and of Britain's gratitude." This is an elegant column, 130 feet in height, and surmounted by a statue of the warrior in an antique habit. On three sides of the building there are nearly complete copies of the several Acts of Parliament by which the park and manor of Woodstock were granted to the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs; and on the fourth side is a very long inscription, said to have been penned by Lord Bolingbroke, which concludes thus:—

These are the actions of the Duke of Marlborough,
Performed in the compass of a few years,
Sufficient to adorn the annals of ages.
The admiration of other nations
Will be conveyed to the latest posterity,
In the histories even of the enemies of Britain.
The sense which the British nation had
Of his transcendant merit
Was expressed
In the most solemn, most effectual, most durable manner.
The Acts of Parliament inscribed on the pillar
Shall stand as long as the British name and language last,
Illustrious monuments
Of Marlborough's glory
and
Of Britain's gratitude.

G. W.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MEMOIRS OF VIDOCQ,

The French Thief-taker.

This is as full-charged a portrait of human depravity as the gloomiest misanthrope could wish for. But it has much wider claims on public attention than the gratification of the misanthropic few who mope in corners or stalk up and down leafless and almost solitary walks during this hanging and drowning season. Nevertheless, all men are more or less misanthropes, or they affect to be so; for only skim off the bile of a true critic, or the minds of the hundred thousand who read newspapers, and look first for the bankrupts and deaths. Sugar and wormwood and wormwood and sugar are the standing dishes, but as we read the other day, "there is a certain hankering for the gloomy side of nature, whence the trials and convictions of vice become so much more attractive than the brightest successes

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of virtue." People with *macadamised minds*, and their histories (scarce as the originals are) are mere nonentities, and food for the trunk-maker; whereas a book of hair-breadth escapes, thrilling with horror and romantic narrative will tempt people to sit up reading in their beds, till like Rousseau, they are reminded of morning by the stone-chatters at their window. To the last class belong the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, an analysis of which would be "utterly impossible, so powerful are the descriptions, and so continuous the thread of their history." The original work was published a short time since in Paris, and republished here; but, we believe the present is the first translation that has appeared in England. The newspapers have, from time to time, translated a few extracts, when their Old Bailey news was at a stand, so that the name of Vidocq must be somewhat familiar to many of our readers.*

Eugene François Vidocq is a native of Arras, where his father was a baker; and from early associations he fell into courses of excess which led to the necessity of his flying from the parental roof. After various, rapid, and unexampled events in the romance of real life, in which he was everything by turns and nothing long, he was liberated from prison, and became the principal and most active agent of police. He was made Chief of the Police de Sureté under Messrs. Delavau and Franchet, and continued in that capacity from the year 1810 till 1827, during which period he extirpated the most formidable of those ruffians and villains to whom the excesses of the revolution and subsequent events had given full scope for the perpetration of the most daring robberies and inquitous excesses. Removed from employment, in which he had accumulated a handsome independence, he could not determine on leading a life of ease, for which his career of perpetual vigilance and adventure had unfitted him, and he built a paper manufactory at St. Mandeé, about two leagues from Paris, where he employs from forty to fifty persons, principally, it is asserted, liberated convicts, who having passed through the term of their sentence, are cast upon society without home, shelter, or character, and would be compelled to resort to dishonest practices did not this asylum offer them its protection and afford them opportunity of earning an honest living by industrious labour. One additional point of interest in the present volume is, that the author is still living.

[We cannot follow Vidocq through his career of crime, neither would it be altogether profitable to our readers; but the *links* may be recapitulated in a few words. He must have been born a thief, and perhaps stole the spoon with which he was fed; but the *penchant* runs in the family, for Vidocq and his brother rob the same till of a fencing-room, but his brother is first detected, and sent off "in a hurry," to a baker at Lille. Of course Vidocq soon gets partners in sin, and on the same day that he has been detected by the *living* evidence of two fowls which he had stolen, he sweeps from the dinner table ten forks and as many spoons, pawns them for 150 francs, spends the money in a few hours, and is imprisoned four days. He is then released; one of his pals gives a false alarm to Vidocq's mother, and during her temporary absence, Vidocq enters his home with a false key, steals 2,000 francs from a strong chest, with which he escapes to Ostend, (intending to embark for America,) where he is decoyed by a *soi-disant* ship-broker, and loses all his ill-gotten wealth. He then resolves to betroth the sea, though not after the Venetian fashion, by giving her a dowry; the "sound of a trumpet" disturbs his attention, as it would of any other hero. But this proves to be the note of Paillasse, a merry-andrew. The "director," as the opera bills would say, was Cotte-Comus, belonging to a troop of rope-dancers.

He next joins a player of Punch, to whose wife he enacts Romeo with better grace, and during one of the representations, the married people break each others heads, and Vidocq runs off during the affray. He then becomes assistant to a quack doctor, and the favoured swain of an actress; gets into the Bourbon regiment, where he is nicknamed Reckless, and kills two men, and fights fifteen duels in six months. His other exploits are as a corporal of grenadiers, of course, a deserter, and a prisoner of the revolution. He then marries, but does not reform. Of course a wife is but a temporary incumbrance to a man of Vidocq's dexterity. In chapter iii, we find him at Brussels, where he joins a set of nefarious gamblers at the *Cafes*, and has a most romantic adventure with a woman named Rosine. But we can follow him no further, except to add that his other comrades in Vol. 1, are gipsies, smugglers, players,

* The present portion is only the first volume. The Memoirs are to be completed in four volumes, to form part of the series of *Autobiographical Memoirs*, published by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, and decidedly one of the most attractive works that has lately issued from the press. As we intend to notice this collection at some future time, we can only, for the present, spare room for this direction of the reader's attention—for the design deserves well of the public; and if the success be proportioned to its merits, it will be great indeed.

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galley-slaves, drovers, Dutch sailors, and highwaymen.

We must, therefore, confine ourselves to a few detached extracts from the most interesting portion of the volume. At Lille, Vidocq meets with a *chere amie*, Francine; he suspects her fidelity, thrashes his rival, gets imprisoned, and is betrayed as an accomplice in a forgery. His "reflections" during his imprisonment in St. Peter's Tower, bring on a severe illness.]

I was scarcely convalescent, when, unable to support the state of incertitude in which I found my affairs, I resolved on escaping, and to escape by the door, although that may appear a difficult step. Some particular observations made me choose this method in preference to any other. The wicket-keeper at St. Peter's Tower was a galley-slave from the Bagne (place of confinement) at Brest, sentenced for life. In a word, I relied on passing by him under the disguise of a superior officer, charged with visiting St. Peter's Tower, which was used as a military prison, twice a week.

Francine, whom I saw daily, got me the requisite clothing, which she brought me in her muff. I immediately tried them on, and they suited me exactly. Some of the prisoners who saw me thus attired assured me that it was impossible to detect me. I was the same height as the officer whose character I was about to assume, and I made myself appear twenty-five years of age. At the end of a few days, he made his usual round, and whilst one of my friends occupied his attention, under pretext of examining his food, I disguised myself hastily, and presented myself at the door, which the gaol-keeper, taking off his cap, opened, and I went out into the street. I ran to a friend of Francine's, as agreed on in case I should succeed, and she soon joined me there.

I was there perfectly safe, if I could resolve on keeping concealed; but how could I submit to a slavery almost as severe as that of St. Peter's Tower. As for three months I had been enclosed within four walls, I was now desirous to exercise the activity so long repressed. I announced my intention of going out; and, as with me an inflexible determination was always the auxiliary of the most capricious fancy, I did go. My first excursion was safely performed, but the next morning, as I was crossing the Rue Ecremoise, a sergeant named Louis, who had seen me during my imprisonment, met me, and asked if I was free. He was a severe practical man, and by a motion of his hand could summon twenty persons. I said that I would follow him; and begging him to allow me to bid adieu to my mistress, who was in a house of Rue de l'Hôpital, he consented, and we really met Francine, who was much surprised to see me in such company; and when I told her that having reflected that my escape might injure me in the estimation of my judges, I had decided on returning to St. Peter's Tower, to wait the result of the process.

Francine did not at first comprehend why I had expended three hundred francs, to return at the end of four months to prison. A sign put her on her guard, and I found an opportunity of desiring her to put some cinders in my pocket whilst Louis and I took a glass of rum, and then set out for the prison. Having reached a deserted street, I blinded my guide with a handful of cinders, and regained my asylum with all speed.

Louis having made his declaration, the gendarmes and police-officers were on the full cry after me; and there was one Jacquard amongst them who undertook to secure me if I were in the city. I was not unacquainted with these particulars, and instead of being more circumspect in my behaviour, I affected a ridiculous bravado. It might have been said that I ought to have had a portion of the premium promised for my apprehension. I was certainly hotly pursued, as may be judged from the following incident:—

Jacquard learnt one day that I was going to dine in Rue Notre-Dame. He immediately went with four assistants, whom he left on the ground-floor, and ascended the staircase to the room where I was about to sit down to table with two females. A recruiting sergeant, who was to have made the fourth, had not yet arrived. I recognised Jacquard, who never having seen me, had not the same advantage, and besides my disguise would have bid defiance to any description of my person. Without being at all uneasy, I approached, and with a most natural tone I begged him to pass into a closet, the glass door of which looked on the banquet-room. "It is Vidocq whom you are looking for," said I; "if you will wait for ten minutes you will see him. There is his cover, he cannot be long. When he enters, I will make you a sign; but if you are alone, I doubt if you can seize him, as he is armed, and resolved to defend himself."—"I have my gendarmes on the staircase," answered he, "and if he escapes——"—"Take care how you place them then," said I with affected haste. "If Vidocq should see them he would mistrust some plot, and then farewell to the bird."—"But where shall I place them?"—"Oh, why in this closet

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—mind, no noise, that would spoil all; and I have more desire than yourself that he should not suspect anything." My commissary was now shut up in four walls with his agents. The door, which was very strong, closed with a double lock. Then, certain of time for escape, I cried to my prisoners, "You are looking for Vidocq—well, it is he who has caged you; farewell." And away I went like a dart, leaving the party shouting for help, and making desperate efforts to escape from the unlucky closet.

Two escapes of the same sort I effected, but at last I was arrested and carried back to St. Peter's Tower, where, for greater security, I was placed in a dungeon with a man named Calendrin, who was also thus punished for two attempts at escape. Calendrin, who had known me during my first confinement in the prison, imparted to me a fresh plan of escape, which he had devised by means of a hole worked in the wall of the dungeon of the galley-slaves, with whom we could communicate. The third night of my detention all was managed for our escape, and eight of the prisoners who first went out were so fortunate as to avoid being detected by the sentinel, who was only a short distance off.

Seven of us still remained, and we drew straws, as is usual in such circumstances, to determine which of the seven should first pass. I drew the short straw, and undressed myself that I might get with greater ease through the hole, which was very narrow, but to the great disappointment of all, I stuck fast without the possibility of advancing or receding. In vain did my companions endeavour to pull me out by force, I was caught as if in a trap, and the pain of my situation was so extreme, that not expecting further help from within, I called to the sentry to render me assistance. He approached with the precaution of a man who fears a surprise, and presenting his bayonet to my breast, forbade me to make the slightest movement. At his summons the guard came out, the porters ran with torches, and I was dragged from my hole, not without leaving behind me a portion of my skin and flesh. Torn and wounded as I was, they immediately transferred me to the prison of Petit Hotel, when I was put into a dungeon, fettered hand and foot.

Ten days afterwards I was placed amongst the prisoners, through my intreaties and promises not to attempt again to escape.

[Here he meets with a fellow named Bruxellois, *the Daring*, of whom the following anecdote is related:—]

At the moment of entering a farm with six of his comrades, he thrust his left hand through an opening in the shutter to lift the latch, but when he was drawing it back, he found that his wrist had been caught in a slip knot. Awakened by the noise, the inhabitants of the farm had laid this snare, although too weak to go out against a band of robbers which report had magnified as to numbers. But the attempt being thus defeated, day was fast approaching, and Bruxellois saw his dismayed comrades looking at each other with doubt, when the idea occurred to him that to avoid discovery they would knock out his brains. With his right hand he drew out his clasp knife with a sharp point, which he always had about him, and cutting off his wrist at the joint, fled with his comrades without being stopped by the excessive pain of his horrid wound. This remarkable deed, which has been attributed to a thousand different spots, really occurred in the vicinity of Lille, and is well authenticated in the northern districts, where many persons yet remember to have seen the hero of this tale, who was thence called Manchot, (or one-armed,) executed.

[Vidocq at length escapes, quits Lille, and flies to Ostend, where he joins a crew of smugglers.]

It was with real repugnance that I went to the house of a man named Peters, to whom I was directed, as one deeply engaged in the pursuit, and able to introduce me to it. A sea-gull nailed on his door with extended wings, like the owls and weasels that we see on barns, guided me. I found the worthy in a sort of cellar, which by the ropes, sails, oars, hammocks, and barrels which filled it, might have been taken for a naval depôt. From the midst of a thick atmosphere of smoke which surrounded him, he viewed me at first with a contempt which had not a good appearance, and my conjectures were soon realized, for I had scarcely offered my services than he fell upon me with a shower of blows. I could certainly have resisted him effectually, but astonishment had in a measure deprived me of the power of defence; and I saw besides, in the court-yard, half-a-dozen sailors and an enormous Newfoundland dog, which would have been powerful odds. Turned into the street, I endeavoured to account for this singular reception, when it occurred to me that Peters had mistaken me for a spy, and treated me accordingly.

This idea determined me on returning to a dealer in hollands, who had told me of him, and he, laughing at the results of my visit, gave me a pass-word that would procure me free access to Peters.—[He

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succeeds.]—I slept at Peters's house with a dozen or fifteen smugglers, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Portuguese, and Russian; there were no Englishmen, and only two Frenchmen. The day after my installation, as we were all getting into our hammocks, or flock beds, Peters entered suddenly into our chamber, which was only a cellar contiguous to his own, and so filled with barrels and kegs, that we could scarcely find room to sling our hammocks. Peters had put off his usual attire, which was that of ship-caulker, or sail-maker, and had on a hairy cap, and a long red shirt, closed at the breast with a silver pin, fire-arms in his belt, and a pair of thick large, fisherman's boots, which reach the top of the thigh, or may be folded down beneath the knee.

"A-hoy! a-hoy!" cried he, at the door, striking the ground with the butt end of his carbine! "down with the hammocks, down with the hammocks! We will sleep some other day. The Squirrel has made signals for a landing this evening, and we must see what she has in her, muslin or tobacco. Come, come, turn out, my sea-boys."

In a twinkling every body was ready. They opened an arm-chest, and every man took out a carbine or blunderbuss, a brace of pistols, and a cutlass or boarding pike, and we set out, after having drunk so many glasses of brandy and arrack that the bottles were empty. At this time there were not more than twenty of us, but we were joined or met, at one place or another, by so many individuals, that on reaching the sea-side we were forty-seven in number, exclusive of two females, and some countrymen from the adjacent villages, who brought hired horses, which they concealed in a hollow behind some rocks.

It was night, and the wind was shifting, whilst the sea dashed with so much force, that I did not understand how any vessels could approach without being cast on shore. What confirmed this idea was, that by the starlight I saw a small boat rowing backwards and forwards, as if it feared to land. They told me afterwards that this was only a manœuvre to ascertain if all was ready for the unloading, and no danger to be apprehended. Peters now lighted a reflecting lantern, which one of the men had brought, and immediately extinguished it; the Squirrel raised a lantern at her mizen, which only shone for a moment, and then disappeared like a glow-worm on a summer's night. We then saw it approach, and anchor about a gun-shot off from the spot where we were. Our troop then divided into three companies, two of which were placed five hundred paces in front, to resist the revenue officers if they should present themselves. The men of these companies were then placed at intervals along the ground, having at the left arm a packthread which ran from one to the other: in case of alarm, it was announced by a slight pull, and each being ordered to answer this signal by firing his gun, a line of firing was thus kept up, which perplexed the revenue officers. The third company, of which I was one, remained by the sea-side, to cover the landing and the transport of the cargo.

All being thus arranged, the Newfoundland dog already mentioned, and who was with us, dashed at a word into the midst of the waves, and swam powerfully in the direction of the Squirrel, and in an instant afterwards returned with the end of a rope in his mouth. Peters instantly seized it, and began to draw it towards him, making us signs to assist him, which I obeyed mechanically. After a few tugs, I saw that at the end of the cable were a dozen small casks, which floated towards us. I then perceived that the vessel thus contrived to keep sufficiently far from the shore, not to run a risk of being stranded.

In an instant the casks, smeared over with something that made them waterproof, were unfastened and placed on horses, which immediately dashed off for the interior of the country. A second cargo arrived with the same success; but as we were landing the third, some reports of fire-arms announced that our outposts were attacked. "There is the beginning of the ball," said Peters, calmly; "I must go and see who will dance;" and taking up his carbine, he joined the out-posts, which had by this time joined each other. The firing became rapid, and we had two men killed, and others slightly wounded. At the fire of the revenue officers, we soon found that they exceeded us in number; but alarmed, and fearing an ambuscade, they dared not to approach, and we effected our retreat without any attempt on their part to prevent it. From the beginning of the fight the Squirrel had weighed anchor and stood out to sea, for fear that the noise of the firing should bring down on her the government cruiser. I was told that most probably she would unload her cargo in some other part of the coast, where the owners had numerous agents.

[Vidocq returns to Lille, where he is taken by two gendarmes, and concerts the following stratagem for escape:—]

This escape, however, was not so very easy a matter as may be surmised, when I say that our dungeons, seven feet square, had walls six feet thick, strengthened

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with planking crossed and rivetted with iron; a window, two feet by one, closed with three iron gratings placed one after the other, and the door cased with wrought iron. With such precautions, a jailor might depend on the safe keeping of his charge, but yet we overcame it all.

I was in a cell on the second floor with Duhamel. For six francs, a prisoner, who was also a turnkey, procured us two files, a ripping chisel, and two turnscrews. We had pewter spoons, and our jailor was probably ignorant of the use which prisoners could make of them. I knew the dungeon key; it was the counterpart of all the others on the same story; and I cut a model of it from a large carrot; then I made a mould with crumb of bread and potatoes. We wanted fire, and we procured it by making a lamp with a piece of fat and the rags of a cotton cap. The key was at last made of pewter, but it was not yet perfect; and it was only after many trials and various alterations that it fitted at last. Thus masters of the doors, we were compelled to work a hole in the wall, near the barns of the town-hall. Sallambier, who was in the dungeons below, found a way to cut the hole, by working through the planking.

THE PRISON OF BICETRE AT PARIS.

The prison of Bicêtre is a neat quadrangular building, enclosing many other structures and many courts, which have each a different name; there is the grande cour (great court) where the prisoners walk; the cour de cuisine (or kitchen court;) the cour des chiens (or dog's court;) the cour de correction (or court of punishment;) and the cour des fers (or iron court.) In this last is a new building five stories high; each story contains forty cells, capable of holding four prisoners. On the platform, which supplies the place of a roof, was night and day a dog named Dragon, who passed in the prison for the most watchful and incorruptible of his kind; but some prisoners managed at a subsequent period to corrupt him through the medium of a roasted leg of mutton, which he had the culpable weakness to accept. The Amphytrions escaped whilst Dragon was swallowing the mutton; he was beaten and taken into the cour des chiens, where, chained up and deprived of the free air which he breathed on the platform, he was inconsolable for his fault, and perished piecemeal, a victim of remorse at his weakness in yielding to a moment of gluttony and error.

Near the erection I speak of is the old building, nearly arranged in the same way, and under which were dungeons of safety, in which were enclosed the troublesome and condemned prisoners. It was in one of these dungeons that for forty-three years lived the accomplice of Cartouche, who betrayed him to procure this commutation! To obtain a moment's sunshine, he frequently counterfeited death so well, that when he had actually breathed his last sigh, two days passed before they took off his iron collar. A third part of the building, called La Force, comprised various rooms, in which the prisoners were placed who arrived from the provinces, and were destined to the chain.

At this period, the prison of Bicêtre, which is only strong from the strict guard kept up there, could contain twelve hundred prisoners; but they were piled on each other, and the conduct of the jailors in no way assuaged the inconvenience of the place.

If any man arrived from the country well clad, who, condemned for a first offence, was not as yet initiated into the customs and usages of prisons, in a twinkling he was stripped of his clothes, which were sold in his presence to the highest bidder. If he had jewels or money, they were alike confiscated to the profit of the society, and if he were too long in taking out his ear-rings, they snatched them out without the sufferer daring to complain. He was previously warned, that if he spoke of it, they would hang him in the night to the bars of his cell, and afterwards say that he had committed suicide. If a prisoner, out of precaution, when going to sleep, placed his clothes under his head, they waited until he was in his first sleep, and then they tied to his foot a stone, which they balanced at the side of his bed; at the least motion the stone fell, and aroused by the noise, the sleeper jumped up, and before he could discover what had occurred, his packet hoisted by a cord, went through the iron bars to the floor above. I have seen, in the depth of winter, these poor devils, having been deprived of their property in this way, remain in the court in their shirts until some one threw them some rags to cover their nakedness. As long as they remained at Bicêtre, by burying themselves, as we may say, in their straw, they could defy the rigour of the weather; but at the departure of the chain, when they had no other covering than the frock and trousers made of packing cloth, they often sunk exhausted and frozen before they reached the first resting place.

[As we have said, the present is but a fourth portion of Vidocq's exploits; and if the remaining three are of equal in-

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terest, the work will be one of the most extraordinary of our times. We scarcely remember a counterpart, although the Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux are of the same stamp. The fate of the latter work was curious enough. The manuscript was sent by the author from New South Wales, whither he had been transported. It was printed in two small volumes, and published by an eminent west-end bookseller, who, for some unexplained motive withdrew the edition, which is, we believe, now in the printer's warehouse. The Editor of the "Autobiography" has, however, reprinted Vaux's memoirs in his series; their style is very superior to that of Vidocq's, (which is a translation) and as scores of worse books are printed annually, we rejoice at their rescue from oblivion.]

The Anecdote Gallery.

WHITFIELD.

REMARKABLE instances are related of the manner in which Whitfield impressed his hearers. A man at Exeter stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, "Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart." A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of him. "Think!" he replied, "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitfield I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But, perhaps, the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give; it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. "I did not," says the American philosopher, "disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.

"At this sermon," continues Franklin, "there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.'"

One of his flights of oratory, not in the best taste, is related on Hume's authority. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addresses his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!'" Hume said this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.—*Southey.*

SIR RICHARD JEBB

WAS very rough and harsh in manner. He said to a patient, to whom he had been very rude, "*Sir, it is my way.*"—"Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that your way.*" Sir Richard was not very nice in his mode of expression, and would frequently astonish a patient with a volley of oaths. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat? Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?"—"Yes, Madam, the *best thing* you can take."—"O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard,

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you told me the other day that it was the *worst* thing I could eat!"—"What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady.—"Boiled turnips."—"Boiled turnips! you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips."—"Then, Madam, you must have a —— vitiated appetite."

Sir Richard, being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not."—"My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please!"

He was first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and once, more particularly, spoke of his restless, reforming spirit in the church, in the university, physic, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer!"—*Wadd's Memoirs.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

GOOD BYE.

WHEN from the friend we dearly love
Fate tells us we must part,
By speech we can but feebly prove
The anguish of the heart.

And no soft words, howe'er sincere,
Can half so much imply,
As that suppress'd, though trembling tear,
Which drowns the word—Good bye.

Warwick. W. S.

A KEEN shopkeeper, having in his service a couple of shopmen, who in point of intellect, were the very reverse of their master, a wag who frequented the shop, for some time puzzled the neighbourhood by designating it a "*music-shop*," although the proprietor dealt as much in *music* as in *millstones*. However, being pressed for an explanation, he said that the *scale* was conducted by a *sharp*, a *flat*, and a *natural*; and if these did not constitute "music," he did not know what did. ISSACCAR.

IMMORTALITY.

NAPOLEON being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon."—"Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, will this picture last?" Denon answered, that, "with care and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years."—"And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?"—"Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years."—"And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

LINES TO A LADY, ON HER REFUSING HER CARD.

LET heroes, anxious for their future fame,
Obtain of Fortune what they want—a name;
The *future* theirs, the present hour be mine—
The only name I ask of fate—is thine;
Yet happier still had fate decreed to me
The favour'd lot, to give my name to thee.

T. B.

A DULL barrister once obtained the nickname of *Necessity*—because *Necessity has no law.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Barber's Barn, Hackney.

THE engraving represents a place of historical interest—an ancient mansion in Mare-street, Hackney, built about the year 1591, upon a spot of ground called Barbour Berns, by which name, or rather *Barber's Barn*, the house has been described in old writings.

In this house resided the noted Colonel John Okey, one of the regicides "charged with compassing and imagining the death of the late King Charles I." in October, 1660. Nineteen of these "bold traitors," (among whom was Okey,) fled from justice, and were attainted, and Barber's Barn was in his tenure at the time of his attainder. His interest in the premises being forfeited to the crown, was granted to the Duke of York, who, by his indenture, dated 1663, gave up his right therein to Okey's widow. The colonel was apprehended in Holland, with Sir John Berkestead and Miles Corbett, in 1662, whence they were sent over to England; and having been outlawed for high treason, a rule was made by the Court of King's Bench for their execution at Tyburn. These were the last of the regicides that were punished capitally.

Barber's Barn and its adjoining grounds have, however, since become appropriated to more pacific pursuits than hatching treason, compassing, &c. About the middle of the last century, one John Busch cultivated the premises as a nursery. Catharine II. Empress of Russia, says a correspondent of Mr. Loudon's *Gardener's Magazine*, "finding she could have nothing done to her mind, she determined to have a person from England to lay out her garden." Busch was the person engaged to go out to Russia for this purpose; and in the year 1771 he gave up his concerns at Hackney, with the nursery and foreign correspondence, to Messrs. Loddidges. These gentlemen, who rank as the most eminent florists and nurserymen of their time, have here extensive green and hot houses which are heated by steam; the ingenious apparatus belonging to which has been principally devised by themselves. Their gardens boast of the finest display of exotics ever assembled in this country, and a walk through them is one of the most delightful spectacles of Nature.

Hackney was once distinguished by princely mansions; but, alas! many of these abodes of wealth have been turned

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into receptacles for lunatics! Brooke House, formerly the seat of a nobleman of that name, and Balmes' House, within memory surrounded by a moat, and approached only by a drawbridge, have shared this humiliating fate. Sir Robert Viner,* who made Charles II. "stay and take t'other bottle," resided here; and John Ward, Esq. M.P. whom Pope has "damned to everlasting fame," had a house at Hackney.

CURIOUS STONE PULPIT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE pulpit in the church of St. Peter, at Wolverhampton, is formed wholly of stone. It consists of one entire piece, with the pedestal which supports it, the flight of steps leading to it, with the balustrade, &c., without any division, the whole having been cut out of a solid block of stone. The church was erected in the year 996, at which time it is said this remarkable pulpit was put up; and notwithstanding its great age, which appears to be 832 years, it is still in good condition. At the foot of the steps is a large figure, intended to represent a lion couchant, but carved after so grotesque a fashion, as to puzzle the naturalist in his attempts to determine its proper classification. In other respects the ornamental sculpture about the pulpit is neat and appropriate, and presents a curious specimen of the taste of our ancestors at that early period.

This is a collegiate church, with a fine embattled tower, of rich Gothic architecture, and was originally dedicated to the Virgin, but altered in the time of Henry III. to St. Peter. It is pleasantly situated on a gravelly hill, and commands a fine prospect towards Shropshire and Wales.

A CORRESPONDENT.

* The following anecdote is related of him:—Charles II. more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their Lord Mayor's Day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, very fond of his sovereign; but, what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old song—"He that's drunk is as great as a king," and immediately returned back, and complied with his landlord.—*Spectator*, 462.

LAST DAYS OF, AND ROUGH NOTES ON, 1828.

(For the Mirror.)

It was but yesterday the snow
Of thy dead sire was on the hill—
It was but yesterday the flow
Of thy spring showers increased the rill,
And made a thousand blossoms swell
To welcome summer's festival . . . . .
And now all these are of the past,
For this lone hour must be thy last!

Thou must depart! where none may know—
The sun for thee hath ever set,
The star of morn, the silver bow,
No more shall gem thy coronet
And give thee glory; but the sky
Shall shine on thy posterity! . . .

So there's an end of 1828; "all its great and glorious transactions are now nothing more than mere matter of history!" What wars of arms and words! what lots of changes and secessions! what debates on "guarantee," "stipulations," and "untoward" events! what "piles of legislation!" what a fund of speculation for the denizens of the stock-exchange, and newspaper press!—all may now be embodied in that little word—*the past;* and only serve to fill up and figure in the pages of the next "Annual Register!"—*sic transit gloria*—"but the proverb is somewhat musty." One, two, three... ten, eleven, twelve, and now "methinks my soul hath elbow room."

Those versed in the lore of Francis Moore, physician, which must doubtless include most of our readers, are aware that our veteran friend, *eighteen hundred* and twenty-eight, has been for some time in what is called a "galloping" consumption, and it is certain cannot possibly survive after the bells "chime twelve" on Wednesday night, the thirty-first of December,—

"——— as if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound,"

when he will depart this life, and be gathered to his ancestors, who have successively been entombed in the vault of Time.

Well, taking all things into consideration, we predict he will not have many mourners in his train. "Rumours of wars" have gone through the land, and the ominous hieroglyphics of "Raphael" in his "Prophetic Messenger," unfold to the lover of futurity, that "war with all its bloody train," will visit this quarter of the globe with unusual severity the coming year—and we have had comets and "rumours" of comets for many months past, while the red and glaring appearance of the planet, Mars, is as we have elsewhere observed, considered by the many a forerunner, and sign of long wars and much bloodshed. To dwell further on the political horizon, or the

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"events and fortunes" of the past year would be out of place in the fair pages of the MIRROR; and should it be our fate to present its readers with future "notings" on another year, we will then dwell upon the good or ill-fortune of Turk or Russian to the *quantum suff.* of the most inveterate politician.

"Enough of this:" 1828 has nearly got the "go-by" and we have outlived its pains and perils, its varied scenes of good or evil, and its pleasures too, for there is a bright side to human reverse and suffering, and we are ready at our posts to enact and stand another campaign in this "strange eventful history." We often find that the public discover virtues and good qualities in a man after his death, which they had previously given him no credit for; let this be as it may, 1828 may be deemed a very "passable" year. To use a simile, a sick man when recovering from a fever, makes slow progress at first; and we should fairly hope that the gallant ship is at last weathering the hurricane of the "commercial crisis," and that the trade-winds of prosperity will again visit us and extend their balmy influence over our shores; and to borrow a commercial phrase, we trust to be able to quote an improvement on this head next year.

I stood between the meeting years
The coming and the past,
And I ask'd of the future one
Wilt thou be like the last?
The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day?
Thank heaven! I have no prophet's eye,
To look upon thy way!

L. E. L.

The march of mind is progressing, and the once boasted "wisdom of our ancestors" and the "golden days of good Queen Bess," are hurled with derision to the tomb of all the Capulets. We regret that we cannot chronicle a "Narrative of a first attempt to reach the cities of Bath and Bristol, in the year 1828, in an extra patent steam-coach, by Messrs. Burstall, or Gurney." The newspapers, however, still continue to inform us that such vehicles are *about* to start, so we may reasonably expect that Time will accomplish the long talked of event. Nay, we even hear it rumoured that the public are shortly to crest the billows in a steamer at the rate of fifty or a hundred miles an hour! and this is mentioned as a mere first essay, an immature sample of what the improved steam-paddles are to effect—also in Time; who after this can doubt the approaching perfectibility of Mars? Oh, steam! steam! but this is well ploughed ground.

Art, science, and literature, also progress, and we almost begin to fear we shall soon be puzzled where to stow the books, and anticipate a dearth in rags, an extinction of Rag-Fair! (which will keep the others in countenance,) the booksellers' maws seem so capacious. Christmas with its rare recollections of feasting (and their *pendant* of bile and sick headache) has again come round. New Year's Day, and of all the days most "rich and rare," Twelfth Day is coming! But it is in Scotland that the advent of the new year, or *Hogmanay* is kept with the most hilarity; the Scotch by their extra rejoicings at this time, seem to wish to make up for their utter neglect of Christmas. We may be induced to offer a few reminiscences of a sojourn in the north, at this period, on a future occasion. The extreme beauty of the following lines on the year that is past, will, we think, prove a sufficient apology for their introduction here:—

In darkness, in eternal space,
Sightless as a sin-quenched star,
Thou shalt pursue thy wandering race,
Receding into regions far—
On thee the eyes of mortal men
Shall never, never light again;
Memory alone may steal a glance
Like some wild glimpse in sleep we're taking,
Of a long perish'd countenance
We have forgotten when awaking—
Sad, evanescent, colour'd weak,
As beauty on a dying cheek.

Farewell! that cold regretful word
To one whom we have called a friend—
Yet still "farewell" I must record
The sign that marks our friendship's end.
Thou'rt on thy couch of wither'd leaves,
The surly blast thy breath receives,
In the stript woods I hear thy dirge,
Thy passing bell the hinds are tolling
Thy death-song sounds in ocean's surge,
Oblivion's clouds are round thee rolling,
Thou'lst buried be where buried lie
Years of the dead eternity!

It is needless to add that our old friend will be succeeded in his title and estates by his next heir, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, whose advent will no doubt be generally welcomed. We cannot help picturing to ourselves the anxiety, the singularly deep and thrilling interest, which universally prevails as his last hour approaches:—

"Hark the deep-toned chime of that bell
As it breaks on the midnight ear—
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceas'd its chime
The year shall have sunk on the ocean of Time!"

And shall we go on after this lone hour? no, we will even follow its course, draw this article to a close by wishing our readers, in the good old phrase, "a happy New Year and many of them;" and conclude with them, that

——— Our pilgrimage here
By so much is shorten'd—then fare thee well
Year!

VYVYAN.

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ODE TO MORPHEUS.

(For the Mirror.)

Tell me, thou god of slumbers! why
Thus from my pillow dost thou fly?
And wherefore, stranger to thy balmy power,
Whilst death-like silence reigns around,
And wraps the world in sleep profound,
Must I alone count every passing hour?
And, whilst each happier mind is hush'd in sleep,
Must I alone a painful vigil keep,
And to the midnight shades my lonely sorrows pour?

Once more be thou the friend of woe,
And grant my heavy eyes to know
The welcome pressure of thy healing hand;
So shall the gnawing tooth of care
Its rude attacks awhile forbear,
Still'd by the touch of thy benumbing wand—
And my tir'd spirit, with thy influence blest,
Shall calmly yield it to the arms of rest,
But which, or comes or flies, only at thy command!

Yet if when sleep the body chains
In sweet oblivion of its pains,
Thou bid'st imagination active wake,
Oh, Morpheus! banish from my bed
Each form of grief, each form of dread,
And all that can the soul with horror shake:
Let not the ghastly fiends admission find,
Which conscience forms to haunt the guilty mind—
Oh! let not *forms* like these my peaceful slumbers break!

But bring before my raptured sight
Each pleasing image of delight,
Of love, of friendship, and of social joy:
And chiefly, on thy magic wing
My ever blooming Mary bring,
(Whose beauties all my waking thoughts employ,)
Glowing with rosy health and every charm
That knows to fill my breast with soft alarm,
Oh, bring the gentle maiden to my fancy's eye!

Not such, as oft my jealous fear
Hath bid the lovely girl appear,
Deaf to my vows, by my complaints unmov'd,
Whilst to my happier rival's prayer,
Smiling, she turns a willing ear,
And gives the bliss supreme to be belov'd:
Oh, sleep dispensing power! such thoughts restrain,
Nor e'en in dreams inflict the bitter pain,
To know my vows are scorn'd—my rivals are approv'd!

Ah, no! let fancy's hand supply
The blushing cheek, the melting eye,
The heaving breast which glows with genial fire;
Then let me clasp her in my arms,
And, basking in her sweetest charms,
Lose every grief in that triumphant hour.
If Morpheus, thus thou'lt cheat the gloomy night,
For thy embrace I'll fly day's garish light,
Nor ever wish to wake while dreams like this inspire!

Hugh Delmore.

ON IDLENESS.

(For the Mirror.)

It has been somewhere asserted, that "no one is idle who can do any thing. It is conscious inability, or the sense of repeated failures, that prevents us from undertaking, or deters us from the prosecution of any work." In answer to this it may be said, that men of very great natural genius are in general exempt from a love of idleness, because, being pushed forward, as it were, and excited to action by that *vis vivida*, which is continually stirring within them, the first effort, the original impetus, proceeds not altogether from their own voluntary exertion, and because the pleasure which they, above all others, experience in the exercise of their faculties, is an ample compensation for the labour which that exercise requires. Accordingly, we find that the best writers of every age have generally, though not always, been the most voluminous. Not to mention a host of ancients, I might instance many of our own country as illustrious examples of this assertion, and no example more illustrious than that of the immortal Shakspeare. In our times the author of "Waverley," whose productions, in different branches of literature, would almost of themselves fill a library, continues to pour forth volume after volume from his inexhaustible stores. Mr. Southey, too, the poet, the historian, the biographer, and I know not what besides, is remarkable for his literary industry; and last, not least, the noble bard, the glory and the regret of every one who has a soul to feel those "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the mighty poet himself, notwithstanding the shortness of his life, is distinguished by the number, as well as by the beauty and sublimity of his works. Besides these and other male writers, the best of our female authors, the boast and delight of the present age, and who have been compared to "so many modern Muses"—Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, &c.—have they not already supplied us largely with the means of entertainment and instruction, and have we not reason to expect still greater supplies from the same sources?

But although it may be easily allowed that men of very great natural genius are for the most part exempt from a love of idleness, it ought also to be acknowledged that there are others to whom, indeed, nature has not been equally bountiful, but who possess a certain degree of talent which perseverance and study (if to study they would apply themselves) might gradually advance, and at last carry to excellence.

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With the exception of a few master spirits of every age and nation, genius is more equally distributed among mankind than many suppose. Hear what Quintilian says on the subject; his observations are these:—"It is a groundless complaint, that very few are endowed with quick apprehension, and that most persons lose the fruits of all their application and study through a natural slowness of understanding. The case is the very reverse, because we find mankind in general to be quick in apprehension, and susceptible of instruction, this being the characteristic of the human race; and as birds have from nature a propensity to fly, horses to run, and wild beasts to be savage, so is activity and vigour of mind peculiar to man; and hence his mind is supposed to be of divine original. But men are no more born with minds naturally dull and indocile, than with bodies of monstrous shapes, and these are very rare."

From what has been premised, this conclusion may be drawn—that it is not "conscious inability" alone, but often a love of leisure, which prevents us from undertaking any work. Many, to whom nature had given a certain degree of genius, have lived without sufficiently exercising that genius, and have, therefore, bequeathed no fruits of it to posterity at their death.

A CORRESPONDENT.

BLACKHEATH, KENT.

(For the Mirror.)

IT was here the Danish army lay a considerable time encamped in 1011; and here that Wat Tyler, the Kentish rebel, mustered 100,000 men. Jack Cade, also, who styled himself John Mortimer, and laid claim to the crown, pretending that he was kinsman to the Duke of York, encamped on this heath for a month together, with a large body of rebels, which he had gathered in this and the neighbouring counties, in 1451; and the following year Henry VI. pitched his royal pavilion here, having assembled troops to withstand the force of his cousin, Edward, Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV.; and here, against that king, the bastard Falconbridge encamped. In 1497, the Lord Audley; Flemmock, an attorney; and Joseph, the blacksmith, encamped on this place in the rebellion they raised against Henry VII.; and here they were routed, with a loss of upwards of 2,000 on the spot, and 14,000 prisoners.

In 1415, the lord mayor and aldermen of London, with 400 citizens in scarlet, and with white and red hoods, came to Blackheath, where they met the victorious Henry V. on his return from France, after the famous battle of Agincourt: from Blackheath they conducted his majesty to London. In 1474, the lord mayor and aldermen, attended by 500 citizens, also met Edward IV. here, on his return from France. It appears also to have been usual formerly to meet foreign princes, and other persons of high rank, on Blackheath, on their arrival in England. On the 21st of December, 1411, Maurice, Emperor of Constantinople, who came to solicit assistance against the Turks, was met here with great magnificence by Henry IV.; and in 1416 the Emperor Sigismund was met here, and from thence conducted in great pomp to London. In 1518, the lord admiral of France and the archbishop of Paris, both ambassadors from the French king, with above 1,200 attendants, were met here by the admiral of England and above 500 gentlemen; and the following year Cardinal Campejus, the pope's legate, being attended hither by the gentlemen of Kent, was met by the Duke of Norfolk, and many noblemen and prelates of England; and in a tent of cloth of gold he put on his cardinal's robes, richly ermined, and from hence rode to London. Here also Henry VIII. met the Princess Anne of Cleves in great state and pomp.

HALBERT H.

The Novelist.

THE WOES OF WEALTH.

By the Rev. G. Croly.

A RETIRED barrister, living happily with his wife and children on a very moderate patrimony, has suddenly the misery to have a large fortune left him.—Time pressed. I set off at day break for London; plunged into the tiresome details of legateeship; and after a fortnight's toil, infinite weariness, and longings to breathe in any atmosphere unchoked by a million of chimneys, to sleep where no eternal rolling of equipages should disturb my rest, and to enjoy society without being trampled on by dowagers fifty deep, I saw my cottage roof once more.

But where was the cheerfulness that once made it more than a palace to me? The remittances that I had made from London were already conspiring against my quiet. I could scarcely get a kiss from either of my girls, they were in such merciless haste to make their dinner "toilet." My kind and comely wife was actually not to be seen; and her apology, delivered by a coxcomb in silver lace to the full as deep as any in (my rival)

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the sugar-baker's service, was, that "his lady would have the honour of waiting on me as soon as she was dressed." This was of course the puppy's own version of the message; but its meaning was clear, and it was ominous.

Dinner came at last: the table was loaded with awkward profusion; but it was as close an imitation as we could yet contrive of our opulent neighbour's display. No less than four footmen, discharged as splendid superfluities from the household of a duke, waited behind our four chairs, to make their remarks on our style of eating in contrast with the polished performances at their late master's. But Mrs. Molasses had exactly four. The argument was unanswerable. Silence and sullenness reigned through the banquet; but on the retreat of the four gentlemen who did us the honour of attending, the whole tale of evil burst forth. What is the popularity of man? The whole family had already dropped from the highest favouritism into the most angry disrepute. A kind of little rebellion raged against us in the village: we were hated, scorned, and libelled on all sides. My unlucky remittances had done the deed.

The village milliner, a cankered old carle, who had made caps and bonnets for the vicinage during the last forty years, led the battle. The wife and daughters of a man of East Indian wealth were not to be clothed like meaner souls; and the sight of three London bonnets in my pew had set the old sempstress in a blaze. The flame was easily propagated. The builder of my chaise-cart was irritated at the handsome barouche in which my family now moved above the heads of mankind. The rumour that champagne had appeared at the cottage roused the indignation of the honest vintner who had so long supplied me with port: and professional insinuations of the modified nature of this London luxury were employed to set the sneerers of the village against me and mine. Our four footmen had been instantly discovered by the eye of an opulent neighbour; and the competition was at once laughed at as folly, and resented as an insult. Every hour saw some of my old friends falling away from me. An unlucky cold, which seized one of my daughters a week before my return, had cut away my twenty years' acquaintance, the village-doctor, from my cause; for the illness of an "heiress" was not to be cured by less than the first medical authority of the province. The supreme Æsculapius was accordingly called in; and his humbler brother swore, in the bitterness of his soul, that he would never forget the affront on this side of death's door. The inevitable increase of dignity which communicated itself to the manners of my whole household did the rest; and if my wife held her head high, never was pride more peevishly retorted. Like the performers in a pillory, we seemed to have been elevated only for the benefit of a general pelting.

These were the women's share of the mischief; but I was not long without administering in person to our unpopularity. The report of my fortune had, as usual, been enormously exaggerated; and every man who had a debt to pay, or a purchase to make, conceived himself "bound to apply first to his old and excellent friend, to whom the accommodation for a month or two must be such a trifle." If I had listened to a tenth of those compliments, "their old and excellent friend" would have only preceded them to a jail. In some instances I complied, and so far only showed my folly; for who loves his creditor? My refusal of course increased the host of my enemies; and I was pronounced purse-proud, beggarly, and unworthy of the notice of the "true gentlemen, who knew how to spend their money."

Yet, though I was to be thus abandoned by my fox-hunting friends, I was by no means to feel myself the inhabitant of a solitary world. If the sudden discovery of kindred could cheer me under my calamities, no man might have passed a gayer life. For a long succession of years I had not seen a single relative. Not that they altogether disdained even the humble hospitalities of my cottage, or the humble help of my purse; on the contrary, they liked both exceedingly, and would have exhibited their affection in enjoying them as often as I pleased.

But I had early adopted a resolution, which I recommend to all men. I made use of no disguise on the subject of our mutual tendencies. I knew them to be selfish, beggarly in the midst of wealth, and artificial in the fulness of protestation. I disdained to play the farce of civility mith them. I neither kissed nor quarrelled with them; but I quietly shut my door, and at last allowed no foot of their generation inside it. They hated me mortally in consequence, and I knew it. I despised them, and I conclude they knew that too. But I was resolved that they should not despise me; and I secured that point by not suffering them to feel that they had made me their dupe. The nabob's will had not soothed their tempers; and I was honoured with their most smiling animosity.

But now, as if they were hidden in the

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ground like weeds only waiting for the shower, a new and boundless crop of relationship sprang up. Within the first fortnight after my return, I was overwhelmed with congratulations from east, west, north, and south; and every postscript pointed with a request for my interest with boards and public offices of all kinds; with India presidents, treasury secretaries, and colonial patrons, for the provision of sons, nephews, and cousins, to the third and fourth generation.

My positive declarations that I had no influence with ministers were received with resolute scepticism. I was charged with old obligations conferred on my grandfathers and grandmothers; and, finally, had the certain knowledge that my gentlest denials were looked upon as a compound of selfishness and hypocrisy. Before a month was out, I had extended my sources of hostility to three-fourths of the kingdom, and contrived to plant in every corner some individual who looked on himself as bound to say the worst he could of his heartless, purse-proud, and abjured kinsman.

I should have sturdily borne up against all this while I could keep the warfare out of my own county. But what man can abide a daily skirmish round his house? I began to think of retreating while I was yet able to show my head; for, in truth, I was sick of this perpetual belligerency. I loved to see happy human faces. I loved the meeting of those old and humble friends to whose faces, rugged as they were, I was accustomed. I liked to stop and hear the odd news of the village, and the still odder versions of London news that transpired through the lips of our established politicians. I liked an occasional visit to our little club, where the exciseman, of fifty years standing was our oracle in politics; the attorney, of about the same duration, gave us opinions on the drama, philosophy, and poetry, all equally unindebted to Aristotle; and my mild and excellent father-in-law, the curate, shook his silver locks in gentle laughter at the discussion. I loved a supper in my snug parlour with the choice half dozen; a song from my girls, and a bottle after they were gone to dream of bow-knots and bargains for the next day.

But my delights were now all crushed. Another Midas, all I touched had turned to gold; and I believe in my soul that, with his gold, I got credit for his asses' ears.

However, I had long felt that contempt for popular opinion which every man feels who knows of what miserable materials it is made—how much of it is mere absurdity—how much malice—how much more the frothy foolery and maudlin gossip of the empty of this empty generation. "What was it to me if the grown children of our idle community, the male babblers, and the female cutters-up of character, voted me, in their commonplace souls, the blackest of black sheep? I was still strong in the solid respect of a few worth them all."

Let no man smile when I say that, on reckoning up this Theban band of sound judgment and inestimable fidelity, I found my muster reduced to three, and those three of so unromantic a class as the grey-headed exciseman, the equally grey-headed solicitor, and the curate.

But let it be remembered that a man must take his friends as fortune wills; that he who can even imagine that he has three is under rare circumstances; and that, as to the romance, time, which mellows and mollifies so many things, may so far extract the professional *virus* out of excisemen and solicitor, as to leave them both not incapable of entering into the ranks of humanity.

Spirit of Discovery.

SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

Table

Showing the proportion per cent. of alcohol contained in different fermented liquors.

	per cent.
Port wine	25.83
Ordinary port	23.71
Madeira	24.42
Sherry	19.81
Lisbon	18.94
Bucellas	18.49
Cape Madeira	22.94
Vidonia	19.25
Hermitage	17.43
Claret	17.11
Burgundy	16.60
Sauterne	14.22
Hock	14.37
Champagne	13.80
Champagne (sparkling)	12.80
Vin de Grave	13.94
Cider from 5.50 to	9.87
Perry (average)	7.26
Burton ale	8.88
Edinburgh	6.20
Dorchester	5.56
Brown stout	6.80
London porter (average)	4.20
Brandy	53.39
Rum	53.68
Gin	51.60

The figures set down opposite each liquor, exhibit the quantity of alcohol

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per cent. by measure in each at the temperature of 60°. Port, Sherry and Madeira, contain a large quantity of alcohol; that Claret, Burgundy, and Sauterne, contain less; and that Brandy contains as much as 53 per cent. of alcohol. In a general way, we may say, that the strong wines in common use, contain as much as a fourth per cent. of alcohol.

Extraordinary Effect of Heat.

During Captain Franklin's recent voyage, the winter was so severe, near the Coppermine River, that the fish froze as they were taken out of the nets; in a short time they became a solid mass of ice, and were easily split open by a blow from a hatchet. If, in the completely frozen state, they were thawed before the fire, they revived. This is a very remarkable instance of how completely animation can be suspended in cold-blooded animals.

J. G. L.

Method of Softening Cast-Iron.

The following method of rendering cast-iron soft and malleable may be new to some of your readers:—It consists in placing it in a pot surrounded by a soft red ore, found in Cumberland and other parts of England, which pot is placed in a common oven, the doors of which being closed, and but a slight draught of air permitted under the grate; a regular heat is kept up for one or two weeks, according to the thickness and weight of the castings. The pots are then withdrawn, and suffered to cool; and by this operation the hardest cast metal is rendered so soft and malleable, that it may be welded together, or, when in a cool state, bent into almost any shape by a hammer or vice.

W. G. C.

Washing Salads, Cresses, &c.

A countryman was seized with the most excruciating pain in his stomach, and which continued for so long a period, that his case became desperate, and his life was even despaired of. In this predicament, the medical gentleman to whom he applied administered to him a most violent emetic, and the result was the ejection of the larva, and which remained alive for a quarter of an hour after its expulsion. Upon questioning the man as to how it was likely that the insect got into his stomach, he stated that he was exceedingly fond of watercresses, and often gathered and eat them, and, possibly, without taking due care in freeing them from any aquatic insects they might hold. He was also in the frequent habit of lying down and drinking the water of any clear rivulet when he was thirsty; and thus, in any of these ways, the insect, in its smaller state, might have been swallowed, and remained gradually increasing in size until it was ready for the change into the beetle state; at times, probably, preying upon the inner coat of the stomach, and thus producing the severe pains complained of by the sufferer.

We are surprised we do not hear more of the effects of swallowing the eggs or larva of insects, along with raw salads of different kinds. We would strongly recommend all families who can afford it, to keep in their sculleries a cistern of salt water, or, if they will take the trouble of renewing it frequently, of lime and water; and to have all vegetables to be used raw, first plunged in this cistern for a minute, and then washed in pure fresh water.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Insects on Trees.

Mr. Johnson, of Great Totham, is of opinion that smearing trees with oil, to destroy insects on them, injures the vegetation, and is not a certain remedy. He recommends scrubbing the trunks and branches of the trees every second year, with a hard brush dipped in strong brine of common salt. This effectually destroys insects of all kinds, and moss; and the stimulating influence of the application and friction is very beneficial.

Manna.

The manna of the larch is thus procured:—About the month of June, when the sap of the tree is most luxuriant, it produces small white drops, of a sweet glutinous matter, like Calabrian manna, which are collected by the peasants early in the morning before the sun dissipates them.—*Med. Bot.*

Electricity on Plants.

It is very easy to kill plants by means of electricity. A very small shock, according to Cavallo, sent through the stem of a balsam, is sufficient to destroy it. A few minutes after the passage of the shock, the plant droops, the leaves and branches become flaccid, and its life ceases. A small Leyden phial, containing six or eight square inches of coated surface, is generally sufficient for this purpose, which may even be effected by means of strong sparks from the prime conductor of a large electrical machine. The charge by which these destructive effects are produced, is probably too inconsiderable to burst the vessels of the plant, or to occasion any material derangement of its organisation; and, accordingly, it is not found, on minute examination of a plant thus killed by electricy, that either the internal vessels or any other parts have sustained perceptible injury.

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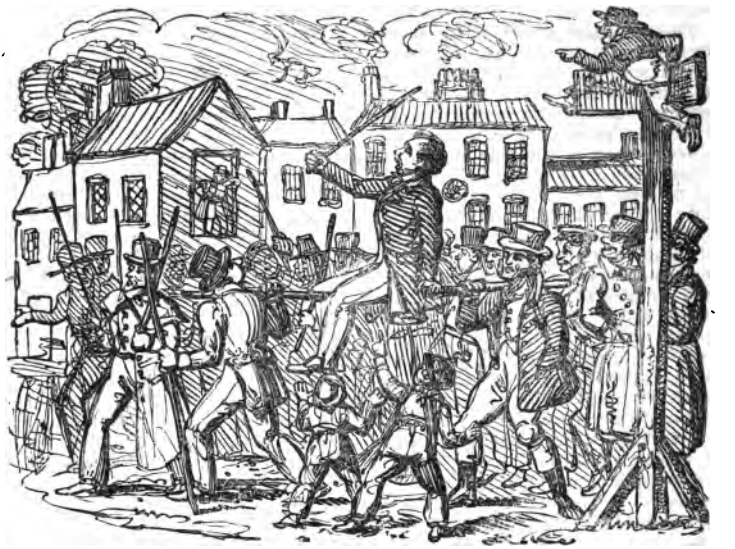
Stanging.



Two correspondents have favoured us with the following illustrations of this curious custom: one of them (W. H. H.) has appended to his communication a pen and ink sketch, from which the above engraving is copied:—

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In Westmoreland this custom is thus commenced:—When it is known that a man has "fallen out" with his wife, or beaten or ill-used her, the townspeople procure a long pole, and instantly repair to his house; and after creating as much riot and confusion before the house as possible, one of them is hoisted upon this pole, borne by the multitude. He then makes a long speech opposite the said house, condemning, in strong terms, the offender's conduct—the crowd also showing their disapprobation. After this he is borne to the market-place, where he again proclaims his displeasure as before; and removes to different parts of the town, until he thinks all the town are informed of the man's behaviour; and after endeavouring to extort a fine from the party, which he sometimes does, all repair to a public-house, to regale themselves at his expense. Unless the delinquent can ill afford it, they take his "goods and chattels," if he will not surrender his money. The origin of this usage I am ignorant of, and shall be greatly obliged by any kind correspondent of the Mirror who will explain it. W. H. H.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

At Biggar, in Lanarkshire, as well as in several other places in Scotland, a very singular ancient practice is at times, though but rarely, revived. It is called riding the stang. When any husband is known to treat his wife extremely ill by beating her, and when the offence is long and unreasonably continued, while the wife's character is unexceptionable, the indignation of the neighbourhood, becoming gradually vehement, at last breaks out into action in the following manner:—All the women enter into conspiracy to execute vengeance upon the culprit. Having fixed upon the time when their design is to be put into effect, they suddenly assemble in a great crowd, and seize the offending party. They take care, at the same time, to provide a stout beam of wood, upon which they set him astride, and, hoisting him aloft, tie his legs beneath. He is thus carried in derision round the village, attended by the hootings, scoffs, and hisses of his numerous attendants, who pull down his legs, so as to render his seat in other respects abundantly uneasy. The grown-up men, in the meanwhile, remain at a distance, and avoid interfering in the ceremony. And it is well if the culprit, at the conclusion of the business, has not a ducking added to the rest of the punishment. Of the origin of this custom we know nothing. It is well known, however, over the coun-

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try; and within these six years, it was with great ceremony performed upon a weaver in the Canongate of Edinburgh.

This custom can scarcely fail to recall to the recollection of the intelligent reader, the analogous practice among the Negroes of Africa, mentioned by Mungo Park, under the denomination of the mysteries of Mumbo Jumbo. The two customs, however, mark, in a striking manner, the different situations of the female sex in the northern and middle regions of the globe. From Tacitus and the earliest historians we learn, that the most ancient inhabitants of Europe, however barbarous their condition in other respects might be, lived on terms of equal society with their women, and avoided the practice of polygamy; but in Africa, where the laws of domestic society are different, the husbands, as the masters of a number of enslaved women, find it necessary to have recourse to frauds and disgraceful severities to maintain their authority; whereas in Europe we find, among the common people, a sanction for the women to protect each other, by severities, against the casual injustice committed by the ruling sex.

CHARLES STUART.

Notes of a Reader.

CHRISTMAS SCRAPS.

WE have *spiced* our former volumes, as well as our present number; with two or three articles suitable to this jocund season; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of adding "more last words." People talk of Old and New Christmas with woeful faces; and a few, more learned than their friends, cry *stat nominis umbra*, —all which may be very true, for aught we know or care. Swift proved that mortal MAN is a *broomstick*; and Dr. Johnson wrote a sublime meditation on a *pudding*; and we could write a whole number about the midnight mass and festivities of Christmas, pull out old Herrick and his Ceremonies for Christmasse —his yule log—and Strutt's Auntient Customs in Games used by Boys and Girls, merrily sett out in verse; but we leave such relics for the present, and seek consolation in the thousand wagon-loads of poultry and game, and the many million turkeys that make all the coach-offices of the metropolis like so many charnel-houses. We would rather illustrate our joy like the Hindoos do their geography, with rivers and seas of liquid amber, clarified butter, milk, curds, and intoxicating liquors. No arch in antiquity, not even that of Constantine, delights us like the arch of a baron of beef, with its soft-flowing sea of gravy, whose silence is only broken by the silver oar announcing that another guest is made happy. Then the pudding, with all its Johnsonian associations of "the golden grain drinking the dews of the morning—milk pressed by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid—egg, that miracle of nature, which Burnett has compared to creation—and salt, the image of intellectual excellence, which contributes to the foundation of a pudding." As long as the times spare us these luxuries, we leave Hortensius to his peacocks; Heliogabalus to his dishes of cocks-combs; and Domitian to his deliberations in what vase he may boil his huge turbot. We have epicures as well as had our ancestors; and the wonted fires of Apicius and Sardanapalus may still live in St. James's-street and Waterloo-place; but commend us to the board, where each guest, like a true feeler, brings half the entertainment along with him. This brings us to notice *Christmas*, a Poem, by Edward Moxon, full of ingeniousness and good feeling, in *Crabbe-like* measure; but, captious reader, suspect not a pun on the poet of England's hearth—for a more unfortunate name than Crabbe we do not recollect.

Mr. Moxon's is a modest little octavo, of 76 pages, which may be read between the first and last arrival of a Christmas party. As a specimen, we subjoin the following:—

HAIL, Christmas! holy, joyous time,
The boast of many an age gone by,
And yet methinks unsung in rhyme,
Though dear to bards of chivalry;
Nor less of old to Church and State,
As authors erudite relate.
If so, my harp, thou friend to me,
Thy chords I'll touch right merrily—

Then a fire-side picture of Christmas in the country:—

The doughty host has gather'd round
Those most for wit and mirth renown'd,
And soon each neighbouring Squire will be
With all the world in charity—
Its cares and troubles all forgetting,
Good-humour'd joke alone abetting.
'Tis good and cheering to the soul
To see the ancient wassail bowl
No longer lying on its face,
Or dusty in its hiding place.
It brings to mind a day gone by,
Our fathers and their chivalry—
It speaks of courtly Knight and Squire,
Of Lady's love, and Dame, and Friar,
Of times, (perchance not better now,)
When care had less of wrinkled brow—
When she with hydra-troubled miea,
Our greatest enemy, the Spleen,
Was seldom, or was never seen.

Now pledge they round each other's name;
And drink to Squire and drink to Dame,
While here, more precious far than gold,
Sits womanhood, with modest eye—
Glances to her the truth unfold,
She shall not pass unheeded by.
'Twas *woman* first with health did greet,

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When Vortigern did Hengist meet—
'Twas fair Rowena, Saxon maid,
In blue-ey'd majesty array'd,
Presented 'neath their witching roll
To British Chief the wassail bowl.
She touch'd to him, nor then in vain,
He back return'd the health again.
Thus 'tis with feelings kind as true
They drink the tribute ever due,
Nor would they less, tho' truth denied it,
Their love for woman would decide it.

Right merry now the hours they pass,
Fleeting thro' jocund pleasure's glass,
The yule-clog too burns bright and clear,
Auspicious of a happy year:
While some with joke, and some with tale,
But all with sweeter mulled ale,
Pass gaily time's swift stream along,
With interlude of ancient song—
And as each rosy cup they drain,
Bounty replenishes again.
As happy time! hours like to these,
Tho' fleeting, never fail to please.
Who reigns, who riots, or who sings,
Or who enjoys the smiles of kings:
What preacher follows half the town;
Who pleads, with or without a gown;
Who rules his wife, or who the state;
Who little, or who truly great;
What matters light the world amuse,
Where half the other half abuse;
Whether it shall be peace or war,
Or we remain just as we are—
Is all as one to those we see
Around the cup of jollity.
Old age with joke will still crack on,
And story will be dwelt upon—
Till Christmas shows his ruddy nose,
They will not seek for night's repose,
Nor this their jovial meeting close.

A FRIEND.

In utter prostration, and sacred privacy of soul, I almost think now, and have often felt heretofore, man may make a confessional of the breast of his brother man. Once I had such a friend—and to me he was a priest. He has been so long dead, that it seems to me now, that I have almost forgotten him—and that I remember only that he once lived, and that I once loved him with all my affections. One such friend alone can ever, from the very nature of things, belong to any one human being, however endowed by nature and beloved of heaven. He is felt to stand between us and our upbraiding conscience. In his life lies the strength—the power—the virtue of ours—in his death the better half of our whole being seems to expire. Such communion of spirit, perhaps, can only be in existences rising towards their meridian; as the hills of life cast longer shadows in the westering hours, we grow—I should not say more suspicious, for that may be too strong a word—but more silent, more self-wrapt, more circumspect—less sympathetic even with kindred and congenial natures, who will sometimes, in our almost sullen moods or theirs, seem as if they were kindred and congenial no more—less devoted to Spirituals, that is, to Ideas, so tender, true, beautiful, and sublime, that they seem to be inhabitants of heaven though born of earth, and to float between the two regions, angelical and divine—yet felt to be mortal, human still—the Ideas of passions, and desires, and affections, and "impulses that come to us in solitude," to whom we breathe out our souls in silence, or in almost silent speech, in utterly mute adoration, or in broken hymns of feeling, believing that the holy enthusiasm will go with us through life to the grave, or rather knowing not, or feeling not, that the grave is any thing more for us than a mere word with a somewhat mournful sound, and that life is changeless, cloudless, unfading as the heaven of heavens, that lies to the uplifted fancy in blue immortal calm, round the throne of the eternal Jehovah. —*Noctes—Blackwood's Magazine.*

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

The English school of landscape painting has come to be of the first rank, and the contemporaries of Turner, Constable, Calcott, Thomson, Williams, Copley Fielding, and others whom we might name even with these masters, have no reason to reproach themselves with any neglect of their merits. The *truth* with which these artists have delineated the features of British landscape is, according to general admission, unmatched by even the most splendid exertions of foreign schools in the same department. —*Quarterly Rev.*

PANORAMA OF THE RHINE.

Mr. Leigh, who is well known as the publisher of the best English guides all over the continent, has just added to their number a *Panorama of the Rhine* and the adjacent country, from Cologne to Mayence, with maps of the routes from London to Cologne, and from thence to the sources of the Rhine. The *Panorama* is designed from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp, and engraved by John Clark. It consists of a beautiful aqua-tint engraving, upwards of seven feet in length, and six inches in width, representing the course of the Rhine, and its picturesque banks, studded with towns and villages; whilst steam-boats, bridges, and islets are distinctly shown in the river. It would be difficult to convey to our readers an idea of the extreme delicacy with which the plate is engraved; and, to speak dramatically, the entire success of the representation. A more interesting or useful companion for the tourist could scarcely be conceived; for the *picture* is not interrupted by the names of the places, but these are judiciously introduced in the margins of the plate. In short, every

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town, village, fortress, convent, mansion, mountain, dale, field, and forest, are here represented. By way of Supplement to the Plate, a Steam-boat Companion is append'd, describing the principal places on the Rhine, with the population, curiosities, *inns*, &c. We passed an hour over the engraving very agreeably, coasting along till we actually fancied ourselves in one of the apartments of the Hotel of Darmstadt at Mayence, when missing our high conic bumper of Rudesheim—we found our thanks were due to the artist for the luxury of the illusion. The *Panorama* folds up in a neat portfolio, and occupies little more room than a quire of letter paper.

EDINBURGH IN SUMMER.

A' THE lumms smokeless! No ae jack turnin' a piece o' roastin' beef afore ae fire in ony ae kitchen in a' the New Toon! Streets and squares a' grass-grown, sae that they micht be mawn! Shops like bee-hives that hae de'd in wunter! Coaches settin' aff for Stirlin', and Perth, and Glasgow, and no ae passenger either inside or out—only the driver keepin' up his heart wi' flourishin' his whup, and the guard, sittin' in perfect solitude, playin' an eerie spring on his bugle-horn! The shut-up play-house a' covered ower wi' bills that seem to speak o' plays acted in an antediluvian world! Here, perhaps, a leevin' creter, like ane emage, staunin' at the mouth o' a close, or hirplin' alang, like the last relic o' the plague. And oh! but the stane-statue o' the late Lord Melville, staunin' a' by himsell up in the silent air, a hunder-and-fifty feet high, has then a ghastly seeming in the sky, like some giant condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his pedestal, and mournin' ower the desolation of the city that in life he loved so well.—*Noctes—Blackwood's Magazine.*

NAVARINO.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a copy of some "Stanzas written in Commemoration of the Battle of Navarin," written by A. Grassie, *piper* on board H. M. S. Glasgow, R. N.—or "by a sailor in the engagement." One of the twelve stanzas is as follows:—

> To save the sacrifice of life,
> Was valiant Codrington's design;
> And for those Turks it had been good,
> If to his terms they would incline:
> They fired upon the Dartmouth's boat,
> And killed some of its gallant men;
> But that distinguished frigate had
> Complete revenge at Navarin.

This specimen of nautical numbers reminds us of Addison's suggestion for setting the Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners to write accounts of the battles in which they had served; and we hope others will follow Mr. Grassie's example in these *piping* times of peace.

CARVING AND GILDING.

A POINT of some importance in the internal decoration of palatial houses, viz. the introduction of "ornaments of the age of Louis XIV." is now canvassing among connoisseurs, or rather among those who direct the public taste. Some of our readers are probably aware that the mansion built for the late Duke of York, and Crockford's Club-house, are embellished in this style, which, to say the best, is gorgeous and expensive, without displaying good taste. We ought to leave such matters to the classical Mr. T. Hope, who has written a folio volume on "Household Furniture and Internal Decorations;" or the Carvers, Gilders, and Cabinet-Makers' Societies might sit in council on the subject. The question is interesting to all lovers of the fine arts, and to men of taste generally.

Is there any thing in this?

"It were no preposterous conceit to affirm, that nature typifies in each individual man the several offices and orders which our commonwealth distributes to the several ranks and functionaries of the state. There are the Operative Energies, Talents, Passions, Appetites, good servants all, but bad masters, useful citizens, always to be controlled, but never oppressed, and most effective when they are neither pampered nor starved. There, too, is the Executive Will; Prudence, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Self-love, minister for the Home Department; Observation, Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Poetry, over the Woods and Forests; Lord Keeper Conscience, a sage, scrupulous, hesitating, head-shaking, hair-splitting personage, whose decisions are most just, but too slow to be useful, and who is the readier to weep for what *is* done, than to direct what should be done; Wit, Manager of the House of Commons, a flashy, either-sided gentleman, who piques himself on never being out; and Self-Denial, always eager to vacate his seat and accept the Chiltern Hundreds.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MAN.

MAN is so pugnacious an animal, that even the quakers, who in all other things seem effectually to have subdued this part of their animal nature, carry on controversy, whenever they engage in it, tooth and nail.—*Quarterly Rev.*

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Retrospective Gleanings.

GLEANINGS ON GLUTTONY.

Against Voracitie and immoderate drinking, instanced by sundry histories.

VITELLIUS, an Emperour of Rome, was among divers other his notorious vices so luxuriously given, that at one supper he was served with two thousand fishes of divers kindes, and seven thousand flying foules; he was afterward drawne through the streets with a halter about his neck, and shamefully put to death.

But what shall we wonder at emperours prodigalities, when of later yeares a simple Franciscan frier, Peter de Ruere, after hee had attained to the dignitie of cardinall by the favour of the pope, his kinsman, hee spent in two yeares, in which he lived at Rome, in feasts and banquets, two hundred thousand crownes, besides his debts, which were as much more.

In our time Muleasses, King of Tunis, was so drowned in pleasures, that being expelled from his kingdome for his vices, after his returne from Germanie, being denyed of ayd hee sought of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, he spent an hundred crownes upon the dressing of a peacocke for his owne mouth. And that hee might with more pleasure heare musicke, he used to cover his eyes.—But the judgment of God fell upon him; for his sone or brother dispossessed him of his kingdome, and provided him a remedie that his sight should be no longer annoyance to his hearing, causing his eyes to be put out with a burning hot iron. He that is given to please his senses, and delighteth in the excesse of eating and drinking, may, as Sallust saith, bee called animal, for hee is unworthy the name of a man. For wherin can a man more resemble brute beasts, and degenerate from his angelicall nature, than to serve his belly and his senses? But if our predecessors exceeded us in superfluitie of meats, wee can compare and goe beyond them in drinking and quaffing.

King Edgar so much detested this vice of drunkennesse, that hee set an order that no man should drinke beyond a certaine ring, made round about the glasses and cups, of purpose for a marke.

Anacharsis saith, that the first draught is to quench the thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, the fourth for madnesse.

Augustine Lercheimer reporteth a strange historie of three quaffers in Germany, in the yeare one thousand five hundred and fortie nine; these three companions were in such a jollity after they had taken in their cups, according to the brutish manner of that countrey, that with a coale they painted the divell on the wall, and dranke freely to him, and talked to him as though hee had been present. The next morning they were found strangled, and dead, and were buried under the gallowes.

Surfeits maketh worke many times for the physician, who turning R into D giveth his patient sometime a Decipe for a Recipe; and so payeth deerely for his travell that hastneth him to his end. Horace calleth such men that give themselves to their belly, a beast of Arcadia that devoureth the grasse of the earth.

Cornelius Celsus giveth this counsell when men come to meat; *Nunquam utilis nimia satietatis, sæpe inutilis nimia abstinentia;* over-much satiety is never good, over-much abstinence is often hurtfull.

Mahomet desirous to draw men to the liking of him and his doctrine, and perceiving the pronenesse of men to luxuriousness and fleshly pleasures, yet dealt more craftily in his *Alcoran*, than to persuade them that felicitie consisted in the voluptuousenesse and pleasures of this life, which he knew would not be believed nor followed but of a few, and those the more brutish sort, but threatened them with a kind of hell, and gave them precepts tending somewhat more to civilitie and humanitie, and promised his followers a paradise in the life to come, wherin they should enjoy all maner of pleasures which men desire in this world; as faire gardens environed with pleasant rivers, sweet flowers, all kinde of odoriferous savours, most delicate fruits, tables furnished with most daintie meats, and pleasant wines served in vessels of gold, &c. &c.

The Egyptians had a custome not unmeet to bee used at the carousing banquets; their manner was, in the middest of their feasts to have brought before them anatomie of a dead body dried, that the sight and horror thereof putting them in minde to what passe themselves should one day come, might containe them in modesty. But peradventure things are fallen so far from their right course, that that device will not so well serve the turne, as if the carousers of these later daies were persuaded, as Mahomet persuaded his followers when hee forbad them the drinking of wine, that in every grape there dwelt a divell. But when they have taken in their cups, it seemeth that many of them doe feare neither the divell nor any thing else.

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Lavater reporteth a historie of a parish priest in Germanie, that disguised himselfe with a white sheete about him, and at midnight came into the chamber of a rich woman that was in bed, and fashioning himself like a spirit, hee thought to put her in such feare, that shee would procure a conjuror or exorcist to talke with him, or else speake to him herselfe. The woman desired one of her kinsmen to stay with her in her chamber the next night. This man making no question whether it were a spirit or not, instead of conjuration or exorcisme, brought a good cudgell with him, and after hee had well drunke to encrease his courage, knowing his hardinesse at those times to bee such, that all the divels in hell could not make him affraide, hee lay downe upon a pallat, and fell asleepe. The spirit came into the chamber againe at his accustomed houre, and made such a rumbling noyse, that the exorcist (the wine not being yet gone out of his head) awaked, and leapt out of his bed, and toward the spirit hee goeth, who with counterfeit words and gesture, thought to make him afraid. But this drunken fellow making no account of his threatnings, Art thou the divel? quoth he, then I am his damme; and so layeth upon him with his cudgell, that if the poore priest had not changed his divel's voyce, and confessed himselfe to be Hauns, and rescued by the woman that then knew him, he had bin like not to have gone out of the place alive.

This vice of drunkennesse, wherein many take over-great pleasure, was a great blemish to Alexander's virtues. For having won a great part of Asia, he laid aside that sobrietie hee brought forth of Macedon, and gave himselfe to the luxuriousenesse of those people whom he had conquered.

That King, Cambyses, tooke over-great plaasure in drinking of wine; and when he asked Prexaspes, his secretary, what the Persians said of him, he answered, that they commended him highly, notwithstanding they thought him over-much given to wine, the king being therewith very angry, caused Prexaspes' sonne to stand before him, and taking his bow in his hand, Now (quoth he) if I strike thy son's heart, it will then appeare that I am not drunk, but that the Persians doe lye; but if I misse his heart, they may be believed. And when he had shot at his son, and found his arrow had pierced his heart, he was very glad; and told him that he had proved the Persians to be lyars.

Fliolmus, king of the Gothes, was so addicted to drinking, that hee would sit a great part of the night quaffing and carousing with his servants. And as on a time he sate after his accustomed and beastly manner carousing with them, his servants being as drunke as he, threw the king, in sport, into a great vessell full of drinke, that was set in the middist of the hall for their quaffing, where he ridiculously and miserably ended his life.

Cineas being ambassador to Pyrrhus, as he arrived in Egypt, and saw the exceeding height of the vines of that country, considering with himselfe how much evill that fruit brought forth to men, sayd, that such a mother deserved justly to be hanged so high, seeing she did beare so dangerous a child as wine was. Plato considering the hurt that wine did to men, sayd, that the gods sent wine downe hither, partly for a punishment of their sinnes, that when they are drunke, one might kill another.

Paulus Diacrius reporteth a monstrous kinde of quaffing, between foure old men at a banquet, which they made of purpose. Their challenge was, two to two, and he that dranke to his companion must drinke so many times as hee had yeares; the youngest of the foure was eight and fiftie yeares old; the second three-score and three; the third four-score and seven; the fourth four-score and twelve; so that he which dranke least, dranke eight-and-fifty bowles full of wine, and so consequently, according to their yeares, whereof one dranke four-score and twelve bowles.

The old Romanes, when they were disposed to quaff lustily, would drinke so many carouses as there were letters in the names of their mistresses, or lovers; so easily were they overcome with this vice, who by their virtue some other time, became masters of the world; but these devices are peradventure stale now; there be finer devices to provoke drunkennesse.

In the time of Antonius Pius, the people of Rome being given to drinke without measure, he commanded that none should presume to sell wine but in apothecaries' shops, for the sicke or diseased.

Cyrus, of a contrary disposition to the gluttons and carousers, in his youth gave notable signes and afterward like examples of sobrietie and frugalitie, when he was monarch of the Persians. For, being demanded when he was but a boy, of his grandfather, Astyages, why he would drink no wine, because, said hee, I observed yesterday when you celebrated the feast of your nativitie, so strange a thing, that it could not be but that som man had put poison into all the wine that ye drank; for at the taking up of the table,

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there was not one man in his right minde. By this it appeareth, how rare a matter it was then to drinke wine, and a thing to be wondered at to see men drunke. For when the use of wine was first found out, it was taken for a thing medicinable, and not used for a common drinke, and was to be found rather in apothecaries' shops than in tavernes. What a great difference there was betweene the frugalitie of the former ages and the luxuriousnesse of these latter dayes, these few examples will shew. This Cyrus, as hee marched with his army, one asking him what he would have provided for his supper, hee answered, bread; for I hope, sayth hee, wee shall find a fountain to serve us of drinke. When Plato had beene in Sicilia, being asked what new or strange thing hee had seene; I have seene, sayth hee, a monster of nature, that eateth twice a day. For Dionysius whom he meant, first brought the custome into that country. For it was the use among the Hebrewes, the Grecians, the Romanes, and other nations, to eat but once a day. But now many would thinke they should in a short time be halfe famished, if they should eat but twice a day; nay, rather whole dayes and nights bee scant sufficient for many to continue eating and quaffing. Wee may say with the poet—

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.
The times are changed and we are changed in them.

By the historie of the swine (which by the permission of God, were vexed by the divell) we be secretly admonished that they which spend their lives in pleasures and deliciousnesse, such belly-gods as the world hath many in these daies, that live like swine, shall one day be made a prey for the divell; for seeing they will not be the temple of God, and the house of the Holy Ghost, they must of necessitie be the habitation of the divell. Such swine, sayth one, be they that make their paradise in this world, and that dissemble their vices, lest they should bee deprived of their worldly goods.

Old Poets.

[The author of the following stanzas is John Byrom, an ingenious poet, famous also as the inventor of a System of Stenography. He was born in 1691, and died in 1763. Byrom wrote poetry, or rather verse, with extraordinary facility. His pastoral, entitled "Colin and Phœbe," first published in the "Spectator," when the author was quite young, has been much admired. As literary curiosities, his poems are too interesting to be neglected; and their oddity well entitles them to the room they fill. The following poem is perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age; and we have selected it as a seasonable dish for the present number—trusting that its rich vein of humour may find a kindred flow in the hearts of our readers.]

CARELESS CONTENT.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
I got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts:
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;
For Fortune's favour or her frown;
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;
If simple sense will not succeed
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or soaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of the're i'th' wrong, and we're i'th' right,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave.
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hauk.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Tho' if a bus'ness budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave—
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

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Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast—
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft and debonair,
I am content, I do not care

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

FRENCH TRAGEDY.

THE following *recipe* for a French tragedy is not unworthy of Swift. "Take two good characters, and one wicked, either a tyrant, a traitor, or a rogue. Let the latter set the two former by the ears and make them very unhappy for four acts, during which he must promulgate all manner of shocking maxims, interlarded with poisons, daggers, oracles, &c.; while the good characters repeat their catechism of moralities. In the fifth act, let the power of the tyrant be overthrown by an insurrection, or the treason of the villain be discovered by some episodical personage, and the worthy folks be preserved. Above all, don't forget, if there is any difference subsisting between France and England, or between the parliament and the clergy, to allude to it, and you will have fabricated such a piece as shall be applauded three times a week for three weeks together at the Comédie Française.

OLD AND NEW CHRISTMAS.

SOME time, far back, my Christmas fare
Was turkey and a chine,
With puddings made of things most rare,
And plenty of good wine.
When times grew worse, I then could dine
On goose or roasted pig;
Instead of wine, a glass of grog,
And dance the merry jig.
When still grown worse, I then could dine
On beef and pudding plain;
Instead of grog, some good strong beer—
Nor did I then complain.
But now my joy is turn'd to grief,
For Christmas day is here;
No turkey, chine, or goose, or beef,
No wine, no grog, no beer.
Dec. 25, 1828.

THE IRISH SCHOOLBOY.

—WHEN I'm late for school,
The excuse 'twill be my mother, Sir;
And when that one won't do,
I'll try and make another, Sir.
For my mother is a good man,
And so, Sir, is my daddy O—
And 'twill not be my fault
If I'm not their own Paddy O.

A "RALE" SHOEMAKER'S BILL.

"His Honur Mr. Trant, Esquire,
Dr. to James Barret, Shoemaker.

	£.	s.	d.
To clicking and sowling Miss Clara	0	2	6
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JAMES BARRET.
Croker's Legends of the Lakes.

PATHETIC REJOINDER.

A CELEBRATED literary character, in a northern metropolis, had a black servant, whom he occasionally employed in beating covers for woodcocks and other game. On one occasion of intense frost, the native of Afric's sultry shores was nearly frozen to death by the cold and wet of the bushes, which sparkled, (but not with fire-flies,) and on which, pathetically blowing his fingers, he was heard to exclaim, in reply to an observation of his master, that "the woodcocks were very scarce," "Ah, massa, me wish woodcock never been!"

WHO TOLD YOU?

"LADY RACHER is put to bed," said Sir Boyle Roche to a friend. "What has she got?"—"Guess."—"*A boy?*"—"No, guess again."—"*A girl?*"—"Who told you?"

THE SUPPLEMENT to VOL. XII., containing Titles, Preface, Index, &c., with a fine Steel Plate PORTRAIT of T. MOORE, Esq. and an Original Memoir, is published with the present Number.

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LIST OF ENGRAVINGS IN VOL. XII.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

1. Eaton Hall, Cheshire.
2. Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park.
3. Colombia College, New York.
4. Field's Filtering Apparatus.
5. Kingston New Bridge.
6. All-Souls' Church, Langham Place.
7. Regent Bridge, Edinburgh.
8. Paper Marks.
9. Rosamond's Well.
10. Ancient Plan of Oxford Castle.
11. Cromleh in Anglesea.
12. Staines' New Church.
13. Dillon's Safety Lamp.
14. Gardens of the Zoological Society.
15. Bear Pit.
16. Gothic House for Lamas.
17. House for Monkey.
18. Charlecote Hall.
19. Anne Hathaway's Cottage.
20. Shakspeare's Courting Chair.
21. Fire Towers.
22. United Service Club House.
23. Lavenham Church.
24. Villanova Mill.
25. Richmond Palace.
26. Pagoda in Kew Gardens.
27. Cheese Wring.
28. Nelson's Monument, Liverpool.
29. Kynaston's Cave.
30. Great Milton.
31. Chingford Church.
32. Vicenza.
33. Druidical Temple at Abury.
34. Council Office, Whitehall.
35. Admiralty Office, Whitehall.
36. Ehrenbreitstein on the *Rhine*.
37. Arch of Constantine at Rome.
38. Old Covent Garden.
39. Naples.
40. Duke of Marlborough's Column at Blenheim.
41. Barber's Barn at Hackney.
42. Stanging.

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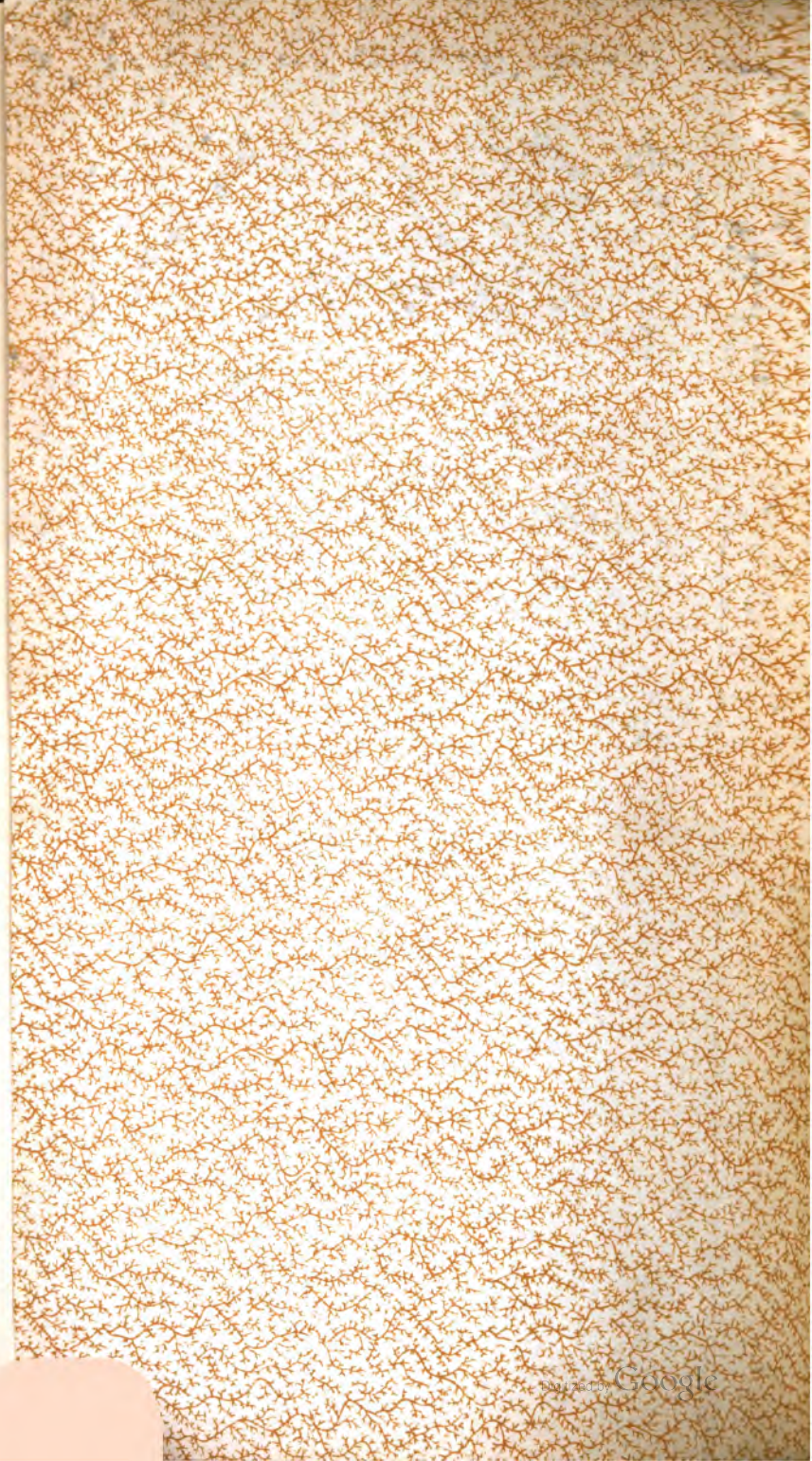
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